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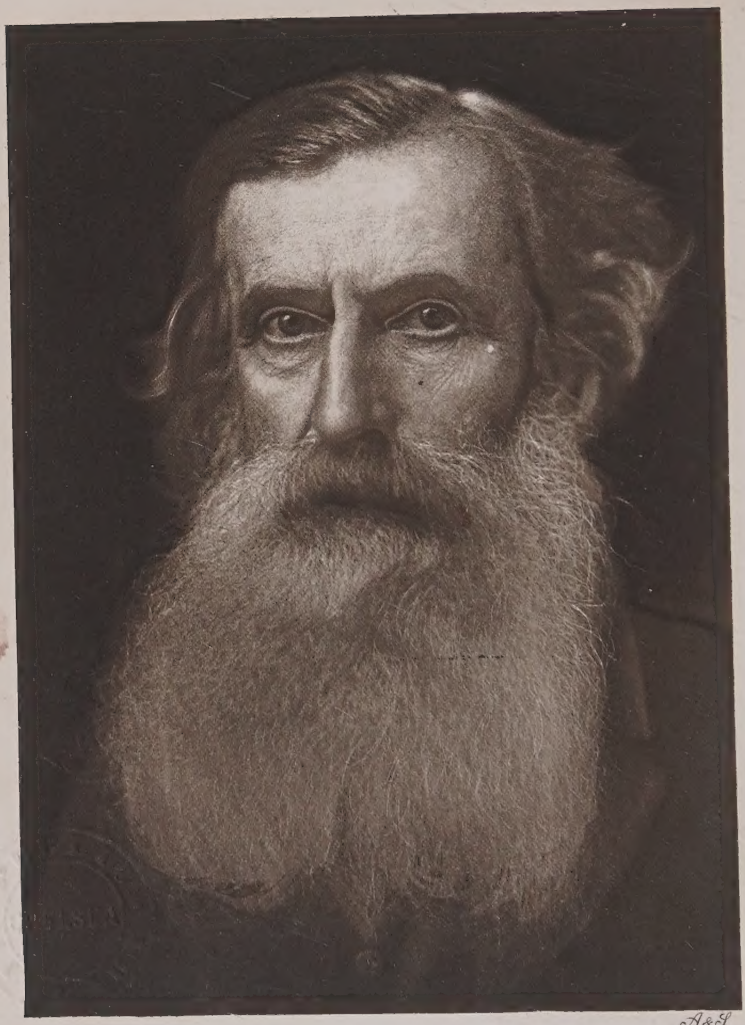

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RECOLLECTIONS

OF

FENIANS AND FENIANISM

BY

JOHN O'LEARY

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WITHDRAWN

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

WITH PORTRAITS

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1896

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Dedication.

My dear Luby,

To you, if to anyone, should this book most certainly be dedicated. It is in a measure—and no small measure—your book as well as mine; and of that Fenianism on which I write, and of which I was some part, you were a still greater one. Not that I in the least mean to say, or convey, as the book itself will, I think, sufficiently show, that either of us were to it what Stephens was. But then Stephens was not to me what you have been, from now far-distant days down to the time I pen these lines, and what I am confident you will remain till one or other of us go to join the greater number. That that day, for you at least, may be still distant is the sincere wish of your old (alas! in every sense) friend and co-worker in the cause,

JOHN O'LEARY.

PREFACE.

Curiously enough, it never dawned upon my mind, until long after I had written this book, that it, like most books, might need some sort of preface. Not that I am even yet sure it does, but as I like prefaces myself, and fancy there must be many who share this taste, I feel that there can be at worst no harm in sounding some sort of preliminary note. But the difficulty is as to the note I should strike.

I have so explained—and perhaps over-explained—myself in the body of the book that I feel as if nearly anything I can say here will be like telling a twice-told tale. Still I have to remember that the orthodox reader —and I suppose most readers like most men and nearly all women are orthodox—will come to the preface before he gets at the book. Two things then I must tell him *in limine*, which in the book I have told over and over again—first, that I am not pretending to write any kind of a history of Fenianism, but only my recollections of it, refreshened at times by my friend Luby, and supplemented occasionally by some recollections of his own, where some clear gap in mine would seem to demand filling up. Secondly, and here I have to talk of some-

thing which has not been so much dwelt on in the book, and that is, the very piecemeal way in which the said book has been put together, dragging its slow length along for, I scarce know how many years, and so, probably, though to what extent it is rather difficult for me to feel, introducing some element of incoherency into the narrative.

I do not know that I have anything to add which I could hope to be of much use to any reader in approaching this book. I am, of course, quite conscious that my views of men and things must seem of the strangest to the average English reader, but being not English, but what I am, I cannot help that; I can neither say, nor refrain from saying, anything to save said reader from any mental or moral shock. With Irish readers, of almost any political or religious complexion, I think the case will be quite different. I am confident I shall be quite intelligible to nearly all, if no doubt *caviare* to many. My tone throughout is the tone of Wolfe Tone, and my readers, whether English or Irish, must excuse me for holding that, in the present relations of the two countries, that is the only fitting tone for the true Irishman.

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RECOLLECTIONS

OF

Fenians and Fenianism.

CHAPTER I.

DAVIS, THE "NATION," AND THE CONFEDERATION.

It is with a sad heart and a somewhat doubtful mind that I set myself down, on the borders of old age, to say something of what I felt and thought and did in my early youth and mature manhood. Times have changed in Ireland greatly since then, and, no doubt, I have very greatly changed myself—but scarcely with the times. Whether this be my misfortune or my fault, or simply a necessary and inevitable result of the passage of the years, it is impossible for me to tell. I can only recognize the fact, and I feel that my readers will be but too likely to keep it well before their minds. I do not think that I have much of the *laudator temporis acti* in my nature, but I am certainly very little in love with the present, and but for my strong hope of a future other

and better than the present, I should have but little pleasure in looking back upon my past or any past.

But to come to that past. Where shall I begin? There is something of a difficulty here, though perhaps not a great one. Nearly all our thoughts and acts have their roots in a past whose distance it is almost impossible to calculate. But then I am not writing of my relation to the universe, but merely of my relation to Fenianism. Here I have little difficulty myself as to where to begin, while feeling that the thing may not be at all so clear to my readers, and especially to such English ones as I may chance to find. I commence my story, then, in what my aforesaid English reader may probably consider a somewhat Irish fashion, by telling how I became a Young Irelander—for here was certainly the root of the matter to me. I have said something of this elsewhere more than once, but here I must go more fully into it.

Sometime in the year 1846, while recovering from a fever, I came across the poems and essays of Thomas Davis, then recently dead. What Davis has been to more than a generation of Irishmen since his death is well known in his own country, and may in a measure be understood by Englishmen now, since the publication of his prose writings (edited by T. W. Rolleston, in the Camelot series), and of his life, written by his co-labourer and friend, Sir C. G. Duffy. What he was then to me I feel as if I can only faintly shadow forth at this distance of time. Perhaps it may give some notion of the effect produced on me to say that I then went

through a process analogous to what certain classes of Christians call "conversion." I can but vaguely remember my unregenerate state. Doubtless (from my surroundings) I was not anti-Irish or West-British: but then I am confident I was not strongly Irish, and I am sure I was strongly ambitious, and can easily conceive that my ambition, stimulated by much reading of English literature, necessarily either directly or indirectly anti-Irish in spirit, might have led me where it has unfortunately led so many of my countrymen before and since. Now, however, everything was changed. The world was an altered world to me. I felt in quite a new sense that I was an Irishman, and that for weal or woe my fate must be linked with that of my country. I do not think that either then or since I ever had much of that spurious Irishism of Moore's song, which associates Ireland with virtue and England with guilt; but Irish in a higher and better sense I think I may claim to have at least struggled to be, and, in so far as I have fought the good fight, to Thomas Davis more than to any other, or, indeed more than to all others, is the credit due. I do not like to exaggerate, and do not think I am doing so. I do not, of course, mean in the least to convey that the largest part of my intellectual and moral training does not necessarily come from other and wider regions, but for all that is Irish in me, and, above all, for the inspiration that made me Irish, the fountain and the origin must always be sought in Davis.

But what came out of all this? Little, perhaps, at once—or at least little in the shape of action. What must

have followed very soon was the close study of the leading columns, and indeed of many other columns, of the *Nation* newspaper. For what I found there I was, of course, perfectly prepared by the previous reading of Davis; and what was to be found in that paper I must leave the reader to gather from another pen than mine. Something, however, I must say even at this stage as to how the *Nation* affected me; later I shall have more to tell. In leading article, essay, and poem we read, from week to week, the story of Ireland's sufferings under English rule; and now and then we heard of other countries groaning under alien domination, and of their efforts, successful or unsuccessful, to shake it off. At first, perhaps, the teaching of the *Nation* was not directly unconstitutional, though, indirectly, it certainly was so from the beginning. From ceasing to "fear to speak of '98" to wishing to imitate the men of that time the transition was very easy indeed to the youthful mind. Many, if not most, of the younger amongst us were Mitchelites before Mitchel, or rather before Mitchel had put forth his programme. We were told much about the doings of Hugh O'Neill and Owen Roe and Sarsfield, and led to seek what more we could gather about them elsewhere. But as to the men of '98 there was no difficulty where to search and what to find. We had the fascinating "Memoirs of Wolfe Tone," and the very laborious and full, if somewhat dull and chaotic, book of Madden, and many a biography and history beside. I may perhaps be mixing up some things in my memory here; but the impression I mean to convey is certainly

correct. I may be attributing to the *Nation* other things than I got from it; but that matters little, for Davis was the *Nation* and the *Nation* was Davis; and in saying this I most surely do not in the least mean to detract from the merit of the many able men who with Davis, and without him, made the *Nation*. Anyway, the feeling and sentiment upon which I acted then, and have mainly acted ever since, came from Davis; and what the *Nation* no doubt gave me, or taught me where to get, were such additional facts and fancies as my opinions sought by way of justification of the faith that was in me.

While all this commotion was going on in the internal man, many external events were occurring which need some notice here, for their bearing upon my future actions if not my future thoughts. In the year '47, when I was about 17 years of age, I left Carlow School, and towards the close of the same year I entered Trinity College. This was the time when the Irish Confederation—the Young Ireland seceding body—and its associated clubs were in full swing. I at once joined the Grattan Club, presided over by "Meagher of the Sword," and of course was assiduous in my attendance not only upon its meetings but upon the more important ones of the parent association. At these assemblages I necessarily heard much explosive oratory, notably from the aforesaid Meagher, but also from O'Gorman, Doheny, M'Gee, and many others more or less known to fame at the time, who have mostly slipped out of the memory of the present generation of certainly less eloquent, if

possibly more sensible, Irishmen. Neither then nor after, if I know myself, was I very susceptible to the witchery of words. Old or young men eloquent were not to me among the more admirable phenomena of nature or art, and then, as now, I felt that it was something of a misfortune to Irishmen, and in a measure to Ireland, that they found words far too readily, and were too often not sufficiently careful to lay any foundation of facts or ideas at the bottom of the words. Not that I mean to imply any disregard for the great masters of the spoken word. The Demostheneses, Chathams, Grattans, and Mirabeaus were not only potent wielders of the wills of men in their own time, but must remain to all the generations a source of delight as well as instruction. But great orators are nearly as rare as great poets, and the lesser speakers, even when their speaking partakes more of the nature of eloquence than of rhetoric, are neither very rare nor, to me, very admirable. And it was certainly to the lesser order of orators, however earnest and accomplished, that the Young Irelanders, even including Meagher, belonged. But if I were not much moved by the oratory of the Confederation, I certainly was by what I may call its atmosphere—what the French would call the "milieu." That was strong, indeed, and charged with all sorts of thunder and lightning elements. At first, indeed, there was a certain balmy air of constitutionalism, imported from the old Repeal Association, but that was disappearing day by day.

CHAPTER II.

MITCHEL AND FORTY-EIGHT.

TOWARDS the close of the year '47 Mitchel made what in the language of the day may be called his new departure. He told the Confederation that the time for talking had gone and the time for action had come. Anyway, he, Mitchel, had definitely abandoned the paths of peaceful and legal agitation, and meant to be as illegal and warlike as possible for the future—in short, to preach insurrection and to prepare for it. To be sure, the Confederation was not prepared to go quite so far as yet, and so Mitchel was outvoted; even the warlike Meagher going against him for the time being. Nearly all the younger people, myself included, however, went thoroughly with him from the first. But first or last was here a question of simply a few months; for very soon there was only one opinion among all sections of Young Irelanders as to the *modus operandi*.

In February, '48, the French Revolution burst forth on an astonished and, as the end proved, a somewhat unprepared world. Nowhere was it hailed with greater enthusiasm than in Ireland. It was well to have been young then; and, now that I am growing old, my pulse

beats quicker as memory brings back, imperfectly indeed but still vividly, the vision of how I felt and what I thought in that famous year.

I must, however, pass rapidly over these things, of which I was but a very small part. As I said before, people will find them all set down in detail in the book of Sir Gavan Duffy, which ought, and indeed is likely, to be read by all who care to read me. I simply wish to show, or suggest, the genesis of my ideas, and to point out how Fenianism was the natural, or at least a natural, outcome of Young Irelandism. It is no business of mine to explain or criticize the Young Ireland movement, or to compare it favourably or unfavourably with Fenianism. The reader must form his own conclusions on this and other matters with such help as he may get from me as I go along. I do not mean either to excuse myself or to accuse others, but merely to try to tell how things came to pass. Many things in both movements might have been better if they were other; but the main question in all such cases is to know what has been, not to guess at what might have been.

During most of the year '48 our minds were in a state of constant ferment and our bodies ever active in rushing about from one club or meeting to another; and sometimes in marching, drilling, and the like, though neither then nor at any time do I remember to have taken part in these warlike exercises. From week to week, in the earlier part of the year, Mitchel thundered against the Government in the columns of the *United Irishman*, until, with the appearance of the thirteenth

number, both thunder and thunderer disappeared, for the time being, by the suppression of the paper and the seizure and imprisonment of the editor. Following "short, sharp, and decisive" upon the arrest came the trial, conviction, and sentence—the joint handiwork, to use the picturesque language of Mitchel, of "a packed jury, a perjured sheriff, and a partisan judge." This was, perhaps, the first check to the movement, and certainly it was a strong damper upon our hopes. Mitchel said, and no doubt thought, that the victory rested with him, inasmuch as he had forced the Government into certain unusual illegal courses. But, alas! it was not so; and it is somewhat a mystery to me now why Mitchel could have ever thought it was so. Surely he must have known how the English have gone on all the time shooting, hanging, transporting, or imprisoning us at their own sweet will, with slight regard for law, and next to none whatever for morality. This seems a hard saying in this age of "the union of hearts"; but I think the English and Irish hearts are not the less likely to hold together by Irish heads keeping a little cool. Anyway, there was no union of hearts then, nor any thought of it; and sore, indeed, were our hearts and hot our heads when we saw our foremost man, for so he most assuredly looked to all the younger men, snatched from our midst, and consigned to we knew not what fate [1] in these distant Australian regions. Probably

[1] Happily our apprehensions were groundless. Mitchel and the others who followed him were treated as gentlemen. The system of treating political prisoners like pickpockets or murderers, first inaugurated by the Government of Lord Russell

when Mitchel spoke of the victory remaining with him he was thinking of a rumoured rescue; but no rescue was attempted. The question of then and there "erecting the barricades and invoking the God of Battles" had been mooted in the clubs, and proposed in the Council of the Confederation by Mitchel's friend, Father Kenyon. He, however, was outvoted by the more moderate men of the party, who thought it was necessary, or at least highly advisable, that the insurrection should not break out before the harvest had been gathered in. As I am in no sense a historian of the '48 movement, there is no need that I should pronounce any opinion upon that question at this time of day. I merely wish to give my own impressions at the time: how things looked to the young and more ardent spirits, and towards what subsequent lines of thought and action things tended to urge us. Naturally we felt depressed and irritated, and were but moderately (if at all) impressed by the counsels of our elders.

Other trials of lesser interest followed Mitchel's, and other juries were packed, or imperfectly packed, with the result that Martin and O'Doherty were convicted, while Williams,[1] the "Shamrock" of the *Nation*,

and Mr. Gladstone, was not yet. But enough of that: further on I shall probably have something more to say on this subject.

[1] Indeed, in this case, the rumour runs that the jury was packed, too, but this time packed in favour of the prisoner, the sheriff, a more or less notorious man of the name of Ennis, happening to be a friend of Williams' father. I seem to be putting these other press trials as if they came close upon Mitchel's, but in point of fact they did not come on till several months after.

whose case was precisely the same as O'Doherty's, was acquitted. The summer months, however, went quickly by, and still our hearts and hopes stood high. In the meantime the Government were not inactive. Horse, foot, and dragoons were poured into the country, and a bill was suddenly brought into Parliament, and swiftly passed through the two Houses, to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland.

This measure apparently took the leaders somewhat by surprise, as it certainly found them somewhat unprepared. O'Brien and the others quitted Dublin, to throw themselves upon the country, though the time originally set down for the insurrection had not as yet quite come. For what occurred then I must refer the reader to Sir Gavan Duffy, simply relating such part of it as has a direct bearing on my own story. After a few days we heard of O'Brien, Dillon, Meagher, and others as having found their way by Wexford, Kilkenny, Waterford, and Carrick into some part of Tipperary, where apparently the green flag was to be first raised. This was interesting and exciting news for me. I was a Tipperary man, and I felt that Tipperary and not Dublin was the place for me, and so to Tipperary I went.

And here I may say commences my active interference in Irish affairs, intermittently active, of course, but not without a certain sort of continuity from that time forward. Shortly after getting to the town I went to the Confederate Club, where I found men's minds in the same excited and exalted state as in Dublin. There was nothing but talk of war and of rumours of war,

while there, as elsewhere, there was little, if any, serious preparations for the fight. I neither remember, nor is there any need that I should, anything definite about the proceedings, save that the chair was not occupied by the president, who had levanted to America, but by a fiery old doctor, and that I, the young student, was moved to the said chair on the old doctor's vacating it. And then, or close upon then, all clubs ceased to meet, and for the time talking vanished from the scene, but only, alas! to give place to something scarcely worthy of the name of action.

The next day, or the day after that, on some hint or rumour, probably a mistaken one, of the likelihood of my arrest, as a consequence of my taking the second chair at the club, I left the town, and went, to use a phrase familiar to Irishmen, "on my keeping" among some friends in the neighbourhood. Here days passed without any definite news of O'Brien or his doings; or, perhaps, for I cannot be over clear as to days at this distance of time, with some reports of the collapse at Ballingarry, and the consequent scattering of O'Brien, Dillon, Meagher, and the others. Anyway, before any definite news of O'Brien's arrest, upon some most likely false fear of my own,[1] I took horse in the night, and rode off with a friend to a more distant and secluded part of the country. I feel that these small incidents are but the veriest trifles, but they did not seem trifles at the time, and, while they aid me in carrying

[1] Based upon the presence of a body of police at a cross road near the house where I was staying.

on my story, the reader must, I think, concede, that I do not dwell over long on them.

The place for which I was bound was the house of a namesake of mine, which happened to be situated in the parish of Templederry, in the North Riding of Tipperary—a place then, as since, mainly, if not entirely, celebrated for the presence of its eccentric, learned, and very able P.P.,[1] the well-known Father Kenyon, of whom I have spoken above in connection with the projects for rescuing Mitchel. Father Kenyon had been suspended by his bishop, early in the year, for his very advanced opinions and great outspokenness on various occasions. Later on, after Mitchel had left the country, Kenyon made his submission to his ecclesiastical superior, and was restored to his parish and his people. All this and a certain other transaction, of which I shall speak further on, cast a sort of cloud on the reputation of Kenyon, which has never been, perhaps, entirely dissipated down to the present day. There is little, I think, in these accusations and reports to do very serious injury to Kenyon's character; but something they must, I fancy, abate of that untransactingness and directness to which he seemed to lay claim. But I am not writing Father Kenyon's memoirs, but my own, in which, however, he will crop up occasionally again. Now, I may say that I found him anxious as myself to get tidings of the whereabouts of O'Brien and the others; some of whom—notably Meagher and Maurice Leyne—

[1] Kenyon, when I first knew him, was only a C.C., but soon after became a P.P.

were supposed to be lying concealed, and were, I believe, some days after arrested, somewhere not far off.

And this is the place to specify, perhaps, the injurious report to which I have alluded above. It was said that O'Brien, Dillon, and, I think, another had sought shelter from Kenyon a few days before, and been refused such aid and assistance as might have been expected from him. This report was certainly untrue as regards O'Brien, and, I believe, substantially so about the others also. Dillon he certainly disliked, and may have received coldly; but I doubt that he did so. Still the accusation in some shape or form clung to Kenyon, and though I do not believe there was much, if anything, in it, I must confess that my mind is not quite so clear on the matter as I should like. Father Kenyon was, I think, the first man of real intellectual eminence with whom I was brought into intimate contact. Others I had of course seen and heard and exchanged words with; but that was quite another thing. Indeed, in one branch of intellectual activity Kenyon surpassed all the men I have ever met—he was simply the best talker, in whatever sense you use the word, I ever heard. As a preacher and occasional public speaker he was very simple, natural, and effective; and his rare letters to newspapers, and such other written matter of his as I have seen, were always admirable in expression, and often forcible in thought. In fact, it may be fairly said of him, as of his greater countryman, "Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit." And yet he is now, less than a generation after his death, little more than a memory—

the shadow of a name. He wrote little, or at least published little; but even that little would be well worth setting forth in some more or less permanent form.

After about a week spent pleasantly at the house of my friend, and made not only pleasant but profitable by my intercourse with Kenyon, I returned to Tipperary, or rather to a farmhouse of my father's in the immediate neighbourhood, having ridden through the night again, and finding the whole of the country districts denuded of police, who had been apparently drafted into the towns, as a safeguard, I suppose, against surprise. A few days after I returned to the town, as I now felt there was little danger of arrest, and cared comparatively little whether there were or not, the strongest reason for desiring to be at large no longer existing. The insurrection, or rather attempt at insurrection, had come to an end, and a very sad one too. Most of the leaders had escaped, or were destined to escape,[1] but some of them—including O'Brien, Meagher, M'Manus, O'Donoghue, and Maurice Leyne—were then safely locked up in Clonmel Jail. There was, indeed, about a couple of months after the affair at Ballingarry, a sort of final flash in the pan. John O'Mahony, well known in after times as the famous Fenian Head Centre, John Savage, Phil Grey, and others attacked some police barracks on the borders of Tipperary and Kilkenny. A few police-

[1] I use this qualifying clause because many of the leaders were still wandering about here and there—notably Stephens and Doheny, whose adventures have been well described by the latter in his "Felon's Track."

men and peasants were killed, and there was the end, unless I am to include in the catalogue of abortive attempts a little affair of Gray's and my own, in which there was happily—or unhappily—no killing at all.

And to this I may as well come at once. Naturally the whole attention of the country, and more especially of the county which had been the chief scene of the drama, was fixed on the fate of the unfortunate men in Clonmel. The whole thing may look small now, but it loomed large in the eyes of men (and, no doubt, larger in the eyes of enthusiastic boys) then. There was the noble figure of the chivalrous descendant of Brian Boru, upon which then and since the enemy—I find myself here becoming quite oblivious of the present happy union of hearts—has vainly sought to cast ridicule. There was the eloquent and youthful Meagher, and the brave M'Manus, who, if but ill-fated in life, was happy in his death, his body having been brought back many years after from distant California, and accompanied to its last resting place in Glasnevin by such multitudes of men as have seldom or ever before been gathered together on such an occasion.[1] But I am anticipating.

[1] Perhaps never in modern times, save at the funeral of Gambetta. We have made something of a speciality of funerals in Ireland of late. O'Mahony's funeral was the next greatest event of this kind; but we have had many smaller ones since. A humorous friend of mine asked me some years ago—with the O'Mahony affair fresh in his mind—if I could not manage to die just then, for he would ensure me a beautiful funeral. Since I wrote above there has been more than one of those great demonstrations in Dublin, and one—the Parnell funeral—though far the greatest event in its kind, was still, I believe, a smaller thing as regards mere numbers than the M'Manus demonstration.

The question was then of a very different sort of death and funeral for these gentlemen, as for many of their countrymen before them and for some few after them, "because their eyes were hot to see the red above the green."

CHAPTER III.

THE WILDERNESS AFFAIR.

HERE I have to relate what I may call my first escapade, and no doubt a very foolish escapade it must seem to the present preternaturally practical race of Irish politicians. Not that I mean to excuse myself. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*, and even now, at this distance of time, I do not know that I have anything particular to reproach myself with in this matter. I was young and enthusiastic then, and I hope, though no longer young, I am enthusiastic still. Besides, I am not writing for the edification, much less seeking the approval, of the practical people spoken of above; but rather hoping to find, if not approval, at least understanding in some stray, unselfish, if possibly unpractical, soul here and there.

Some months, or possibly only weeks—dates matter little in this affair and at this distance of time—after the arrest of O'Brien and the others, I was told that there was some design or project on the part of certain people in Clonmel to rescue the prisoners. This project, of course, chimed in with my own notions of what was fitting under the circumstances, and anyway I wished

to know all about the matter, and so betook myself forthwith to Clonmel.

Before going into that little episode in my life, known at the time as the "Wilderness affair," and, no doubt, altogether unknown now, I must speak shortly of the trials, or, at least, of the closing scene of them, of which I was enabled to be a witness. I was present in the court during the day the sentences were delivered, and I remember distinctly that, though in a highly sympathetic and even impassioned mood, I could not help feeling, as the proceedings went on, as if a certain comic, grotesque, or at least untragic element pierced through. Smith O'Brien was first sentenced by Chief Justice Blackburne. Here there certainly was no trace of anything that was not very serious indeed—the old man being dry, direct, grim, and impressive as any such occasion should require. Mr. Justice Moore—who came, I think, after, and anyway came in somewhere, passing sentence on M'Manus or O'Donoghue, or both—was simply quite commonplace and unimpressive. But then came the turn of the other Chief Justice—Doherty—and here certainly the comedy came in. Doherty was a very fine, I should say even dignified-looking man, and a very able and impressive speaker, but evidently with a large share of what was insincere and histrionic in his nature. He had to sentence Meagher, and here he evidently felt that there was some opportunity for a little acting. He tried what may be called the pathetic dodge, with what success upon his general audience is quite more than I remember, but certainly with complete unsuccess so

far as I was concerned. He even shed a few tears, or at least seemed to me to do so, and this was comedy pure and simple to me; for neither then nor since could I ever bring myself to believe that Doherty had the slightest interest, save of the histrionic sort, in the fate or fortune of the brilliant young orator whom he was apparently dooming to an untimely grave.

And here came in, if not the comic, what I have called the untragic side of things. Somehow people did not believe that the capital sentences were at all likely to be carried out, and so when Meagher, in an otherwise effective and even eloquent speech, went on to speak of his young life, his early death, and the rest of it, I could not help feeling, despite my strong sympathy, as if a certain air of unreality were creeping in upon the scene. O'Brien and O'Donoghue simply read some formal legal document referring to a writ of error, and then M'Manus spoke a few simple straightforward, manly words, which went very much more home to my heart and head than the elaborate but somewhat unreal eloquence of Meagher. I have, of course, somewhat inverted the proceedings here, for necessarily the prisoners spoke before the sentences were delivered; but the thing matters nothing. I do not mean either here or elsewhere, especially in this early stage of my narrative, to describe what happened, save in so far as it may have moulded my own thoughts or actions.

But to come to the attempt at rescue—I found it quite true that such a movement was afoot, and soon came to find out all about it, and to take an active part

in the preliminary arrangements. And this is the place, perhaps, to mention a circumstance of very great importance from the rebellious point of view. I then for the first time came to know what was pretty plainly proved to the general public during the Fenian times, how little England could rely on her Irish soldiers in the case of any conflict between England and Ireland. The regiment then stationed in Clonmel was mainly English, but, like most regiments at the time, not without a considerable Irish element. I was told that there were some hundred and fifty Irishmen in this regiment; and I was also told—and I have no earthly reason for doubting the substantial truth of the statement—that these men could be nearly all relied upon by us. I know absolutely that I was myself in communication with a corporal and several privates, who told me what I have just told; and who, at least so far as I could at all know or conjecture, neither then nor since revealed anything about me and my doings to the military or other authorities, and whose own action was apparently then or after in no way suspected by the said authorities; and here, too, I may as well say a word on a subject which I shall probably have to go into more fully hereafter. Englishmen and West Britons are for ever using—or rather abusing—what may shortly be called the "informer fallacy." To listen to these people you would think that informers were almost confined to Ireland, and it is certainly insisted on *ad nauseam* that they are very numerous there. But where is the proof of this? Certainly all my experience is against this

theory, so dear to the heads and hearts of all true Britishers. I speak of informers here partly because there was talk of an informer, of course, in this little adventure of ours, too. I do not think I should give the name of the suspected informer, for although information there certainly was, a certain haze still hangs round the informer. Suspicion, however strong, should never be sufficient reason for speaking out (though it is too often made so on such occasions), seeing the peculiar infamy that is attached in Ireland to the memory of informers, or, as the people phrase it, "to their seed, breed and generation"—a fact, by the way, which to my mind goes far to show that the said informers are not the numerous brood we are told they are.

Our project, so far as I can recall it to my mind at this distance of time, and without any present access to such slight record of it as might be in existence, was shortly this :—We meant to collect such men as we could gather in and about Clonmel, and expected to be joined by a much larger body from in and about Carrick and the adjacent parts of the county Waterford. These last were to be under the direction of Phil Grey,[1] to

[1] Some notice, however slight and short, Grey certainly deserves at my hands. He was a Dublin mechanic, of fair intelligence and well educated for his class, and was certainly, from all I could see at the time, or from all I could hear then or since, a brave and true Irishman. Some slight account of Grey and his doings may be found in the newspapers of the time; and something more in detail is said of him in some newspaper sketches published (but not republished) in the New York "Irish Nation," some years ago, by my friend Thos. Clarke Luby. When I come to what may be called Lalor's affair I shall have

whom I have alluded a little earlier in these reminiscences, but of whom I did not there say that he still kept together a certain body of men somewhere among the Waterford mountains, holding himself and them in readiness for anything that might turn up. With these and some other men collected from different directions we intended to attack the barracks, which we hoped in a measure to surprise by the aid of our confederates inside. But our intentions, hopes, or designs matter little now; and I should have said nothing about them, but that they show the frame of mind in which I was at the time, and form part of that personal experience which led me on the road I afterwards travelled, and finally landed me in Pentonville and Portland.

In this, as in many more serious warlike operations, the surprisers were themselves surprised. I have said above that there was talk of an informer, but whether there was an informer proper or not, information about our project was certainly arrived at somehow or other; though rather, I still incline to think, through the imprudence of one or more of the conspirators than through the deliberate treason of any. However this may be, betrayed in a sense we were, and certainly surprised in every sense. I do not know how long it was after we had got into the wilderness, and while we

to make use of these sketches, and may possibly have some further word to say of Grey. He was not arrested at the time, but got off to France, from which he soon returned to Dublin, where he lived on, in poor health mostly, until the early years of the Fenian movement. He became a Fenian, but was not able to take any active part in the movement.

were impatiently waiting the arrival of Grey and the others, and after having sent out some scouts to look out for them, who did not return to us, we became aware—it matters little now how soon or how late—that we were surrounded on all sides by soldiers, who gradually closed in on us, and after keeping us in the Wilderness for, I think, some considerable time, in the hope, I should fancy, of capturing Grey and the others, finally conducted us to Clonmel Jail sometime in the small hours of the morning. Grey and the others, whether informed by our scouts, or ascertaining by some outposts of their own, that the place was in possession of the soldiers, were enabled to get away safely, and so there was an end of that little business almost before there was any beginning.

Now I had to make my first acquaintance with prison life; but the acquaintance was so short and slight that there is no need to say next to anything about it. Men make much out of very little in this matter of imprisonment just now. Martyrs are as plenty as blackberries. But there are martyrs and martyrs, as there are imprisonments and imprisonments. Anyway there was nothing serious, directly or indirectly, in this imprisonment. We were only detained for some two or three weeks at most, when we were liberated after being bound over to the peace by some small personal and collateral sureties. The only thing that could pretend to partake of the nature of incident, even of the unexciting sort, was that we caught occasional glimpses of the more important state prisoners, or, as they then legally

were, convicts. There were other prisoners whom we constantly saw and were free to communicate with, but these, as far as I could see at the time, had little individuality about them. They seemed very ordinary types of the peasant, and came, of course, mostly from the neighbourhood of Ballingarry. One, however, stood out from the rest. He was a burly and a sturdy farmer of the name of O'Donnell, who had himself, I believe, taken part in the attack on the police, or, at least, in some of the preliminary operations, and whose brother had just been sentenced to a year's imprisonment for contempt of court in refusing to give evidence in the case of O'Brien. I saw him again some ten years after in New York, but, alas! how changed from the burly figure of the Clonmel prison yard! Sturdy he still was certainly; but hard work and a fever caught in the construction of some southern railway had left him but the shadow of what he had been, and, as well as I remember, he died, a few years after, a physical wreck—but always "true to Ireland and to God." But, alas! there is nothing new in all this. 'Tis but an ordinary incident of emigration, noticeable, however, by me from the fact of poor O'Donnell's connection with the '48 movement, and subsequently with Fenianism, for, when I saw him in New York, it was at the office of John O'Mahony, the Head Centre of the Fenian Brotherhood.

But I am anticipating somewhat, as I fear I may have to do more than once in this narrative, for men and things may crop up which had better be dealt with

shortly on their first mention than put off to be more methodically disposed of in their proper chronological order. To come back to myself. I stayed on in Clonmel after I had been released from prison, naturally not very much more in love with myself or with things in general after what I may call my Wilderness escapade. Here again the result of an appeal to physical force was absolutely nil. To be sure the check in this case was not great, for the actors in this little drama were of the smallest, and the scene of it quite limited. However, check there was, and a certain amount of mortification which, when followed by what the reader may possibly consider only a certain amount of reflection, too, led me to the conclusion, natural enough, I even now think, under the circumstances, that as the new Mitchelite plan had so far signally failed, there might be no harm in trying the Wolfe Tone plan, especially seeing that all modern precedents—Italian and other—were in its favour. I then and there set about forming a secret, oath-bound society with the single, if by no means simple, object of freeing Ireland from English rule. I do not now remember the exact terms of the oath I took and administered; but they matter nothing save to myself; as the society very soon after its formation merged in another, of which I shall have something to say a little further on. The oath was, however, I am confident, of the very simplest kind, binding the person who took it to do all that lay in his power to free Ireland, which no doubt meant to separate Ireland from England. I am quite clear there was no clause of secrecy; for

neither then nor since have I believed such clauses either practically very efficacious or morally quite justifiable. I see no moral objection to swearing to keep any particular thing, or even a number of things, secret once the thing is known to you. But to swear to keep secret something that is about to be entrusted to you, and the nature of which cannot be known, but merely more or less vaguely guessed at, that is quite a different matter. But I am possibly making much out of a small matter; though it neither was nor is a small matter to me personally; and in these reminiscences I am nothing if not personal. To come to an end of this swearing business, at least for the present, and I may say altogether so far as I am concerned, this is the only political oath I ever took—I have taken happily very few oaths of any kind—and I believe I have kept it, in the measure, of course, of reason, opportunity, my own ability, and the shifting circumstances of the case, down to the present day. How much longer I may feel bound to do so must depend upon something very different from a paper union of hearts. *Que Messieurs les assassins commencent!* Let England cease to govern Ireland, and then I shall swear to be true to Ireland and the Queen or King of Ireland, even though that Queen or King should also happen to be Queen or King of England. It is not, nor has it ever been with me, any question of forms of government, but simply of freedom from foreign control. This is somewhat of a disgression, but, I feel, a necessary, if not inevitable, one. Certain people in Ireland all along seem to think and feel very strongly on the question of

oaths; but the feeling apparently concerns itself more with the taking of oaths, than with the breaking of them; and while there has been constant talk of Freemasons, Orangemen have been left very much alone; and Ribbonmen—especially of late times—nearly entirely so. But I have sufficiently shown my own ethical standpoint on this question.

CHAPTER IV.

FINTAN LALOR.

HAVING set my little machine in order, if not in motion, I returned from Clonmel to Tipperary, where I rested on my oars for some months. Then, early in '49, I think on some rumour of something going on, or possibly only with the notion of resuming my college studies, I went back to Dublin. Anyway, I at least soon came to know that something was, if not going on, at least about to go on—that, in fact, various anti-English schemes and plots were taking shape in the active and fertile brain that presided over the frail body of James Fintan Lalor. Some little I cannot avoid saying here about this very remarkable but now little-known man. I lived with him on terms of great intimacy during the greater part of that year; and if I refrain from saying all, or nearly all, I could about him, it is not that my interest is not still of the strongest in the man, but that I feel that I should never get to Fenianism at all if I did not cram —or at least try to cram—all that went before into as small a space as possible.[1] However, much relatively I

[1] Much has happily been written by my friend, T. C. Luby, in the New York *Irish Nation* for 1882, upon Lalor, Kenyon, him-

must say about him. Lalor had, of course, been arrested under the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, as he had been one of the most prominent and certainly the ablest contributor to the *Irish Felon* newspaper. He had just been released on account of the wretched state of his health, and when I first saw him in his lodgings in Capel Street, he seemed as if he might give up the ghost at any moment, and could only gasp out his words, which, however, came freely when they could come at all, during the intervals between his constantly recurring fits of asthmatic coughing. The ruling passion might literally be said to be strong in death; strong and strenuous till death it certainly was.

Gradually Lalor began to grow better, though very much of an invalid he remained to the end; but even immediately after getting out of prison, long before he was able to leave his bed, he had gathered about him many ardent spirits, notably among the more intelligent of the artisan class. And perhaps here I should say publicly what I have been all my life saying in private, that it is in this class I have always found the best Irishmen. Mechanics are, as a rule, in my opinion, more intelligent, and even often more cultured, than any, save the professional and professedly cultured class; that is,

self and myself; and some part of this at least I hope to see presented to the public in some permanent shape. Indeed, even with my own subject Mr. Luby is better acquainted, especially in its earlier stages, than I am, and could certainly find much more to say about it; but though chance has set me to the task before him, I sincerely hope that will not hinder him from having his say on the matter too.

such portions of the middle or upper class as in some shape or other devote themselves to the acquisition of knowledge, either for its own sake, or for the material gain to be got out of it. The middle class, I believe, in Ireland and elsewhere, to be distinctly the lowest class morally—that is, the class influenced by the lowest motives. The prudential virtues it has in abundance; but a regard for your own stomach and skin, or even for the stomachs and skins of your relatives and immediate surroundings, though, no doubt, a more or less commendable thing in itself, is not the stuff out of which patriots are made. Your average *bourgeois* may make a very good sort of agitator, for here he can be shown, or at least convinced, that his mere material interests are concerned, and that he may serve them with little or no material risk. A rebel, however, you can rarely make him, for here the risk is certain and immediate, and the advantage, if material advantage there should be, doubtful and distant. As for the upper classes in Ireland, as all the world over, you can find models of all the virtues or of all the vices among them. Better in my limited and perhaps mistaken sense—by goodness I may be roughly said to mean altruism—than the middle classes they may be considered to be, as also worse. It is our misfortune, however, that in Ireland our upper classes are only Irish in a more or less limited and imperfect sense. Irish enough in temperament and tastes and many other ways they very often are; but Irish in opinion, from causes the reader must look for and may easily find, they seldom are; queerly fancying them-

selves to be not Irish at all, but some sort of Englishmen, presumably an inferior sort—in fact, Englishmen living out of their own country, and rather the worse, though most assuredly not always the worst off, for their residence in a strange land. God forbid that this should be the feeling with all our upper class, but it is the true West British feeling which, alas! is but too common in it. People seem altogether to forget that Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Smith O'Brien, not to mention many others before and after them, were of this class, and yet risked and lost all for Ireland. Patriotism is of no class or creed, and hearts may beat as warmly for Ireland in a castle as in a cabin, and, I think, are more likely to beat warmly in either than in a farmhouse or a shop.

I come back to Lalor. His sick bed was surrounded by many beside the mechanics of whom I spoke above, and among the visitors were to be found some oddities. Foremost of these was a queer doctor of the name of Watson, who has long since, I believe, gone to join the greater number. It was one of this gentleman's peculiarities to pass his fingers along the lower part of his forehead, modestly remarking at the same time that his observant faculties were not largely developed, and then, suddenly sweeping his hat from his head and striking the upper part of the aforesaid forehead, he calmly announced that in powers of reflection he yielded to no man. The fun of the thing was that in the eyes of all but himself, and save from a somewhat superficial phrenological point of view, these reflective powers were

just the very ones in which the queer doctor might be considered to yield to most men.

Another visitor was the since notorious John Rea then, as ever, aggressive, loquacious, paradoxical, not having as yet, however, developed that curious combination of Orangeism and Nationality which characterized his later years. In those old days he was all green.

But to pass from the oddities, especially as they have but a very incidental connection with my story, Watson never came to anything either in or out of the conspiracy; and Rea became the mere mountebank sufficiently well known to the present generation of Irishmen.

Other visitors there were, however, who have since held a very different place in the estimation of their countrymen. Here I first met my life-long friend Luby, then as now one of the most brilliant of talkers and one of the most companionable of men. It is not easy for me to speak of Luby while living as I should like, but this much I may say at the outset, leaving to the development of the narrative what I must have to say further, that in the course of a now not short life I have seldom met a better man and never a better Irishman.

Another of Lalor's followers better known then than Luby, though he has since fallen more out of the memory of his countrymen, as he died young a few years after in America, was Joseph Brennan. He had written some very eloquent articles for Mitchel's *United Irishman* and for Martin's *Irish Felon*, and much striking verse for these and other publications. He was at this very time, if I rightly remember, or certainly very shortly

after, editing the *Irishman*,[1] a paper set up in opposition to the revived *Nation*, which had now frankly abandoned the revolutionary policy, acknowledging its defeat and recognizing the hopelessness of all insurrectionary movements—at least for that time, and probably for that generation of Irishmen. The *Irishman* was not avowedly revolutionary, but neither could it be considered exactly legal and constitutional, and controversial it certainly was—Luby and others, I recollect, having written some letters directly attacking the new departure of the *Nation*. But this is of little consequence now, save in so far as it shows the mental attitude of Brennan, Luby, myself, and all the hotter heads of the party. If we could have foreseen then what the *Nation* was to become when Mr. Duffy gave it up, and what was to be the general decay and degradation of the so-called National press, lasting with some exceptions and intermissions down to the present day, I think we might have been a good deal more tolerant and a good deal less critical. But one does not look at things from quite the same point of view at twenty and at sixty. I think I am as national now as I

[1] This paper, which was owned by a somewhat doubtful character of the name of Fulham, is not to be confounded with the paper of the same name, founded about ten years after by Denis Holland, afterwards purchased by P. J. Smyth, and which finally fell into the hands of Pigott. Both these papers, however, notwithstanding the evil odour hanging round their proprietors, were ably conducted and did much good service to the National cause. I have no present business with the second *Irishman*; but I think it should not be forgotten—as it seems quite to be just now—that anything ethically objectionable in that journal only appeared when it had fallen into other hands than Pigott's.

was then; but, like the rest of the world, I have had all sorts of disillusions since, and am now more willing to take things as I find them, however little I may like them.

I find I am diverging somewhat again. Lalor led me into a slight discussion on the relative merits of our Irish classes and our Irish masses; and now Brennan has brought me to a rambling sort of talk on things in general and newspapers in particular. As to Brennan himself, by a curious series of accidents, but imperfectly remembered by me now, I never saw him, and, though I knew and heard much of him then and since, I can of course say nothing of him personally, and so may leave him drop out here, at least for the present, and get back to Lalor.

He gradually grew better, though never anything like well. Soon he was free to move about, and from that time forward, till the end of the conspiracy and of himself, he was pretty constantly in motion from Dublin to certain southern counties, Waterford, Tipperary, and Limerick, but mostly from one of these counties to the other; for to them was the conspiracy mainly confined. It would add very much to the length of my book if I were to enter into detail about Lalor's operations. My main concern is with Fenianism, and I am hastening on to that as fast as I well can, compatibly, at least, with giving my reader some notion of the state of my own thoughts and feelings at the time. These were becoming insensibly somewhat modified. The hopefulness of youth was vanishing, and the ardour aroused in

all young (and a good many old) heads by the French Revolution was fast fading away under the blighting influence of the reaction which was now setting in all over Europe. I was ceasing to be sanguine, and sanguine I certainly have never since become. Reckless and even desperate I may, in a sense, have become; seeking, if not "what reinforcement I might gain from hope," at least "what resolution from despair"; and many as my years have since grown, I can conceive the return of the same mood under the same or similar circumstances.

I now spent a great part of my time for several months with Lalor; first in Dublin, then in Clonmel, in my own town of Tipperary, and in Limerick, and profitably as well as pleasantly this time was certainly passed, if not for the country, at least for my own mental and moral development. Without possessing the great conversational gifts of Kenyon, Lalor was still a very able and interesting talker, as he was certainly a very powerful and eloquent writer—eloquent from his impassioned nature, and powerful from the strong basis of logic and reason that underlay his passion. A great public speaker, I think, he might have been had only opportunity offered, if I could at all fairly judge from one occasion when I heard him address a dozen or perhaps a score of men in a private room; a great writer he may in a sense be said to be, even from such scanty specimens of his work as remain to us. Constant communion with such a man could scarcely fail to be other than a clear mental gain to me. Critical I was even then, and combative too; and

Lalor gave me plenty of occasion for the play of both these faculties. While Lalor was at bottom a good, if not a good-natured, man his nature, as is but too often the case with men labouring under his peculiar physical deformity (he was a hunchback), had contracted a sort of moral twist. He was, if not malignant in the English sense, certainly what the French call *malin*. His humour was sometimes horribly sardonic. I remember, for instance, his spending the greater part of an evening in Limerick, I think, debating with great gusto on the probability of my being hanged. I tried to stop him by fully admitting the likelihood of such an event, but that did not hinder him from going on. I think, too, but this may be fancy, that when I naturally said that if I were hanged, so most certainly should he be, he either found some loophole of escape for himself, or sought to show me how much more serious the calamity would be for me, for while I was young and healthy, he, though not old, was not likely to live long. This may serve as a specimen of the humour he often indulged in; but his moods were various indeed. He could be anything but dull; and that is no mean merit either in a man or in a book. Of books, by the way, we talked much; indeed I think most of our talk was of books, though of necessity much of it was political, and some of it politico-economical, owing to Lalor's peculiar theories on the land question.

And here, perhaps, I may as well say a few words on my attitude, then and since, towards that land question, which for the last fifteen years or so has been the question of questions in Ireland, at first setting aside the

national question nearly altogether, and then connecting some vague and indefinite notions of nationality with very definite notions, indeed, about land. I think I had taken some tinge of agrarianism in '48, no doubt from the writings of Mitchel, and still more of Lalor himself. But when I came to detach these notions from their practical connection with an Irish insurrectionary movement—with which they were always associated in the minds of both Mitchel and Lalor—and when I began to discuss Lalor's theories with himself, I found my agrarian ardour fast cooling down, and finally disappearing altogether. It was not that then as now I did not feel keenly the wretched condition of the Irish peasantry, and the too often cruel conduct of the Irish landlords; but then, as now, I believed that the full remedy for that wretchedness and these wrongs could only come from freedom. England and English rule, directly or indirectly, proximately or remotely, were at the bottom of the whole trouble. English rule remaining, I saw little chance of the satisfactory settlement of the land question, or, indeed, of any question; and to shake, if not to shatter, that rule, was then, as it is still, the great aim, or, if you will, dream of my life.

CHAPTER V.

FAILURE OF THE CONSPIRACY, AND DEATH OF LALOR.

BUT I am not writing Lalor's biography, only some small part of my own. Much I certainly learned from him on Irish and other matters, and for that reason as well as for his own remarkable character he claims some notice at my hands. It is, moreover, more tempting to talk of Lalor, who was a big man, than of his conspiracy, which turned out to be a sufficiently small thing in the end. To that end I must get as quickly as I can.

After much moving about for many months on the part of Lalor, Luby, myself, and others, and much conferring with many more or less influential people in the various counties I spoke of before, it was agreed that action was to be taken on a certain day, or rather on the night of that day. My part in that action was to consist in gathering such people as I could from in and about Tipperary, and directing them on Cashel—a town some ten miles distant—where Lalor then was, and where he intended to attack the barracks (if sufficient forces could be got together), with what exact ulterior object is more than I can now call to mind. It is probable it was intended that we should afterwards march on Clonmel, with such contingent as might be supplied by Brennan, who

was to operate, and indeed did operate, in another region on the same night. However, the ultimate object mattered not at all; for the immediate plan of an attack on Cashel proved an utter failure. It was arranged that the Tipperary men should meet at a place called Garnacanty, about a mile outside the town, on the Cashel road. When I got there, about ten or eleven o'clock in the night, I found but few people—never, I think, more than forty or fifty—and mostly unarmed. After waiting till one or two in the morning, without any increase, or appreciable increase, in the number of my followers, I decided that it would be worse than useless to bring such a body with me into Cashel, so I let them go back to their homes; setting out myself, accompanied by two other young men, for the City of the Kings—naturally in no pleasant frame of mind, but still hoping, if not hopeful, that I should find a different state of things there. It was, substantially, however, the same story nearly everywhere. From Clonoulty alone—a place in the Thurles direction—had any considerable body (some hundred or hundred and fifty men, and not badly armed) turned up. These men, after lying for most of the night in the vicinity of the town, were at last dismissed by Lalor, and found their way safely home; and, I suppose, with satisfied consciences, in that they, and they alone, might be said to have come up to the scratch. So far it was very much the Wilderness business over again, with one important improvement, however, that there was no betrayal or leaking out of design.

The next day Lalor and I, finding ourselves and our

schemes apparently unsuspected, moved on to Clonmel. Here, or at least soon after our coming, we must have been met by the news of Brennan's proceedings at Cappoquin, in the county of Waterford. There the police barrack was attacked, with the result of some loss of life to both police and people, and the capture of some young men of the locality. Brennan himself, however, escaped, and soon after succeeded in getting off to America, where he died, as I have mentioned above, several years after, still young, and, if not famous, certainly more or less distinguished, and with the promise of a fair literary career before him.

Such was practically the end of Lalor's conspiracy, the result being substantially the same as in the operations of O'Brien and O'Mahony in the preceding autumn. The mountain in labour was not so big, and the mouse that came forth was not appreciably smaller, but still there was no gainsaying the fact that the product was only a mouse, and in so far ridiculous. Neither by secret nor by open means was anything in the insurrectionary way to be done there and then. That certainly was clear, and little more was clear to me then, nor do I know that a great deal has become quite clear yet. We hear much of another and a better way now, as we heard much of many other ways and means during all these intervening years, but the end is not yet.

I am, however, wandering somewhat, if not from my subject at least from my narrative. It is one of the hardest things possible to cast ourselves back into the past, whether it be our own past, or that of humanity,

losing all sight and thought of the present and the future; and if it be possible to any, it is certainly quite impossible to me. But I think I can promise that my incursions into the present or the future will never last long, and so the reader, however impatient, will never have his temper overtried.

Lalor returned to Dublin with a big scheme in his head of setting up a paper on more advanced lines than those of the new *Nation*. I have not spoken of this scheme of a paper before, nor do I mean to do more than allude to it now. Such of my readers as may have any curiosity about it will find full and ample particulars in the series of papers by Mr. Luby, of which mention has been made before. It was with some view of something to be done for this paper that I was suddenly summoned to Dublin by Lalor, but I got up to town only to find him dead. He had succumbed rapidly, if not suddenly, to an attack of his old enemy—bronchitis. His death was felt as a great blow by all who knew anything of him, and I still think his loss to the country was considerable. He might never have done much directly, as a leader, or even an actor, in Irish politics; but indirectly, as a thinker and writer, he could scarcely have failed to have influenced them powerfully. We have had no political writer (and I know not that we have had any writer) since at all comparable to him in clearness, directness, and strength. Mitchel was perhaps as clear, and certainly far more graceful, picturesque, and imaginative, but not as direct or strong. Besides, nearly all Mitchel's writings after this time (which are far his greatest in style, and indeed

in almost every way) were published in America, and little read at the time—as indeed they are far too little read yet—in the country which he had been forced to leave. Lalor's writings, which are not many, have still to be sought for in the pages of the *Nation* and the *Felon*; and if somebody should disentomb them, and give us at the same time some notice of the man, and such of his private letters as may still be in existence, a very positive boon would be conferred both on lovers of Ireland and of literature.[1]

[1] What I desiderated has been largely done, and well done, since I wrote above.

CHAPTER VI.

STUDENT YEARS.

HERE closes what I may call the first stage of my political life. It was not very fruitful in external events —nearly everything in it, at least in so far as I was concerned, having passed unnoticed by the public of the time, remaining more or less unknown down to the present, and probably not likely to arouse any very lively interest in a generation which is busy with other men and other things. For me, however, it was eminently the "storm and stress" period—my whole mental and moral nature had been shaken from its very depths, and such thoughts and feelings awakened in me as have never slept since, and are little likely to slumber now until they and I find that final rest which soon or late comes to all. I was, of course, still very young—under twenty years of age—and the world was all before me where to choose. I had entered Trinity College with the intention of going to the Bar; but, as I believe I have said somewhere before, all that must be given up now; for neither then nor since could I at all burden my soul with any oaths of allegiance, however conditional or conditioned they might be supposed to be. No

sophistry could blind me to the fact that it was not allegiance to alien authority I either owed or meant to pay; but, on the contrary, stubborn disobedience culminating in deadly opposition and attempts at subversion. The upshot of the matter was that I felt in a sense forced to shift from law to medicine, which seemed a misfortune at the time, and which in one way was one, but in the end had the practical effect (which I cannot regard as other than a good) that, instead of devoting my life to any profession, I have been able to give most of it—I think I may say all of it in thought—directly or indirectly, continuously or intermittently, to Ireland. With a view then to medicine, for reasons unnecessary to go into here, but I believe with some leaven of a Young Ireland feeling in favour of undenominational education, I decided to leave Trinity and commence my studies in the Queen's College, Cork. I accordingly entered that place at a supplementary examination—held, I think, in January, 1850—the session of '49-'50 being the opening one of the new institutions.

Some little I must say about these years spent in the Queen's Colleges, but as little as I can help; for though they are not without interest in my personal story, their bearing is but indirect upon that political story which is the only one I mean to tell. I remember distinctly that during the first year in Cork I experienced a feeling of intense lassitude—a nervous reaction, no doubt, from the overstrung condition of both body and mind during the year I had passed through. I lived outside the city, on the country side of the college, and often passed days

and weeks without ever going anywhere save backwards and forwards to certain lectures at the college, and I must confess that I was not over-assiduous in my attention to the lectures. I went to as many as were required, and read up as much in the subjects as enabled me to pass the sessional examination without difficulty, and that was about all. I read much, however, of other things than were in the college programme. I was then, as indeed before and since, an omnivorous reader. I have passed my eyes over the pages of more books than most men; but I don't know that I can dignify that occupation with the name of study. I am not exactly what could be called learned in any branch of literature or science, though I may, perhaps, be said to know a good many things in a loose way about Ireland and about European history and literature. But save that I am talking of my college life, where the subject naturally crops up, it matters little what I read or studied, and far less that I should speak about it. One thing, however, I remember, and may as well mention. I then, as indeed before, took a good deal of interest in English politics. I felt then, as I have felt ever since, that it was well to learn from the enemy. There was a paper started at that time called the *Leader*, which was received by a young English student, whose father was, I think, in some way connected with it, and this paper I remember to have read carefully and admired greatly. It was, if I remember aright, by what I might call the last crop of the philosophical Radicals, reinforced by some muscular Christians—or perhaps only

muscular Pagans—for the paper was clearly not orthodox in any direction. Anyway it had no tinge of Manchester about it, as far as I can at all recollect; for neither then nor at any time can I conceive myself as having any sympathy with that narrow school. I remember, too, at this time, I think, taking in regularly the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* of Carlyle, of whom I had long been an ardent reader and admirer; and at the same time subscribing regularly to a new issue of Leigh Hunt's *London Journal*, from which I got mental pabulum equally congenial, though certainly of a much milder flavour.

At the end of the session 1849-50 I decided to shift my quarters during the next year to Galway, chiefly, I believe, with some notions of increased facilities of getting a scholarship. With that view I did read with a certain industry, during the long vacation, and did succeed, at the October examination, in getting a second year's medical scholarship. Of the three years spent in Galway, happily little need be said; for though these three years, as indeed any three years, but especially at that time of life, must count much in the making or marring of a man's moral and intellectual nature, yet they cannot be said to have other than a very indirect connection either with the revolutionary part of my life, which lay behind them, or with the very much more serious revolutionary business that still lay before me. I went on with my medical studies with such fair measure of success as to pass all my sessional examinations and secure the successive scholarships; but I do not know that I can say much more than this. Some

considerable share of the theory of medicine and its allied sciences I must during this time have got into my head; but neither then nor since did I learn much that was practicable about it. Unfriendly critics may say, as assuredly many of them think, that I have learned little that is practical about anything, and, in a sense, and most likely in their sense, they may be right. The standards of life are very various, and there are many ways of measuring men. As I am, perhaps, a trifle too fond—at least where Irish politics are involved—of putting people into one of two classes into which mankind is often divided, I cannot complain overmuch if other people should relegate me to the other.

As in Cork, and still more than in Cork, as of course for a still longer time, I pursued other studies than my medical ones—in other words, I read very much more of other books than of medical ones; of books on many subjects, but most largely, I should say, history, including necessarily much biography, and what for want of a better name (if that better name be not literature), is called "Belles Lettres." This has always involved with me much reading of critical books or essays, which too often are but poor as literature, and of histories of literature, which too often (especially in English) are poor both as history and as literature.

During all these years, as indeed during subsequent ones, my study of my fellow-students, as bearing on my own future proceedings, was quite as important as my studies proper. In Cork I mixed little with any of the students save those who lived in the same house with

me; and, as I have hinted above, I was in a measure resting a somewhat over-taxed brain and body, after the labour and excitement of the previous year. Of course I came across Young Irelanders—as how could I avoid doing so among so many young Irishmen? but they were neither effusive nor obtrusive; they let me alone, and I was too well content to let them alone for the time being. "Rebel Cork" was certainly no more rebel then than most other parts of the country, as it is no more rebel now, save on the tongues of recreant rebels and other rhetorical agitators. Curiously enough, when I got to Galway I seemed to find the atmosphere changed, though possibly the change was somewhat in myself, too, in that I had shaken off the lethargy that overshadowed me for a time.

Anyway, the "West" seemed "awake," and wider and wider awake does it seem to have been growing ever since; so that now, and, roughly speaking, since the Fenian times, neither North, South, nor East, can be said to be in any sense more National than the West. The shade of Davis may feel appeased, and Erin need no longer weep, "that Connaught lies in slumber deep."

My small student world did not, however, lead me then into any of these conclusions about the larger world that surrounded it. But in this smaller world I did find considerable fermentation. My own small fame, or rather notoriety, had, in a way, preceded me, in the shape of a letter which I had written to the *Nation*, on the sufficiently burning, if anything but rebellious, question of undenominational education. The

hotter heads—and I think that some of the heat was due to the fact that the heads came from all points of the compass—Ulster, Leinster, Munster, as well as Connaught—and from the collision was struck, no doubt, light as well as heat—the hotter heads, I say, were more or less prepared to be further inflamed by me, and were somewhat surprised and sometimes rather disgusted that I responded but very imperfectly to their ardour. While they were near or at boiling point, I had considerably cooled down. Not that I had at all changed my opinions, but that my experience had rudely taught me—even young as I then was—the terrible obstacles that lay in the way of carrying out these opinions. I had not come to have any faith in the alternative policy of agitation, and the next movement of a public and Parliamentary kind—that of Keogh and Sadlier—which came into operation some short time after, left me with a still more profound disbelief in the efficacy of such methods. If Young Ireland had failed and failed definitely in her revolutionary policy, she had certainly not failed in her educating and propagandist policy. The soul she had brought into Eire still stirred in many of us, though our bodies were perforce at rest. On this plane of thought I found common resting ground with the other young men. While I could not see any possibility of at present imitating '98, I saw no earthly reason why we should fear to speak of it, or of '89 or '41 or any previous effort to shake off the English yoke. I felt that we should have to talk much of these things before that

yoke could be—not shaken off—but even loosened on our necks.

But I must hurry on, leaving my fellow-students where they were, and where, as far as I was concerned, they remained. Their rebellious fancies never flowered into action. I lost sight of most of them soon after, and, when I saw or heard of them again, I found them more or less comfortably placed in some department of the Civil Service—lost to Ireland, and, as I have reason to believe, in many cases, to honour; for while they were serving England they had not ceased to wish her ill. But this is the way all the world over as well as in Ireland. Italians have served Austria, and Poles Russia, while their hearts were with their own countrymen. I may, perhaps, say, before I close this part of my story that I do not know of any of my contemporaries at the Queen's Colleges, save my own brother, ever having become a Fenian. One of them, indeed, who was then a doctor practising in Jamaica, wrote to me shortly before my arrest, offering to come over and give his services in the case of the expected insurrection. I never answered his letter, and I have been inclined to regret since that I did not. I thought at the time the sacrifice was out of proportion to any service my friend was likely to be called on to render, and that, besides, his offer was due in a measure to solidarity with me as well as loyalty to Ireland. My friend died of yellow fever while I was in prison, and so his action rests in some mystery to me still. And here it is sad to think that, while I myself am still not very old, nearly all the men I knew in Cork

and Galway have long since gone to join the greater number; one of them, one of the Galway Young Irelanders of whom I was speaking above, and with whom I had pleasantly renewed my acquaintance during these later years, having passed away as I was writing these pages. We had, of course, Queen's College men among the Fenians, but they were from among the younger men who were influenced by the teaching of the *Irish People*, and not from the older race, who drew their inspiration (alas! in their case of but a temporary nature) from the pages of the *Nation*. There was (and is) much that is good about these colleges, but they had one huge fault all along, and no doubt they have it still—they tended to draw the youth of the country into the service of the State, which of course in our case was a State hostile to the interest and aspirations of our people. Of course the system of bribery, direct and indirect, has been going on always, and the Queen's Colleges simply widened the area to be operated upon, throwing temptation in the way of a class which had been free from it before. But we must take the bad with the good in most things, and it may be (as indeed it often has been) urged that if Irishmen can be got so easily to serve England, then Irish nationality is not the reality I take it to be. It only proves, however, what scarcely needs proof, that Irishmen are as Italians, Poles, or other men, in that many of them yield to temptation, falling never to rise again, and many do rise out of it, while the nobler sort never yield to this form of temptation. All this is in itself more of the nature of reflection

than of reminiscence, and as reflection I feel it would be somewhat commonplace; but I think the reader will see that it flows naturally into the current of my story.

CHAPTER VII.

TENANT-RIGHT.

I HAVE come here to a natural halting-place in my narrative, when I left the Queen's Colleges in the summer of 1853; and it seems to me as if this were the place to say something of the effect produced on the more youthful minds, and indeed upon many older ones, too, by the new agitation to which I have alluded before. I need not go at any length into the business itself. All that needs to be known about it can be found in Sir C. G. Duffy's "North and South"; as all about Young Ireland can be gathered from his first and far more interesting book. In the earlier stages of the agitation—the Pope's Brass Band part of the performance, with Keogh and Sadlier as the chief players—I personally felt no interest whatever, save of the negative sort. It was, of course, more or less discouraging and depressing to see the people so easily deceived by such patent pretenders to patriotism, as they ought to have appeared from the beginning, and such shameless scoundrels, as these agitators proved themselves to be before very long. The emphatically, if not exclusively, Catholic nature of the agitation, and the support

given it and its leaders even to the shameful end, by such a large section of the priesthood, with the Pope's Legate at their head, did not fail to increase a slight anti-clerical feeling left in me as a result of the opposition of the priests to the Young Ireland movement. Nor has anything that has occurred since that now distant time made me any way more in love with "priests in politics." The Irish priests, as priests, and in the ordinary discharge of parochial and pastoral functions, are mostly very much to be commended, if not admired; but when they step out of the sanctuary into the street, or, still worse, profane the sanctuary itself with their violent denunciations of men and things, then indeed our feeling becomes very different from one of admiration, and the result is that our clerical agitators, while gaining little as politicians, mostly lose much as priests.

In what I may call the second stage of the agitation, when it became nearly, if not entirely, agrarian, and certainly unsectarian, under the leadership of Lucas, Duffy, G. H. Moore, and others, then indeed the thing wore a somewhat altered aspect to me and others. Of Lucas, from what I read in his paper, I thought very well personally, and what I have read of him since, in his life by his brother, and elsewhere, has only increased my admiration of his character; but I had some natural prejudice against him as an Englishman, who could not well feel with us in our national aspirations. Of Duffy we, of course, all thought well, though we were not without a certain feeling that, if he had not abandoned the National programme, he was at least inclined to put it

somewhat into the background for the time being. G. H. Moore, whose antecedents were not altogether good, from the National point of view, we were still beginning to like, and grew to like better as years went on. So that from the side of the leaders there was nothing to divert sympathy from the movement, while there was one thing about their following very much calculated to attract us. This was what seemed—and, alas! only seemed—the union of North and South, Presbyterian and Catholic joined heart and soul together. But notwithstanding all these favourable circumstances this movement left the youthful heart and mind of the country very much untouched. It might be that we did not feel the agrarian grievance as strongly as we ought; but I think it was mainly because we felt confident that the English Parliament did not care to remove that grievance, or indeed any grievance. And surely all experience previous to Fenianism, and even to a great extent all subsequent experience, tends to prove that England, in the case of Ireland, never yields to any other argument save that of force, in some of its varying forms. It is quite unnecessary for my purpose to go over the oft-told tale of Emancipation, the Abolition of Tithes, the Disestablishment of the Church, and the first Land Bill. I might, too, if I were inclined to be polemical, which I am not here and now, give very substantial reasons to show that the element of force in many different shapes was anything but foreign from the passing of the second Land Act too. But however these things were, are, or are to be, it was at the time to which I have now come

in my narrative a rooted conviction in my mind, and, I believe, in the minds of most Nationalists of my generation, that we could get from England nothing but what we could wring from her. We also felt, or at least I felt fully, that we were not then in any position to act, nor likely to be for a good while to come; and that so we had little to do under the circumstances but to try to possess our souls in peace, watching and waiting for that better day which we had little doubt would some time come.

And so the years passed on, leaving Ireland where she was, disgusted, disheartened, and, to all outward appearance, entirely apathetic. The period between the collapse of the Tenant League and the rise of Fenianism was the "deadest" time in Irish politics within my memory, and perhaps within the memory of any man now living. We were not indeed without our excitements during this period; but they were none of our making, and so left us very much where we were. There was the Crimean War, for instance, which stirred England to the very depths, but which only touched the outer fringe, or, perhaps, I had better call it, the upper crust of Irish Society. The masses were interested, if not moved, but in an adverse sense from that of England. The Czar Nicholas, who, to the prejudiced and stupid English mind of the time, was simply the incarnation of evil, was to the equally prejudiced, but by no means stupid, Irish mind not in any way a saint or hero, but a being who, whatever might be his nature, must necessarily be beneficent to Ireland in proportion as he was maleficent to

England. That was rather a simple way of looking at things, but it has always been our way, is our way still —all pretence of "union of hearts" notwithstanding— and can only cease to be our way when our relations with England cease to be what they are.

Our feelings during the Crimean War were somewhat complicated by the fact that the French were on the side of England. We did not, any of us, wish them any ill, though many of us wished no good to their scoundrel of an Emperor. But in the next difficulty of England there was no such complication of feeling. Our feelings —that is the feelings of the great mass of Irishmen— were entirely on the side of India during the mutiny. We were altogether untouched by the thrilling stories of Indian cruelty, knowing but too well, from our own history, that England was quite sure to give as good as she got; and all subsequent and authentic accounts of the suppression of the mutiny show that we were quite right in preserving our equanimity, and that England in every sense showed herself quite worthy of her ancient fame, on this occasion.

The Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny came and went, but left us quite as we were before. England's difficulty is proverbially said to be Ireland's opportunity, but opportunities may present themselves to nations, as to individuals, to little effect. Here were opportunities —especially in the case of the Indian Mutiny, when Ireland was nearly entirely denuded of troops—if only we could avail ourselves of them. But, alas! we could not. The country had not yet recovered from the

physical collapse of '48, or what may be called the moral collapse of '55. She was without organization, or even the thought of organization, and so such an opportunity as we had not had for long before, have not had since, nor are likely to have soon again, passed away, leaving us no nearer freedom. If Fenianism had been then, things might have been far different now; but the idea still lay more or less dormant in the brain of James Stephens, to wake up into activity, however, very soon after.

But I must go back for a short while to my small personal concerns, which will, however, soon bring me face to face with the subject proper of this book. The session of '53-'54 I spent in Dublin, moving on to London for that of '54-'55; but in neither of these periods or places can I remember anything to have occurred which had any particular bearing upon my political future. The next year, however, things were somewhat different, and I was in some small measure cast into the political current again. I then changed the scene of my studies, or at least operations, which I fear were growing, or at least tending to grow, less and less medical, to Paris. There I was again, or perhaps rather for the first time, brought into intimate contact with the men as well as the things of the '48 movement. A friend and connection of mine, "Eva" of the *Nation*, whom I had known intimately during my Galway period, had just married Kevin O'Doherty, one of the felons of "'48," who with O'Brien and Martin had some short time before had his sentence commuted from transportation to simple exile.

O'Doherty was like myself, or perhaps rather unlike me, pursuing his medical studies, which had been interrupted by his transportation, in Paris, and was living, or rather came to live soon after I got to Paris, in a queer old boarding-house, close to the Jardin-des-Plantes, where Martin had taken up his quarters before him, and where Mitchel and many other more or less distinguished Irishmen have sojourned since.[1] Here for the first time I met John Martin; and this I have ever considered as a sort of era, if not in my intellectual, at least in my moral existence. Martin was a man of fair ability, but without any particularly prominent or brilliant mental gift; well educated, and rather well read, but without any claim to anything like learning in any branch of human inquiry. He was, however, something far better than clever or learned; he was simply, *me judice*, the best man I have ever met in this world, and I have but little hope of meeting a better, however long I may remain in it. Then there was to me the all-important consideration, at that time as it is still, that Martin's goodness and nobility, if no doubt theoretically and in a degree taking the whole world into some sort of consideration, were still, and ever remained, practically and profoundly devoted to the land that bore him. He had, too, then an adventitious importance in my eyes, as in those of most of the young men, in that he was the oldest, most

[1] This was, I believe, the house immortalized by Balzac in "Père Goriot"—one of the most powerful, and, I think, certainly the most pathetic, among the many wonderful stories of that marvellous man.

intimate, and presumably best-beloved of all the friends of John Mitchel. Of Martin I shall probably have more to say before I have done; but the name of Mitchel reminds me here that in death as in life the two friends were united, and that both may fairly be said to enjoy that euthanasia which the ancients so much desiderated. Mitchel had returned to Ireland in the year 1875, and been elected by the county Tipperary to the English Parliament, in which he neither would nor could sit. But before he could take any very definite step in the matter he was seized by an acute attack of that bronchitis from which both he and Martin had long suffered, and sank down, like the old war-horse he was, literally worn out with the toil and moil of the fray. Martin, who was then attending to his Parliamentary duties in London, hastened over to Newry to the funeral, took cold on his passage, and followed his friend, with only a week's interval, to the grave.

CHAPTER VIII.

J. P. LEONARD.

Of the other Irishmen and Irishwomen I saw at this time I shall say little; for if, as the proverb has it, with the habitual half truth of proverbs, it is right to say nothing but what is good of the dead, it is certainly advisable to say as little as possible of a private nature about the living. Of "Eva" and O'Doherty I may have to talk farther on, and will content myself here with just one word about a very well-known young Irelander, if he could then be called one, Mr. John O'Hagan, since Mr. Justice O'Hagan. He, too, stayed at that time, and for some months, I think, at that old *pension* in the Rue Lacépède, having come over to Paris to consult the doctors about some affection of the eyes. It will not betray any confidence, as it will certainly break no bones, to say that I heard much from him that was more or less interesting about the men of '48, and indeed about many other men and matters, for Mr. O'Hagan added to his undoubted merits as a writer, in prose and verse, a very considerable power of conversation.

Of one other who has lately gone from us I must say

a few words. Now for the first time I came to know one who, more than any man of his generation, was a bond of connection for half a century or so between Irishmen, whether living in France or merely visiting that country, and few of his contemporaries who have ever been in Paris will need to be told that I am speaking of J. P. Leonard. He had known Arthur O'Connor, who lived up to '52, General Corbet, Colonel Byrne, who lived up to a much later period, and I should say that he must either have known, or known of, every '98 man living in France during his time. He had been to school at Boulogne with Dr. Moriarty, the late well-known West British Bishop of Kerry, and he had seen and spoken with the great O'Connell when passing through Paris on his way to his death in Genoa; and what multitudes of minor, though often very interesting, men (and women) he must have seen during his long lifetime I can, of course, but imperfectly know and cannot speak of at all. He had meant to have given his experience to the public for a long time past, but death came somewhat suddenly, though scarcely prematurely, and, I fear, most of what he knew about men and things, French and Irish, has gone with him to the grave.[1]

It was, however, with the '48 movement that Leonard was chiefly connected, and from the mission of Smith

[1] Mr. Leonard wrote much during most of his life for Irish papers, notably the *Nation* and the *Cork Examiner;* and from these and other papers a good deal of interesting matter might be dug out; but it would require to be searched for, and put into shape, and I fear that is a labour nobody is likely to undertake now. Besides, what could be got in this way would be a most imperfect substitute for what he might have given us himself.

O'Brien, Meagher, and O'Gorman to the Provisional Government in the early part of '48 down to the day of his death, he was ever in intimate relations with all the prominent men of that party, being in specially intimate relation at different times with O'Brien, Mitchel, and Martin, Sir C. Gavan Duffy, and myself, in that we were all often, and some of us for long periods, resident in Paris. But I am not writing poor Leonard's reminiscences; and so I must pass on, hoping to have something more to say of him, if not in this book, then in some other book or place; for he had little or no connection with Fenianism, or with me during the active stage of Fenianism. With myself personally he had much connection since '55, and during my long exile in Paris—between 1871 and 1884—he was my most intimate friend, and my most constant companion; and a good friend he always was and at all times a cheerful companion. Paris can never be to me again what it was when I knew I could always find Leonard there, ever ready for a *sennachus* on the men and things of the past—with so many common memories, so many common likings and dislikings, especially where Ireland was concerned. Then with all that there was that difference between us, in temperament and tone of mind, which mostly seems to make intercourse more smooth. But all things pass, especially as the years pass, and now I shall never look upon the face of my old friend again. *Requiescat in pace.*

Talking of Leonard brings me brusquely face to face with the present, with all its sadness and all its sorrows,

and it is not without a pang that I turn back to these old days, some forty years ago, when life was pre-eminently worth living, if for no other reason, most certainly for this—because all we loved were still living. Towards the end of 1856 I left Paris and took up my residence in that maelstrom of humanity sometimes nicknamed the "Modern Babylon," sometimes too flatteringly called the "Modern Rome"—a marvellous place certainly, and, like other whirlpools, merciless. But as London, or such early intercourse as I had there with men and things, has not, so far as I can conjecture, at all influenced either my thoughts or actions, and certainly not at all my political action, I need not perhaps say much more about it.

I ought perhaps to have mentioned that, while I was in Paris, I had often heard of my old acquaintance, James Stephens, who had left it for Ireland just before I got to France. It was from Martin and Leonard I heard most about Stephens, and from neither did I gather anything particularly favourable about him. Martin, most amiable of men, but by no means weakly amiable, felt the want in Stephens of any of the more genial qualities, though, from my subsequent experience, I should not say that these qualities were altogether absent. Amiable he certainly never could be, but genial in a sense he sometimes was. But it was not by the qualities he lacked, but by those he possessed, as was natural, that he struck people most, and for the most part unfavourably. He was vain, arrogant, with a most inordinate belief in his own powers and a proportionate

contempt for those of others. To Martin, as to the world generally, there was nothing in what Stephens had done up to that time, or shown any promise of doing in the future, which at all justified (or rather excused, for nothing could well justify) his excessive self-esteem, and so he felt naturally repelled, though, as well as I remember, considerably interested. As to Leonard, he had quarrelled furiously with Stephens at an early period of the latter's Parisian life, and neither then nor for long afterwards could he see, if indeed he ever came to see, any of the great qualities which the future Fenian chief most certainly possessed. Some few years ago, however, the old enemies met and were in a measure reconciled, though the intercourse between them was still slight, and there was probably, as we say in Ireland, very little love lost between them up to the end. But I need not dwell upon the notions I got about Stephens at this time. I shall soon have to speak more directly about him, and when the course of the narrative brings me into direct contact with him, his name will necessarily crop up constantly, and his figure, whether for good or evil, must occupy the foremost place in the picture.

The session '56-57 I spent in London, but whether I passed any part of the long vacation in Ireland is more than I can well call to mind now, nor do I find it easy as I write to settle the matter by any documentary or other indirect means. Not that the thing matters much one way or the other, save that accuracy always matters something, and that I am thrown into a little doubt here as to the exact date of

the renewal of my intercourse with Stephens; but this I hope to be able to fix precisely further on. And here, perhaps, it may be no harm to impress on the reader's mind that, as I am not writing my autobiography, in any other than a very partial and imperfect sense, I am not writing a history of Fenianism in any sense at all. Not what Fenianism did for Ireland, or failed to do, is, properly speaking, my theme, but merely how Fenianism affected me and how I affected it. This seems a narrow and somewhat egotistic—it is certainly an egoistic—point of view; but it is the only one possible to me just now. A veracious history the public may have hereafter, as a highly mendacious and malignant one it has already,[1] and other recollections than mine have already appeared, as still others—notably those of my friend Luby—are, I hope, soon destined to see the light and spread it. Much history, of course, I hope incidentally to give, but a formal and definite history of Fenianism I do not in the least pretend to furnish.

[1] I am alluding, of course, to a book published in London in 1877, entitled "The Secret History of the Fenian Conspiracy; its Origin, Objects, and Ramifications. By John Rutherford." This is one horrible libel from beginning to end, and seems to be compiled altogether out of the reports of the various State trials, of the American conventions, and a narrative of John O'Mahony, of which I shall have to speak hereafter. All these were easily accessible sources, and there was nothing in the least "secret" about them. This "History" is, on the whole, as vile a book as I have ever read, and that is saying much. "John Rutherford" is, of course, a false name, and I cannot make out that anyone can give even a probable guess at the ruffian who used it. The book was avidly swallowed by the British public at the time of its publication—the "Union of Hearts" being then in the womb of the future.

If I were writing recollections proper, and not merely those bearing on Fenianism, I should have much to say about these early times in London; but I refrain. The oldest friend I have in the world was then, and, I am happy to say, is still a living[1] unit in this seething mass of humanity; and the being I then loved best in the world—the brother of my heart—was with me most of the time. Of the last, alas! I shall have to speak further on, somewhat in connection with Fenianism, but here there is no need I should say more. These two years passed pleasantly enough, I believe, if with doubtful profit, certainly with little to my professional pursuits. I read much during this time, as indeed I may say I have all my life long, of a miscellaneous sort and in a somewhat unmethodic fashion. I even read a fair number of medical books, and in other ways carried on my medical studies, intermittently and far from energetically; indeed the prospect was growing dimmer and dimmer every day that I should make medicine the prominent pursuit of my life, though I believe all design of doing so was not finally abandoned until the establishment of the *Irish People* in 1863. Of course during all this time, as during all the time since my "conversion" by Davis, my mind was much occupied with Ireland and the Irish question, and a long residence in England naturally brought constantly and vividly before my eyes the profound prejudices and dense ignorance of Englishmen in everything that regarded Ireland. They knew nothing, and they thought they knew everything.

[1] Living, alas! no longer.

Things have in many ways altered since, but in this one respect things are, I think, very much as they were. I cannot make out that Englishmen know any more about us now than they did then; but perhaps there is growing upon them an uneasy consciousness that they do not know, and that is, or would be, certainly a step on the road to knowledge. I could not see at that time, or indeed since, that Englishmen particularly disliked Irishmen, but they certainly most profoundly despised them. I remember that my feelings were never in the least hurt by seeing this, for there was little chance that I should at all sink in my own estimation because the somewhat stolid, if very solid, John Bull thought no great shakes of me. I think England has perhaps grown to mend her hand somewhat in this matter, too. She has had it brought more home to her how troublesome Irishmen can be, and that they can be quite as disagreeable as Englishmen, and so she is, in a fashion, coming to respect us more, but unfortunately for the things least respectable about us. But I have little or nothing to do here with the taste or judgment of Englishmen in things Irish at the present time, or, indeed, with the present time at all, save in so far as it can be brought to cast some retrospective light on that past through which I am slowly and obscurely groping my way.

CHAPTER IX.

STEPHENS.

I HAVE now, however, after more or less wandering about in various directions, come at last to the time of my first connection with Fenianism, or perhaps I should rather say, my first knowledge of Fenianism, through the revival of my intercourse with James Stephens, who may fairly be said to have been the originator of Fenianism,[1] as he was certainly its guiding spirit all along. This

[1] I shall have to go into this matter of the origin of Fenianism further on, but I may leave my text stand as it is for the present. Doheny, O'Mahony, and perhaps others, may have some technical claim to be considered the founders of Fenianism, but I think Stephens had the root idea, which, however, had nothing original about it in itself, but only in its application to the time then being. Stephens was certainly preparing for some similar movement all along, and would most assuredly have formed a conspiracy of some sort sooner or later; but substantially the movement had its origin in the offer of certain terms by O'Mahony, Doheny, and others to Stephens, and his acceptance of them, for without him nothing could have been done, and with him everything was done that could well be done under the circumstances. Of course, I am only speaking here of the early years of Fenianism, though it is more or less applicable to the movement all the time I knew it. What was most questionable in Stephens' management of men and things chiefly came out after I had lost sight both of him and Fenianism, and, indeed, of the external world generally. I find myself a little hazy here, on reflection, both as to dates and events. I am confident now that I must have had more than one talk with Stephens before he could have possibly approached either Dillon or myself on the head of the conspiracy.

event—for a very serious event it was to me, and, I think, a not altogether unimportant one to Ireland—occurred, I think, in the year 1857, shortly after my return to Dublin. Stephens, when he first called upon me, was complimentary enough to tell me that I was the second person with whom he had communicated—the first having been John Dillon. He also candidly told me that Dillon utterly refused to have anything to do with his projects. I was so far like Dillon at that time as to refuse too. I told Stephens that I of course had no earthly objection to a conspiracy in theory, but on the contrary thought it idle to attempt to free Ireland without secret preparation. I simply did not think that the time for such an organization as he projected had then come, having no faith, from my previous experience and knowledge, in the willingness of the people to risk their lives in the cause of their country. I am not sure that I had faith enough then to be even confident that the time would ever come. In all that, I now feel that I was entirely wrong. I was not then, nor am I now, of a sanguine temperament, and no doubt the feeling produced by the failure of all our high hopes in '48 was still strong, though naturally tending to grow weaker as time went on. The conviction was gradually brought home to me that Stephens was quite right, and I have ever since held it as a great moral as well as intellectual merit on his part that he had never for a moment lost faith in the people. He believed, even after the Killenaule and Ballingarry fiascos, that they had not been found wanting, because they had not been tried in

any proper sense, and certainly the latter clause of his contention must be conceded to him. Mr. Smith O'Brien, whatever may have been his moral or intellectual gifts (and certainly his moral ones were many), was a man most utterly unfit for a guerilla leader, and probably without any soldierly quality save personal courage. Mr. John Dillon, who figured in the Killenaule stage of the proceedings, was undoubtedly a man of sense and judgment; but I cannot make out, from either oral or written accounts of '48, that he took any initiative at all in these insurrectionary proceedings. Doubtless his sense of honour took him into the business, and having fairly satisfied that, as he certainly did, his common sense led him out of it as soon as possible. All this had little connection with Fenianism, save in so far as Stephens had a part in it; and I am brought to speak of John Dillon, both from his connection with Stephens in '48 and after, but also on account of some hideous nonsense he wrote at the time. He said something to the effect (I quote from memory) that Hannibal or Julius Cæsar under the same circumstances could not have done better than Smith O'Brien. I have said that I had no more belief in the practicability of the scheme in the beginning than Dillon had, nor, indeed, did my faith grow much larger for years, and even at the end it was a more or less modified and limited faith. This, however, is somewhat anticipating. Unlike Dillon, whom Stephens saw but rarely after he had once commenced his organization, me he saw often, for I found much pleasure in his society, as well as in that of Luby, with whom I renewed

my acquaintance at this time, and who had joined the conspiracy at the very first. Of course I cared little about committing that peculiar offence called "misprision of treason," not having then, nor, I hope, at any time since, any very painful regard for the safety of my head; and any other motive for refraining from it could scarcely have any existence in my case. Indeed it is my experience of Ireland—a pretty long one now—that there are few people there who are not liable to commit this offence at some period of their lives. Naturally we look upon these things, no matter what our particular politics, for the time being, from quite a different standpoint to that of the Englishman. He feels very properly that he should be loyal to his own country, and that treason to it is a crime in the eyes of God as of man. But treason on our part to his country may be, and very often is, the highest form of loyalty to our own. Hence, even among "loyal" Irishmen, the feeling is quite different from that of the average Englishman. No Irishman, not utterly base, could think, for instance, that he was bound to escape the penalties of misprision of treason by informing against his own brother, say, or cousin, or friend, or even acquaintance.[1] Stephens, then,

[1] I have been led into these observations from my remembrance of a novel written many years ago by an eminent living litterateur. The hero of this novel, who is supposed to be the O'Donoghue somewhat idealized, is represented as being brought to some Fenian gathering (such a one, by the way, as could scarcely possibly have taken place), being naturally annoyed at the risk he was made to run, and at other things, and as considering, after leaving, whether he was not bound to give information to the police. The same night, I think, it is told that a French general (the inevitable and invariable Cluseret of course), whom he had

I continued to see constantly, with ever-increasing belief and confidence in the man himself, if still with but little trust in the practicability of his plans. There was always a great bond of sympathy between us in a past crowded with common memories, both public and private; and if afterwards my feelings towards him became considerably modified, still my clear recollection is that during all this time they grew stronger and stronger, if not warmer and warmer. Not that there were not many things about him which were extremely distasteful to me, and some which were in a measure repulsive. He had eminently what the French call the defect of his qualities. His strong will, which was the greatest of all his qualities, was accompanied, as it is in most strong men, by great arrogance and dogmatism, rendered the less tolerable by his supreme contempt for the world in general, including some very big people in it, and among them almost all the '48 leaders. Without a trace of charity or humility in his composition, he was necessarily habitually intolerant and unamiable, though he could be occasionally, and sometimes with some persons—notably Luby and myself—for considerable periods, very agreeable and even genial. To the rank and file of his

met and quarrelled with at the meeting, took refuge in his lodgings, and here again the hero is made to consider what he ought to do. Happily he does what he ought; but the O'Donoghue, though at best not much either as a man or an Irishman, would at his worst never have even dreamt of acting as his idealized representative thought of doing. I remember, several years after that book was written, mentioning this portrait of the duties of a patriotic Irishman, to two distinguished Irish Unionists, who both scouted the notion of any so-called duty being incumbent upon any sort of Irishman.

followers he may be said to have been mostly agreeable and even flattering; for, as their admiration of him was generally unbounded, in praising or otherwise gratifying them, he was only in a measure satisfying his own self-esteem. Indeed this sense of satisfaction with his followers was wont very often to take a somewhat ludicrous form, for while he thought so little of the world at large, and of many of whom it thought a good deal, he would say of some ordinary man of his own little world, not that he was exactly a great man, but that he was, as the case might be, the greatest smith, salesman, or schoolmaster not only of Ireland but of the universe. This was no doubt agreeable to the smith, if he heard it, and in a measure to all who heard it and were not too wise; but still no one was left in the smallest doubt that to be the greatest smith, salesman, and the like was to be something very small indeed compared to being the great organizer Stephens was allowed to be, or the great philosopher, poet, general, or the Lord knows what, he in his own esteem potentially was. For to his mind the great man could do anything; and he had not the shadow of a doubt but that he was himself a great man.

But though I have a vivid picture of this man always before both my mental and physical eye, I feel as if I could only convey the faintest shadow of that picture to those who have not seen or known the original. It may be as well, too, to let such picture as I can give grow upon the reader, as I go on to tell what Stephens did or failed to do, especially as this must involve from time to time

more or less of what he said and thought, and what I myself thought of him at varying times and under various circumstances.

During all these years, too, I saw much of Luby, of whom I shall have much to say henceforward, for from this time the intercourse between us was frequent, if often interrupted, till the period of the *Irish People*, when we were nearly always together, and up to our imprisonment, when happily, and I hope profitably for both of us, we were always, at least in our working out-of-doors hours, together. In the time of which I am now talking I seldom saw Stephens without seeing Luby, and a better or a pleasanter fellow I don't know that I have seen since. He had, and has, his faults, as which of us have not? but as far as I know, and I ought to know, if anybody can, they all lean to virtue's side. But I need not analyze Luby here. The rest of my narrative must needs be full of him. And here, I think, I have reached that stage at which it may be proper to give some account of the origin of Fenianism, which I propose to do in the following chapter. I have already sufficiently indicated what led up to it in telling what led myself to where I have now arrived in my story.

CHAPTER X.

ORIGIN OF FENIANISM.

IT is easy to seek the origin of nearly all things, and especially of all things Irish, in remote causes and in distant times; certainly most events of the present day have their ultimate roots in a far-away past; most Irish ones being more or less easily traced to the Norman Conquest of Ireland, and by a little ingenuity led back to St. Patrick, or even to the Flood. But if it is easy to seek, it is generally very hard to find, and the road is always a long and rugged one to travel. Our new English friends seem kindly inclined, while laying most of our sins, past and present, on the shoulders of their own ancestors, to attribute the particular sin of rebellion —for a sort of sin they still think it—to direct provocation by the powers that be, or at least were, at any given time. This is rather a new view of things to us, at least as coming from our English neighbours, but is it quite true? Nearly all our misdoings—i.e., doings the English disliked—used to be set down to some sort of innate wickedness of our nature, variously traceable to race, religion, climate, or the Lord knows what. It is certainly agreeable to regard the new aspect of things,

especially if we could have the proper amount of confidence in its permanence. Anyway it is consoling to pose in the meantime as, in great measure, when looked at from the right standpoint, mere martyrs of circumstance.

From what I said above, it is obvious to the meanest intelligence how far back I could look for the origin of Fenianism. If the English had not come to Ireland, and if they had not stayed there and done all the evil so many of them now allow they have been doing all along, then there would have been no Fenianism. And here, as I said above, I could easily go back to Strongbow. But happily for myself and the reader, I am not writing history, and so not only can, but must, skip the centuries and come, as shortly and rapidly as I can, to that not very remote past with which my recollections have to deal.

The famine of '45, in so far as it influenced the '48 movement and inflamed the minds of men both then and after against England, had, no doubt, some bearing upon Fenianism; and certainly the failure of the tenant-right movement had a very direct bearing upon it. Many men, like myself, saw that agitation arise and spread without the faintest belief of any good coming out of it, and were confirmed by its failure in our conviction that legal and constitutional agitation, however efficacious in a free country, was not the means by which an enslaved one could win freedom, or, indeed, much else. But all this was a more or less indirect influence. To my mind, Theobald Wolfe Tone and Thomas Davis—the example of the one mainly transmitted to us through the teaching

of the other—had much more to do with Fenianism than any famine or failure. I need not, however, return to Davis. The earlier part of these recollections shows clearly enough what he was to me and countless others of my generation, and an abler pen than mine has lately told us what he was in himself and what he is likely to be to Irishmen to all time. To come back then to the matter in hand. Fenianism is the direct and, I think, inevitable outcome of '48, as '48 was the equally inevitable, if more indirect, outcome of '98, and the immediate origin of the movement is undoubtedly to be found among the '48 refugees in America. The failure of the insurrection of that year naturally scattered the Young Ireland leaders over the Globe. Mitchel, Martin, O'Brien, Meagher, M'Manus, and O'Donoghue were transported to Australia, from which place some of them escaped, and found their way eventually to the States. Others, and the greater number, including Dillon, O'Gorman, M'Gee, Doheny, Smyth, and O'Mahony found their way at once, or nearly so, to America. Dillon, O'Gorman, and others, while retaining their national feelings and aspirations, seem to have had quite enough of the untransacting form of Irish politics, and M'Gee may be roughly said to have gone over to the side of the enemy. But others among the exiles—notably Doheny and O'Mahony[1]—had in no way lost faith or hope in the old cause, and with them and a

[1] O'Mahony had at first taken refuge in France, where he lived in great intimacy with Stephens; but was also well known and well liked by Leonard and others who did not like Stephens. He left Paris for New York some time, I think, in the year 1852 or 1853.

few obscurer friends of theirs Fenianism may fairly be said to have originated. Some time in the year '54, I think, a small body of men was brought together in New York, which called itself, somewhat affectedly, "The Emmet Monument Association." This name is easily intelligible to Irishmen, and I may leave Englishmen to find out its meaning from their awakened interest in Irish history. Anyway the name or the thing matters nothing, as in action they came to nothing. But this association calls for at least mention from me, as it was undoubtedly the precursor of Fenianism. I am not sure whether O'Mahony belonged to this body or not, but certainly Doheny did, and no doubt others who subsequently formed the Fenian Brotherhood. But still we have not got to the *immediate* origin of Fenianism. That, however, was very simple, indeed, as are, I think, most things in this world which come to much.

Some time late in the autumn of '57 a young man named Owen Considine[1] came over from New York to Dublin, bringing with him a communication for Stephens from certain Nationalists in the former city, among whom were John O'Mahony, Michael Doheny, James Roche, and Oliver Byrne. Considine also

[1] I am sorry to have to say that this Considine, who, of course, was among the earliest of enrolled Fenians, some years after the inception of the movement fell out with Stephens, and fell off from the organization, and little was seen or known of him afterwards by any of his former comrades. Whether he died or whether he is yet living, I neither know nor care. He was but a poor creature, having little that was actively good about him, if probably little that was positively bad, and so differed widely from nearly all the other recruits who formed the original body.

brought a private letter from O'Mahony to Stephens. The public, or at least collective, communication expressed confidence in Stephens, and called upon him to get up an organization in Ireland to win her independence. This may be said to be the first step toward the formation of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood, popularly known as the Fenian Brotherhood.

Stephens and Luby, who was at this time in constant communication with Stephens, and privy to this and indeed all subsequent proceedings, erroneously supposed that there was some sort of organized body in New York at the back of the signers of the address; but I do not know that this mistaken idea had any weight in deciding Stephens to respond to the call made upon him, which, however, he immediately did, only making certain stipulations which seem reasonable and moderate under the circumstances. He demanded uncontrolled power,[1] and £100 a month for the first three months; and, this being given him, he engaged to organize 10,000 men. To convey these terms to New York, Stephens immediately summoned a young man of the name of Deneefe from the country, and despatched him to that city. Deneefe, after some considerable delay in New York, returned

[1] This may not seem reasonable to the legal, constitutional, and parliamentary mind; but to me it does seem so. The chief of a conspiracy is much more like the chief of an army than the chief of a state. His power must be theoretically absolute, and I doubt if any power is much more. It is, of course, like the power of other despots, subject to some sort of public opinion, and necessarily limited by the force of opposing obstacles. All unlimited power, as all restraints upon liberty, are in themselves evils. A conspiracy is in itself an evil, but it is sometimes necessary to oppose a greater.

to Dublin, bringing with him the consent of the New York committee to Stephens' stipulations and £90 in hand.

It was here and now, immediately after the return of Deneefe to Dublin, that the Fenian conspiracy may be said to have definitely commenced; and it may be no harm to give in his own words some details sent to me by my friend Luby, who was present at the birth of the new society, and was certainly, after Stephens, its most active and important member up to the time of our imprisonment:—"At once Stephens began organizing. I had already made some provisional trips in Meath county; but 'twas on Patrick's Day, 1858, that the I. R. B. movement was formally commenced. I drew up the form of oath, under Stephens' correction, in his room at Donnelly's, in the street behind and parallel to Lombard Street. This first text had clauses of secrecy, and of obedience to all commands of superior officers not immoral. I swore Stephens in and he swore me. Deneefe,[1] Langan, Considine, and Garrett O'Shaughnessy were our first adherents. Stephens and I presently made many journeys in Leinster and Munster, sometimes together, sometimes apart. Our adventures were often amusing. We encountered a variety of odd

[1] This is the second name that occurs in this narrative of a man unknown out of the organization, and deserves some notice, however slight. Joseph Deneefe, unlike Considine, did not grow cool, but remained staunch and true to the last; and staunch and true, I have no doubt, he is still, if he be living, as I hope he is. But something more I shall have to say of him.

Since writing above, I have been very glad to find that Deneefe is still alive and, needless to say, still staunch and true.

characters. Stephens now vaunted flamingly of his success.[1] I hailed him as an able organizer. But the New Yorkers shamefully failed to fulfil their promises. No second instalment came. The men already organized were quickly in danger of falling asunder for want of being communicated with. As much as practicable we tabooed letters. Again Stephens sent Deneefe across the Atlantic. Shortly after his fresh arrival in New York a remittance of £20 was sent over to us; then another £20 letter of credit, and finally Deneefe himself returned, bringing £40. Again we travelled around as long as the fresh supply lasted."

So far I give Luby textually, hoping these minute details of Fenianism and its early struggles may no prove uninteresting. Hereafter I shall mainly set down what he tells me in my own words, as I must necessarily summarize what he says; but I shall continue to quote *verbatim* when I can. These are not, of course, my recollections properly speaking, but they are very intimately mixed up with them. Much of what my friend tells me about these early days of Fenianism is quite

[1] Stephens had good cause to be confident and satisfied, if not boastful, at his success in getting men together and inspiring them with confidence. Among the earliest recruits mentioned by Luby—besides the two emissaries of whom I said some few words above, there were two others who deserve a few words from me. Langan was some sort of a timber seller on a small scale, and as honest and good-hearted a man as it was possible to conceive, while Garrett O'Shaughnessy, who was, I think, some kind of a worker in metals, was all that Langan was, with greater refinement of feeling and intelligence superadded. Another very early and earnest adherent to the cause was a queer fellow of the name of Beggs, who, like Langan, died before things came to a crisis, and of whom I may have to say a word or two further on.

within my own recollection; but as my remembrance of men and things is not near so vivid as his, nor my knowledge of these early doings as great, I shall go on drawing mainly upon Luby till I come to such time as I was directly mixed up in affairs myself, not seeking to disentangle what I know of my own knowledge, or from others, from the general thread of the narrative, which must be mainly woven out of the materials supplied by him.

My friend goes on to say how Stephens and he visited Skibbereen and other places in the south-west of the county Cork, where they drew into the general body Rossa, Moynihan, M'Carthy, and the other young men of the Phœnix[1] Reading-room of that town. Many other places, too, they visited at this time, and many centres were made and circles[2] formed, but a great part of their time and the little money at their disposal were spent "in rallying the circles already established, but already sunk in more or less inactivity from lack of communication and supervision from headquarters." Meantime no more money came from

[1] This little local society has been sometimes absurdly represented as forming the nucleus of the I. R. B., and in a sense originating it; but there is no truth whatever in that notion. These young men, especially Rossa, Moynihan, and for a time M'Carthy, were very active in the cause, and that is about the sum total of the matter.

[2] I should here perhaps mention that a "circle" was analogous to a regiment, that the "centre" or A, who might be considered equivalent to a colonel, chose nine B's, or captains, who in their turn chose nine C's, or sergeants, who in their turn chose nine D's, who constituted the rank and file. In theory an A should only be known to the B's; a B, to his C's: and a C, to his D's; but this rule was often violated.

America, and so Stephens determined to start for the States himself, which he did towards the close of the year '58 or the beginning of '59. Here I may say comes in my first direct connection with Fenianism. Stephens called upon me before he left for America, telling me of his plans and hopes. He had got a letter of introduction and, I believe, of strong recommendation from Father Kenyon to John Mitchel, but had finally been refused letters by John Dillon, after, as he alleged, having been led to think he would get them. How this may be I know not; but it matters little. I received the statement with some grains of salt at the time. Dillon may have easily from the properest motives changed his mind; and Stephens may have equally easily thought that Dillon was about to do what he wanted, simply because he did not altogether refuse at first.[1] Stephens, after telling me all this, and no doubt much more that is of little consequence now, went on to ask me to meet him at a certain date at Boulogne. I scarcely remember quite accurately now what were the special reasons he assigned for desiring my presence at that time; but certainly one amongst them was something he wanted done in connection with the custody of

[1] This is probably the place to say something of Stephens' truthfulness, though I shall most likely speak more about it hereafter. It was often impossible to disentangle fact from fancy in his talk. You often could not in the least believe what he said, but you mostly felt that he believed it himself, and could seldom or ever know that he didn't. Now, after nearly half a lifetime, when the glamour of Stephens' influence has quite left me, I know not, any more than most of us know in the case of Mohammed or of Oliver Cromwell, to what extent he was consciously untruthful.

certain moneys he expected to bring over with him. Anyway I assented to this request, though probably with reluctance. This assent of mine did not necessarily involve much more than the temporary cessation of my medical studies, which could only be regarded as some slight material or money loss, and a somewhat more direct meddling with matters treasonable than I had been guilty of since Lalor's time. But I have said before how I regarded this question of treason or misprision of treason.

CHAPTER XI.

PHŒNIX TRIALS AND FELON-SETTING.

WHILE Stephens was in America the Phœnix arrests occurred—that is, the arrest of Rossa, Moynihan, the Downings,[1] and other young men from in and about Skibbereen, whom I have spoken of before as belonging to the Phœnix Society. Out of these Phœnix arrests and some incidents which preceded them arose much subsequent misconception and widespread heartburnings, raging for a long time at both sides of the Atlantic, and still springing into occasional and sporadic existence. I shall try to give my account of this business as briefly as is compatible with clearness, and as temperately as I can, seeing that I have still strong feelings as to the men and motives underlying the matter, though naturally time has done much to soften, if not deaden, those old antipathies and animosities.

[1] These young men deserve notice here, from their early connection with Fenianism, and their good service to the cause throughout. There were several brothers, two of whom attained distinction in the army during the American Civil War, one of whom, Major Downing, returned to Ireland to die some years ago. The other, the Colonel, has died since in America.

The facts of the case are, as well as I can at all remember, shortly and nakedly, these:—Some time in the summer of '58, Mr. Smith O'Brien wrote a letter to the *Nation* newspaper, advising the people against the formation of secret treasonable combinations. That Mr. O'Brien had, of course, a perfect right to do, though the doing of it, like some other of Mr. O'Brien's doings, was in my opinion of doubtful wisdom.

The letter was open to the plain retort that we did not want any more Ballingarrys, and that either we must give up the struggle against England, or revert from the methods of '48 to the methods of '98. However, this letter is not of much consequence at this distance of time—men and methods having changed so much since—save on account of the action taken upon it by Mr. A. M. Sullivan, the then editor of the *Nation*, and the attempt made then and since to shield this gentleman and his action under the ægis of O'Brien's high character. Mr. Sullivan, in the same or a subsequent number of his paper to the one in which Mr. O'Brien's letter had appeared, not only backed up his letter with similar advice about secret combinations—which he had, of course, a clear moral right to do—but he went on to do something which, to put the matter very mildly, I hold he had no right other than a legal right to do. He wrote that he had been lately visiting his native town of Bantry, and that he had then heard that in that neighbourhood and in the adjacent parts of the county Cork—notably, in and about Skibbereen—certain young men were just then doing the very things against which Mr.

O'Brien was warning his countrymen—*i.e.*, taking and administering oaths, procuring arms, drilling, and the like.

This was the action on the part of Mr. A. M. Sullivan for which Stephens invented the forcible, if not altogether fair, epithet, "felon-setting"; for as a close sequence, if not as a consequence, of Mr. Sullivan's action, several young men, chiefly from in and about Skibbereen, were arrested on a charge of treason-felony, and on the information of one Sullivan, named or nicknamed "Goulah."[1] Of course, Mr. Sullivan contended, at the time and since, that the arrests were in no way due to his article, and I cannot say but he may have been right in his contention, as he very easily may have been wrong. Anyway, it was the idlest thing in the world to deny then, as it is to deny now, that it was the clear tendency of the article to call the attention of the Government to what was going on in and about Skibbereen, and to the young men who were taking a part in the proceedings there.

To pass on for the present from Mr. Sullivan to the young Skibbereen men, and from them to Stephens. All or most of these things occurred while Stephens was in America. The young men were still in prison in Cork,

[1] For many years after the exploit of this gentleman, his nickname of "Goulah" was opprobriously applied by the Fenians to Mr. A. M. Sullivan. This was, I confess, scarcely fair, though natural enough. Mr. Sullivan, to my mind, certainly "set" these men for the police or the Government; but I do not believe he meant to do it; and, whatever he may have meant, his action did not deserve to be compared with that of his notorious namesake.

awaiting their trial, with the single exception of one Daniel O'Sullivan (of Aghrim), who had been tried at the assizes in Kerry, convicted on the evidence of the other Sullivan ("Goulah"), and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. So far all this Phœnix business was serious enough, and promised to be sufficiently tragical, and there was nothing particularly unusual about it, save the action of Mr. A. M. Sullivan. I may as well finish this short account of it here, and pass on to the more serious and important matters which unfortunately arose out of it.

At the Cork Assizes of the summer of '59, Rossa, Moynihan, the Downings, and the others were brought up for trial, but, pleading guilty,[1] were allowed to go free upon the usual condition of coming up again when called upon. The Government, who in all these proceedings were, I think, rather led on by the over-zeal of the local authorities, and certainly did not err on the side of over-severity, could scarcely with any consistency keep O'Sullivan (of Aghrim) in penal servitude, while his equally guilty companions were allowed to go scot-

[1] A not unimportant, perhaps, result of this pleading guilty on the part of Rossa and the others was that it gave Mr. Justice Keogh an opportunity, on the trials in '65, to avenge himself, for certain obstructive proceedings of Rossa's, by awarding him a sentence (life) out of all proportion to his guilt. Hence, I think, much evil to (and in a measure since through) Rossa. He lost a head, not naturally too strong, in prison, was made to suffer cruelly for his folly, came out of prison soured in temper, and with a conceit of himself very much aggravated by his reception on landing in America. Hence, let us at least charitably hope, much of the dynamite and other explosive business of his, which, however, in his case has been mostly mere talk, though very wicked talk indeed.

free. He was accordingly released. He soon after emigrated to America, where he died in a few years, and so disappears from history, leaving, however, a perfectly pure, if in no way distinguished, record. While these things, or rather some of them, were going on in Ireland, Stephens was in America, re-organizing the body there, which was soon after to be known by the name of the "Fenian Brotherhood." John O'Mahony was put at the head of this organization, but was left distinctly subordinate to Stephens. When the name of the new body had to be thought of, a very unhappy, or at least unlucky, selection was made at the suggestion of Stephens. He proposed the name of the "Fair Trial Fund," meaning, no doubt, to set the enemy on a false scent, but, unfortunately, only succeeding in leading some more or less national people astray for a time, and affording a plausible excuse to several tricky people, on either side of the Atlantic, to pretend to be led astray.

CHAPTER XII.

BOULOGNE, PARIS, AND DETAILS OF THE ORGANIZATION.

I MENTIONED that I had promised to meet Stephens somewhere in France on his return from America; and the time had now come for the fulfilment of that promise, and for what I may call my first direct intervention in Fenian[1] affairs, with which I may be said to be intimately connected henceforward, though there were many intermissions in my activity during the years that were still to elapse before the starting of the *Irish People* newspaper.

I left Ireland for France in or about March, '59, having previously agreed to meet Luby at Boulogne, where it was arranged that he was to arrive some days after. Meantime I spent a few days in Paris with my brother, finding my way, however, to Boulogne before the coming of my friend. Here we spent some days pleasantly enough; for Luby was then, as now, one of the pleasantest of companions, and I then, as since, was at least acceptable to him. As the days passed, however, without Stephens or any news of him, and as our funds sunk

[1] There is a certain awkwardness, which, however, cannot well be helped, in having constantly to use the name "Fenian" of men and things at a time anterior to the creation of the "Fenian Brotherhood"; but the word is convenient, if incorrect, saving one constantly from more or less periphrasis.

gradually lower, we began to get somewhat alarmed, or at least uneasy. We were in fact, like Thackeray and many others before and after, in pawn. We could eat, drink, and sleep comfortably at the Hotel Folkestone, and I had about enough of money to provide for our small supplementary expenses. But then a day of reckoning must come sometime, and Stephens was slow in appearing, but appear at last he did, when we had been about a fortnight, I think, at Boulogne. Meantime I had written home for money, which (I may parenthetically add) I found waiting for me at the Hotel Folkestone, when I returned there, several months after, on coming back from America.

I should, perhaps, have said something about the conduct of affairs in Ireland by Luby during Stephens' absence in America; but I may pass lightly over much of what he did—though full details of his action, under his own hand, lie by me as I write—leaving to himself hereafter, and I hope soon after, to fill in the picture from the stores of a memory more capacious than any known to me. I may, however, mention that he made many journeys, north, east, and south, with varying, but mostly considerable, success in spreading the light. He had his adventures, of course, on one of which I must dwell shortly, for it is characteristic of men and things at the time, and of a state of feeling and conduct on the part of certain persons which seems to have slipped entirely out of the memory of the present generation. The story is shortly this:—Luby, with Deneefe, went down to Meath, with the view of enlisting

a schoolmaster known to the former. After some talk with this man, who left them to go to Mass, the two adventurers encountered a farmer of their acquaintance, who had been previously indoctrinated, and who told them that the schoolmaster, between a former visit and the present one, had "given them away" to the police and to a priest, who was probably denouncing them from the altar at the very moment they were speaking. The result of all this was that they left immediately—but by a different route—for Dublin; that they were both in the "Hue-and-Cry" the next week, and for several weeks, and that Luby had to go "on his keeping," in which state and condition I met him soon after somewhere about Clontarf. But the thing soon blew over. The hue-and-cry, which was probably due to mere meddling local officiousness, ceased after a time, the central authorities probably thinking that they had quite enough on their hands already with the Phœnix business. I give this as the first case which has directly cropped up in the narrative, and a sufficiently common and typical one, of clerical felon-setting. The thing was very common, indeed, afterwards, as will be shown when I come to the times of the *Irish People*.

Another act of Luby's at this time I had better note, and in his own words: "I think it was before I went to Boulogne that ——— ——— vainly sought my consent to the killing of the original "Goulah" the informer. The wretch was then said to be living with the police at Clontarf." (This is probably not the place to go into the question of informers; but I may say, in passing, that

though informers were from time to time killed during the course of Fenianism, that this killing was never, so far as I know, done with the consent of anybody who could by possibility be considered a leader; and certainly with no consent, open or tacit, of Luby, Kickham, or myself.)

But to return to Boulogne, where I must have arrived some time in March, '59, and, as I have said before, Stephens about a fortnight later. He (Stephens) was in the best of health and spirits, and for the first time supplied with abundance of funds, having, as well as I remember, some six or seven hundred pounds, all in gold. He expressed the greatest satisfaction with his trip on the whole. All was brightness and sunshine in the future, or nearly all. There was, indeed, one dark spot, which, though he made little of it, loomed more large in Luby's eyes and mine. He had failed altogether to gain the adhesion of such of the '48 men as still remained in America. Doheny and O'Mahony he, of course, had with him; but no other man of any prominence joined him. His main hope, of course, lay in Mitchel, and his chief disappointment came from him. From the two other most prominent Irish-Americans, Thomas Francis Meagher and Richard O'Gorman, much less was expected, and little was felt when nothing, or next to nothing, came. O'Gorman seemed to have exhausted his whole stock of patriotism in '48, and, as far as I could ever gather, has taken little or no part in Irish affairs since, save in what may be called the ornamental, oratorical Patrick's Day line of business. Meagher had, I think, the roots of the matter lying much more deep in his

nature, but he was weak of will, and, though he joined Stephens at first (having certainly signed a document expressing confidence in that gentleman and conferring certain powers upon him) he afterwards withdrew, when he found that Mitchel was not favourable to the scheme.

Of the relations of Stephens and Mitchel to each other at this or any subsequent time I do not care to say much; for I do not really know much. I have heard Stephens' version of the story, but never with more than imperfect faith; and, though I saw much of Mitchel in after years, chiefly when the thing was all over and done with for the time being, he spoke little, if at all, of his relations with Stephens. The two men seem to have been mutually repellent from the beginning. Stephens asserted that Mitchell received him favourably at first, and promised his co-operation, but that, between a first and second visit everything had changed, in consequence of a letter Mitchel had in the meantime received from John Dillon. I know not exactly how these things were; but that they were much to be regretted I have always felt. Henceforward Stephens had not a good word for any of the Young Ireland party; and he infused his own feeling largely into the mass of his followers; but they were never shared by me, nor, to any great extent, by Kickham, or ever more than imperfectly and intermittently by Luby.

For the rest, however, Stephens felt triumphant. He had more than enough of money for all present needs, and was full of confidence in the future. Indeed it was

then, as at all times, part of his nature to be confident of the future; and such a measure of success as he attained in his projects—and I think that success was considerable—was doubtless largely due to that hopeful temperament he undoubtedly possessed. His sublime confidence in himself I admired then; and, notwithstanding the shortcomings of his after career, I admire it still. It did not make him more lovable or likeable, though I liked him passing well at this time; but it inspired you with confidence in him, if not in his projects, and, indeed, save with the sceptical, like myself, confidence in him very soon begat confidence in his projects, and the more easily in that Irishmen are (or at least were) very willing to believe in the possibility of a fight, though not always so ready to take a part in it—save under such favourable conditions as are not always presented to them. All that day at Boulogne, which was a Sunday, we three had much talk about many things; for then, as ever, our talk was not confined to Fenianism, or even to Ireland or things Irish; but tended to flow freely over the whole region of men and books—at least in so far as it was familiar to us. The day after Stephens arrived at Boulogne, he, Luby and I, set out for Paris, where, after a day spent at a hotel, we removed to lodgings in the Rue Montaigne, a street leading off the Rond-Point of the Champs-Elysées. Here Stephens settled down for the time being, and for a good while after; and here and now I took what I may call my first active step—for the coming over to Boulogne was but a very passive one—in the Fenian

movement. Of course it was evident that constant personal communication should be kept up with America; for without that there was always, at this period at least, risk of the collapse of the whole organization, and at best the certainty of much discontent and disorganization both in Ireland and America. Stephens, then, was naturally anxious to send out some one at once, and he thought that someone should be myself. To this I naturally demurred. I did not belong to the I.R.B. at all; nor had I any clear or definite idea of ever joining the body, however strongly I approved of its objects, and however little I objected to its means. I suggested that Luby was clearly the man to be chosen under the circumstances. He was a member of the organization from the start, and certainly, after Stephens, far away the most active and important member. But Stephens insisted. He objected to Luby for more reasons than I remember or at all care to go into; but mainly on account of what he took to be weakness of will, for, though Luby was all his life as firm as a rock in regard to principle, he was yielding enough in matters of detail, and too ready to be swayed by inferior, though in a sense stronger, men in too many of the ordinary affairs of life.

CHAPTER XIII.

MY MISSION TO AMERICA.

I YIELDED in the end to the solicitations of Stephens, though not with a very good grace, and somewhat against my own better judgment. I stipulated, too, as to the conditions under which I accepted the mission. I could not propose to myself to travel through the States, spreading the name and fame of the I.R.B., for I had little knowledge of the workings of that body, and small faith as yet in its future prospects. I simply agreed to go over to New York, and there take upon myself O'Mahony's ordinary official, or, I should rather perhaps say office, duties, such as the attendance at a regular weekly meeting on Sundays, and the presence on weekdays at the office, during regular hours, to receive visitors, carry on correspondence, and do such other routine work, in connection with the organization in New York and elsewhere, as was necessary to be done. This was not much to do, or to propose to do, but it satisfied Stephens, and worked well, as between O'Mahony and myself, till such other unfortunate events as I shall have to relate interfered with the whole arrangement—forcing O'Mahony back to New York, and leaving me free to return to France.

But I must get to America before I can get back; and, in point of fact, I did get there some time about the 1st of May, 1859. My first experience of that country, as indeed all my subsequent experience, was anything but agreeable to me. As I am not, however, writing about America, and as my knowledge of that country was then and after largely confined to my own countrymen there, I may as well perhaps leave the great Republic sincerely, if not severely, alone. I now for the first time [1] became acquainted—at least in the character of a sort of performer—with those public receptions of more or less eminent or notorious characters, which Irishmen both at home and abroad are so fond of indulging in. I found I was to be what I believe they call "serenaded"; but what anyway means being played to by a brass band, which on this occasion belonged to that famous 69th Regiment, mention of which crops up so constantly ever since in Irish-American story. I had first to receive the officers of the regiment, which was quite an easy and pleasant part of the performance; bu then came the painful business. I had to address from the windows of the St. Nicholas such a crowd as I had seldom seen, not knowing in the least what to say, or why I should be asked to say anything, or why, in fact,

[1] And the last for over twenty years. Then, when I was allowed provisionally back to Ireland, I was tar-barrelled and brass-banded to my heart's content, or rather discontent. Then, however, I not only could but should be silent. Some years after, when I was definitely allowed to return, I went through much of the same thing, but with the all-important difference that I could no longer be a silent participant. Henceforth I hope to be free from these demonstrations; though one never knows.

I was where I was at all. I said very little, and I am sure I said that little ill. Then others spoke, of whom I remember nothing; but one spoke, of whom, even at this distance of time, I have the most vivid recollection. This was Michael—then known as "Colonel"—Doheny, who seemed to me the very embodiment of what a popular, or, if the reader should prefer the word, a mob orator should be. Doheny I had heard long before in Ireland, but, I think, under somewhat less favourable circumstances. It struck me, of course, at the time, as no doubt it will strike many of my readers now, that it was a queer sort of proceeding to give a public, or semi-public, reception to a secret envoy. I was given reasons, however, at the time for the thing—reasons which I altogether forget now; and besides I was assured that my name would not be given to the papers, nor was it. The name did, however, leak out through one of the Irish-American journals, and so my "mission" became known to some of my friends and some of my enemies at home. Not that I greatly cared, save that I could not shut out from my view a certain element of the ridiculous, which seemed to pierce through the whole business, for I think I was then, and am still, very much more sensitive to ridicule than to danger. But enough about this very small matter. I have gone into it mainly because I have a very strong belief in the uselessness, not to say mischievousness, of most of these demonstrations.

I soon, however, settled down into a very quiet state of existence in New York—or rather in New York and

Brooklyn; for while I spent my days at the office in New York, I passed my evenings and nights mostly at my lodgings in Brooklyn, where I had taken up my abode with John O'Mahony, *en attendant* his departure. And here I had better say what I have to say generally about the character of the famous Head Centre. I shall, no doubt, have to make mention of him often again; but here I can say how he struck me at first and as a whole; and I do not know that there is anything which has materially altered my opinion of the man since. He was first, perhaps, the manliest and handsomest man I had ever seen, not that I had not probably met men with as much strength or beauty, but certainly none with the same combination to the same degree of the two qualities. So much as regards that *physique*, which goes so far with all of us. Now as to that *morale*, which is so infinitely more important. He was simply, as far as I could ever see or hear, the soul of truth and honour. He had, no doubt, his faults. He was, I think, somewhat suspicious, and was certainly anything but forgiving.[1] Proud he undoubtedly was too, but his pride was of a comparatively pardonable kind; which regarded not at all

[1] Suspiciousness could, I think, have formed no natural part of O'Mahony's character; but was probably an unpleasant consequence of a temporary fit of insanity which he had had some few years before I knew him. There is no use in concealing this fact, as, indeed, there is little in concealing any fact. Let it go for what it is worth. I am confident O'Mahony was quite sane during the rest of his life. It is open to anyone to think he was foolish—as, indeed, both he and all of us were in that sense that we had not that due regard for our own private interest which in general, and with the general, is mostly made to constitute sense.

wealth or position, but merely family, or perhaps rather race. An O'Mahony, or a connection, or even a follower of the O'Mahonys, was then naturally somewhat more to him than another; but anybody who "came of the old stock" was something to him, no matter how low he may have sunk in the social scale for the time being. He was a strong Democrat, and even much of a Socialist, in opinion; but these leanings of his head did not hinder his heart, any more than the hearts of many other Irishmen, from such aristocratic weaknesses (if weaknesses they be) as I have spoken of. His chief moral fault, though one still leaning to virtue's side, was a somewhat morbid sensibility about his character. He was as utterly disinterested about all money matters as any man I ever met. Charitable as a consequence he necessarily was, but not alone in the giving of money, but in the bestowal of time, thought, or any other good thing he had at his disposal. But what need to go on? He had, in short, the old Pagan Persian virtues of truthfulness and courage to a high degree, with the Christian virtue of charity superadded; but with that other and rarer Christian virtue of humility, perhaps, somewhat lacking —though humble in a sense he also was. Of the intellectual side of O'Mahony it is not easy to give any very clear idea without going very much more into detail than I feel at all called upon to do here. He had no very striking or salient qualities of mind. He was neither witty, nor humorous, nor eloquent, nor in any active sense imaginative, though sufficiently appreciative he could be, and that without any trace of envy, of those

who were all or any of these things. He had, however, a good head for many practical purposes, considerable powers of reflection, a very good memory, and a considerable gift of concentration—in fact, a solid sort of mind, with nothing merely ornamental about it. He was not a great reader or a great scholar; but he was very well educated, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, fairly well read on most subjects, but more than that on certain branches of philology. Then learned he might be said to be in one branch at least, as is, I believe, generally admitted by all who are competent to judge his translation, from the Irish, of Keating's "History of Ireland." But if he knew Irish well, he knew Ireland better, and loved her with a love that few have ever equalled, and I doubt whether any have ever surpassed. For her he lived; and for her he may be said to have died; though not—as might have been—on the scaffold, or—as he would have wished—in the field.

For about a month or so before he left New York I was constantly with O'Mahony, and the more I saw of him the better I liked him, as, indeed, who could help doing? Then I was in a measure left to myself, at least so far as my nights were concerned; for during the day I saw much of Doheny, whose office was next door to O'Mahony's, and a good deal of a certain queer Press man of the name of Roche. A good deal I saw also at this time of Captain—afterwards General—Corcoran, who impressed me very favourably, and who in his short after career clearly showed how brave a man and how good an Irishman he was. Corcoran had been a police-

man[1] before he left Ireland, and was at the time of which I am speaking nothing more than a tavern-keeper in New York, yet he looked, as indeed he was, very much of a soldier and a gentleman. He was besides a man of sound sense and fair intelligence, with quite the average Irish power of saying well what he had to say. Before speaking further of Doheny and Roche I had better say something about a small journalistic venture in which they had the main share; but in which I took some small part, too, making my maiden attempt at journalism, and indeed my first attempt to set my thoughts before the public at all, with the single exception of a short letter written to the *Nation* some seven or eight years before. The venture of which I am speaking was in the shape of a small weekly newspaper called the *Phœnix*, so named, no doubt, after the so-called Phœnix men of Skibbereen. Roche, who had previously edited the *Galway Vindicator*, and, I believe, other papers in Ireland, and was at this time living, not over well, I think, by some sort of journalistic work for some New York paper, was the editor; but Doheny was, I think, the largest contributor; at least, he did most for the first six or seven numbers,

[1] Policemen are about the most hated of men in Ireland as I write, and they have been little liked as long as I remember; but there are policemen and policemen, and my personal experience of the force has not been an unfavourable one. Corcoran was a "peeler," as was General Gleeson, of some sort of Fenian fame; and two out of the four brothers Breslin were "peelers"; third and best known, John, who aided in the escape of Stephens and organized the rescue of the Australian prisoners, was a turnkey. Good Irishmen may be found anywhere, and many may be found with green coats on their backs, as we know so many have been always found with red ones.

which were the only ones I had any hand in, or indeed almost any knowledge of.[1] Roche was not without a good deal of a rough sort of journalistic faculty. He could write in a strong, slap-dash kind of way, not ineffective with people who do not require—and undoubtedly the great mass of newspaper readers all the world over do not require—much thought or almost any reason. He was, however, excessively ignorant. Doheny had very much more to say, but he did not know how to say it quite as well as Roche—at least, with a pen in his hand; for, as I have said before, when on his legs and facing a surging mass of men, he knew not only what to say, but how to say it, in a supremely effective manner. He was not a man of much of what in the present day is called "culture"; but fairly educated and moderately read he was, and, as compared to Roche, might pass for a paragon of learning. What Doheny chiefly wrote for the paper were, as well as I remember, sketches of life in Tipperary and the surrounding regions during his early years. These were decidedly interesting and, in a sense, valuable, though ill-written, or rather, perhaps, written in a somewhat slovenly fashion.

I have dwelt at some little length on this newspaper for various reasons. I had a good deal to do with it for

[1] Some few numbers of this paper I saw after my return to Paris, and I believe it dragged on a precarious existence for several months, and I was sorry to hear that in its later stage it had degenerated into a highly agrarian, semi-Ribbon sort of publication, being altogether Land Leaguerish, as so many other things and men have been, long before the Land League.

several weeks, and it may be said to be the first paper with which I had to do. Then, it was the first paper which had any direct connection with Fenianism, and consequently had forced upon it that "Fair Trial Fund" controversy, of which I have said something before, but which I shall go into more largely now.

About the time of the starting of the *Phœnix* newspaper certain letters began to appear in the *Irish American*, a Catholic and more or less National journal of New York, edited by P. J. Meehan,[1] well known afterwards for his prominent and, on the whole, unfortunate connection with Fenian counsels and affairs. These letters were written by Mr. T. D. Sullivan, who was then, and probably for long after, the Dublin correspondent of the *Irish American*. They inquired very particularly and pointedly into the existence of the so-called "Fair Trial Fund," stating, so far correctly, that no funds had reached Ireland. The paper itself, I believe, in various leading articles, called attention to the statements of its correspondent, and made sundry other statements of its own; and so the whole thing gradually got wind, and a good deal of wind too. It was assumed by us then that Messrs. Sullivan and Meehan knew they were setting people on the wrong scent. That is more doubtful to me now; but pretty confident I am that they continued to dwell on the matter long after they must have very well known that no fund for any

[1] It was this gentleman who lost the letters which led to the Fenian arrests in 1865. He it was, too, who, after his return to America, became one of the most prominent members of the "Roberts," or so-called Senate, section of the Fenian Brotherhood.

such purpose as they may have at first imagined was in existence. I have no easy, or perhaps even possible, access to files of the *Irish American*, or the *Phœnix*, and so must treat this matter mainly from memory, as, indeed, I have been mainly treating most matters up to this. The thing matters little at this distance of time, save in so far as the *bona* or *mala fides* of Messrs. Sullivan [1] and Meehan are concerned. I go into the matter now, in the course of my narrative, to show how O'Mahony was stopped on his journey and forced back to New York, to take up the cudgels for himself and his organization, and so set me free, after a short time, to return to France.

I shall never forget the horrible anguish inflicted on O'Mahony by these accusations and insinuations. He came back, as I said, at once to New York, boiling over with wrath. I don't know whether the matter had been dealt with in the paper before his arrival; though, I

[1] This is, perhaps, as good a place as another to correct—or at least supplement—what I said before about the action of Mr. A. M. Sullivan and the *Nation* in the Phœnix business. It has been shown to me, in a memoir of Mr. A. M. Sullivan, by Mr. T. D. Sullivan, that attention had been drawn to the action of the so-called Phœnix men by certain other papers, notably the *Irishman* and the *Evening Mail*, as well as by certain priests, before the appearance of the celebrated article in the *Nation*. It is not, then, quite correct, or at least complete, to speak of the arrests of the Phœnix men as a "close sequence, if not a consequence, of Mr. Sullivan's action," seeing that his responsibility in the matter must be shared by others, and seems small compared to that of the informer priest, the Rev. John O'Sullivan, P. P. Kenmare. I still, however, must "hold that Mr. Sullivan had no right other than a legal one to do" what he did, while I now feel that there was a sting in the word "set" sharper than was deserved by anything he did, and, above all, by anything he intended.

fancy, some of us must have treated it somehow—reserving, however, anything like full discussion till the return of O'Mahony. And now he was so wrathful that he could not write. Indignation is said to make verses; but I think *that* indignation is of the minor sort, and when it is more or less a thing of memory. Anyway, O'Mahony's rage was a silent one, and so I had to set down for him, in such a manner as I could, such facts and statements as he supplied me with, and the thing was printed under his name in the paper. I mention this little incident mainly, if not entirely, as illustrative of the morbid sensibility of O'Mahony.

So much, perhaps, it was not altogether needless to say about my American trip. I could, of course, say much about America and the Americans; but I refrain for many reasons—one sufficiently good one being that what I saw or thought of them then or since has but small (if any) bearing upon the question of how I felt or acted as a budding or a full-blown Fenian. A few words, however, there may be no harm in saying, if I have not said them before, about Irish-Americans, as they are called. I agree with the Horatian saying that people in crossing the sea change only their climate and not their disposition; and I should feel inclined to add that, in any sense, and in so far as the last may be changed or modified, it is mostly, if not invariably, for the worse. And of course Irishmen in America or elsewhere form no exception to the general rule, which they unfortunately take to work quite the other way. They fancy themselves growing smart almost with the

air they breathe, and feel as if they had become free by that declaration of independence which is for ever floating about the moral atmosphere. And yet they are very much where they were—their minds not materially altered, their morals changed mostly for the worse. There is one change, however, which is only a change of circumstances, but which, I think, operates powerfully for good—that is, for the good of Ireland and her cause. The Irishman in America is, and he soon comes to feel he is, free to say what he thinks and to do what he wishes; and the first wish of the natural man is, I am happy to say, to do something against England. He has no longer the fear of the landlord or the law—two entities most intimately associated in his mind—before his eyes. He soon, too, ceases to feel the full influence of the priest, perhaps sometimes too soon, and somewhat too much; but still, on the whole, there is a gain for freedom here—freedom of thought and freedom of action. There is no union of hearts for him either on the lip or in the breast. Indeed, the fault is rather the other way. His hate of England has taken a foolish and criminal form of late; but not the less is the feeling in itself a healthy one, capable, I hope, of being turned in a healthy direction again, should the need for it, or its all-sufficient cause, continue. But much of this has happily only an indirect bearing on my subject. In the time with which I have alone to deal, Ireland's hate of England was as natural and excusable as the action she took was intelligible and justifiable.

There is one matter relating to the Irish in America

which, on reflection, I feel as if I ought to say a few words about, as it has more or less bearing on Fenianism in Ireland and America. Of course the Irish of whom I have been speaking above nearly all belong to the so-called "lower classes." But there are lower and lower classes as there are upper and upper. Englishmen, and even Irishmen, have been constantly mixing up Ribbonmen and Fenians in inextricable confusion; supposing sometimes a sort of unity, sometimes an alliance, but always ignorantly or maliciously imagining or inventing some state of things that never existed. There is nothing that I know of common to Fenianism and Ribbonism but illegality; there is nothing legal or constitutional about either body, but their aims and objects are as wide as the poles asunder. Ribbonism is purely agrarian and religious, i.e. anti-landlord and anti-Protestant, while Fenianism is purely national, i.e. anti-English. I think I said before that it was easier both in 1848 and in the Fenian times to make a rebel of an Orangeman than of a Ribbonman. This held good of the Ribbonmen in America as well as in Ireland. It was during this first trip to America that I learned to my astonishment that there were Ribbonmen, or rather a Ribbon organization, "The Ancient Order of Hibernians," in America; but neither then nor since could I at all gather (not that I took much trouble in the matter) what business they had there. There are landlords and Protestants in America, but I am not aware that "the Ancient Order" has been particularly at feud with either. I suppose the body to be now something of a trades union of a mutually

supporting or charitable kind, and much a matter of habit and of that desire in human nature, and especially in Celtic nature, to belong to some guild, confraternity, or other society. General Corcoran, who was a Connaught man, had been a Ribbonman, and had introduced John O'Mahony to the Ancient Order, with a view to Fenian propagandism, but they could make nothing of the matter, the Ribbonmen choosing rather to follow their own bosses than to adopt any external light or leading. In later days they have, as was to be expected, taken very much more to the Land League and the National League than they ever did to Fenianism. This seems simply carrying on the old war on very much the old lines, and does not require that men should have formed any definite conception of Irish autonomy.

CHAPTER XIV.

RETURN TO PARIS.

I RETURNED to France some time about the beginning of September, 1859, with no stronger faith in Fenianism than when I left it. I had seen little or nothing of America,[1] save what was to be seen in and about New York; little that was to be seen there save among the Irish; and little that was to be seen even among the Irish except those of the working classes, of whom alone the Fenian body was then composed. These working men were, so far as I could at all gather then or since, very good fellows, indeed, in nearly every way; certainly very enthusiastic Irishmen, but mostly men of very ordinary intelligence—to my mind, rather inferior to the men of the same class whom I knew to belong to the organization in Dublin.

I may be said to have taken little away in the shape of experience from America which could be at all considered valuable, except the knowledge and acquaintance of

[1] I did, indeed, pay a visit to Philadelphia, where I met James Cantwell, a '48 man, then an active Fenian. He returned to Ireland some two or three years after, when he fell away from the organization, owing to some dispute or disagreement with Stephens. He was, however, I am confident, always with us at heart, and was, I understand, always active, after our arrest, in sympathy and in support of Fenians, their families, and generally all things Fenian.

O'Mahony, and, in a sense, of Doheny too. When I got back to Paris, I took up my abode again with Stephens, in the Rue Montaigne. Luby had by this time returned to Ireland; but then and for a long time after—as long as Stephens had any funds, and even some time after he had ceased to have any—two or three or more of his followers lived in Paris. The men cost money, and after a time they became discontented, and, in a sense, demoralized by the rather aimless life they were leading. I think Dan M'Cartie, one of the Phœnix men, and a man of the name of Considine, of whom I have spoken before, were with him when I arrived. Considine certainly was. But the presence or absence of most of these was a matter of little consequence to me then as it is now, save for what I have said above. I mention this matter now chiefly to say that among these young men, soon after the time of which I am now speaking, was one whose relations with me were destined to be far other than theirs. This was Denis Mulcahy, then simply a stalwart young Tipperary man, afterwards sub-editor of the *Irish People*, then Fenian convict, and now for many years a physician in good practice in Newark, New Jersey, but during all that time one of the best of fellows, and certainly one of the most affectionate friends I have had.

I should, perhaps, have mentioned before—though the matter is not very much out of time or place here—that Mitchel had come to Paris some short time before I got there. I had met him when he called on O'Mahony at his office in New York, and it was there I first formally made his acquaintance, though, as the reader already

knows, I had often seen and heard him before in the old Young Ireland days. Meagher too I now for the first time became personally acquainted with, though of him I had seen and heard even more in 1847 and 1848. He too had called to see O'Mahony, with Smith O'Brien, who had just returned to New York, and was, I fancy, returning to Europe. O'Brien I had seen occasionally in Dublin, at Kevin O'Doherty's, and might be said to know fairly well; though neither then nor at any subsequent time had I the slightest intimacy with him. Indeed, I think few of his political confederates had much intimacy with him; and from what I saw of him I should say that it was not easy for anyone to have much. On this occasion in New York he seemed to me exceptionally gracious, and, as he was entirely occupied with O'Mahony and O'Mahony with him, Meagher was free to devote himself to me; and he certainly seemed, for that the first, and I may say the only time we met, one of the most agreeable of companions. I had not a high opinion of him then in any other than his rhetorical capacity; but I at least saw, in my single interview, that he had a strong sense of humour, which, as far as I remember, was never in his speeches, and not often or markedly in his not numerous writings. I have not the least recollection of what Meagher said on this occasion, but my feeling is still vivid as to the general effect produced on me.

But all this is more or less episodical, though probably not altogether the worse for that. I was obliged to bark back to New York in order to bring Mitchel regularly on

the scene. I was not long in Paris when I met him again, and not at all formally this time; for it was at breakfast at John Martin's, with whom he was then staying in the Rue de Faubourg St. Honoré. Still, as well as I remember, there was some constraint about this interview—something troubled in the moral atmosphere pervading it. They both, I think, showed the most decided *animus* against Stephens, which was anything but agreeable to me; while my consciousness of the bitterness of his feelings towards them, though I did not in the least share them, somewhat shackled the freedom of my utterances on many matters. The result of this meeting was that I did not take away so favourable an impression of Mitchel from it as I expected. I saw, however, much more of him soon after, at his lodgings in the Rue Lacepede, to which place he had moved when John Martin returned to Ireland. Now we got on very well together, though I cannot say that I ever found him what I could at all call genial or particularly sympathetic; and neither then nor when I saw much more of him, after my release from prison, many years after in New York, could I find in his talk any strong evidence of that great intellectual power which is undoubtedly to be found in his books. Unlike his friend, Father Kenyon, who showed himself far greater in what he said than in what he wrote, though what he wrote was very good in itself, Mitchel, striking, impressive, and even noble as he looked, scarcely gave you in private intercourse any adequate idea of the author of the "Jail Journal," or of "The Last Conquest of Ireland (Perhaps?)" But how-

ever much I may wish to dwell on his strong personality, or however little justice I may have done him, I must pass on.

Some months, I should say, I must have stayed on in Paris, seeing much, of course, of Stephens and the young men, and of their relation to each other, and not greatly liking the present situation or the future outlook. Stephens himself, I think, I began about the time of my setting out for America to like less, as most assuredly to respect less. There was a certain flabbiness of moral fibre about him which then, as always, was distasteful to me. His ideals were always high, which I ever felt to be something; but then one saw reason to think that he seldom or ever acted up to them. He was, for instance, a stern stickler for absolute truth in theory, but one suspected, and even sometimes knew, that his practice and his theory, like those of many better and worse men, were too often at variance. To what extent that other Pagan and Persian virtue with which I have so largely credited John O'Mahony was present in or absent from Stephens' composition, I find it rather hard to decide even now, notwithstanding all the light that seems to have been cast upon him and his actions by later events. I certainly found no fault with him on that head at the time. But if he were a rather imperfect Pagan, he was certainly a far worse Christian. Charity and humility were quite left out of his composition. Merciful he could be often, and generous still oftener, and just at times; but charitable or humble, never. Hence, I think, the main fault that men came to find with him in the long run—

consisting in what may be considered a certain hard irresponsiveness of nature. You might take with a sort of toleration and for a limited time the notion that he (Stephens) was a sort of Julius Cæsar and Shakespeare rolled into one, but you could not follow him in his shifting estimates of other and often better men. I have said how I in no way shared his ideas about Martin, Mitchel, or some others; and even less could I at all follow him in his very varying estimates at times of O'Mahony, Kickham, Luby, and others.

But perhaps I had better leave Stephens' actions to speak mainly for his character—"nothing" (or little) "extenuating," and certainly "setting down naught in malice." He is—or perhaps, rather, was—a very remarkable man, and he is still among us, and I, for one, think it rather more necessary to say as little as one can help that is injurious of the living than of the dead. As to the proverbial command to say nothing but good of the last, that is one which but the rarest combination of the saint and the sage could even imperfectly carry out.

CHAPTER XV.

FENIAN TESTS AND FENIAN TITLES.

LUBY, as I said, had left Paris shortly before I got back there; but, before leaving, had been entrusted by Stephens with the task of remodelling the oath of the I.R.B. This matter does not come strictly within my recollections, as I never took either test, and of course never administered either; and in fact only saw the form as it sometimes turned up conjecturally in the papers; but some account of these tests I must give, to make my narrative intelligible. I go on, then, to give an account of the matter in the words of Luby:—"This Phœnix affair"—(Luby had been giving me many particulars about that small Skibbereen business which I have not found myself inclined, or even able, to hitch into my narrative)—"This Phœnix affair also moved Stephens to cause me to draw up a new and simpler form of test, leaving out the clause of secrecy, but retaining that of obedience to superior officers. Henceforth we denied that we were technically a secret body. We called ourselves a mere military organization, with, so to speak, a legionary oath, like all soldiers."

So far in explanation of the change, and of the general nature of both tests; but here are the full forms of both, as subsequently supplied to me by Luby,

who with his usual scrupulousness feels bound to say "that having preserved no copies, and consequently being now thrown wholly on the resources of my memory, I fear I can hardly give you the *ipsissima verba*. Still, I think I can answer for the substance and a close approach to the very words." Those who know anything about my friend and his phenomenal memory will think that he is putting the case for accuracy rather modestly. But to come to the form as given me:—

ORIGINAL FORM OF TEST.

I, A B, do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will do my utmost, at every risk, while life lasts, to make Ireland an independent Democratic Republic; that I will yield implicit obedience, in all things not contrary to the law of God, to the commands of my superior officers; and that I shall preserve inviolable secrecy regarding all the transactions of this secret society that may be confided to me. So help me God! Amen.

Luby goes on to add what I still give in his own words:—"The foregoing, if it does not quite hit it, shoots pretty near the bull's-eye. Still, it is barely possible that 'establish in' should be used instead of 'make,' 'laws of morality' instead of 'laws of God,' 'affairs' instead of 'transactions.'" These possible emendations matter next to nothing at all; but accuracy in itself always matters something; and so the reader may take his choice of phrases or words, *en attendant* that future

historian of Fenianism who, it is to be hoped, will set this and many other things straight.

I now give the second, or Paris,

FORM OF TEST.

I, A B, in the presence of Almighty God, do solemnly swear allegiance to the Irish Republic, now virtually established; and that I will do my very utmost, at every risk, while life lasts, to defend its independence and integrity; and, finally, that I will yield implicit obedience in all things, not contrary to the laws of God, to the commands of my superior officers. So help me God! Amen.

Luby goes on to say that possibly in this form, too, "laws of morality" might have been the phrase, and not "laws of God"; that it was something in the Phœnix trials which, I take it, must have been religious objections[1] on the part of the priests to oaths of secrecy, which caused Stephens to make him omit the clause of secrecy in the second form of test; but that secrecy was still secured (which it possibly may have been in so far as it can ever be secured) by the clause about obedience to superior officers, who would naturally enjoin secrecy upon those under their orders. It seems that the part of the new oath upon which Stephens particularly plumed himself was the phrase about "The Irish

[1] I hope there may be no harm in saying here that I could wish that, in the interests of morality, if not of theology, the Catholic clergy took oftener to the denunciation of Ribbonmen and the Ribbon oath.

Republic now virtually established"; but Luby does not tell me the reason of Stephens' satisfaction, and I cannot now guess it. I do, however, remember that when Stephens, just before my departure for America, tendered me the oath, after a somewhat recruiting-sergeant fashion, I refused peremptorily and point blank, alleging as one of my reasons that I could not in the least see that an Irish Republic was virtually established. I told him also, to be sure, that I did not mean to be a soldier, or to obey commands of a superior officer, which in my particular case would practically mean himself. But I am possibly peculiar in this matter of oaths, as in some other matters. Though I never took the oath of allegiance to the Irish Republic, I could not even at present take one to her Britannic Majesty. The time may come when I can; but meanwhile I cannot trust any future, however pleasant.

But enough about oaths. These Fenian oaths seem to me very good ones on the whole. You may easily pick holes in them if you wish, but I don't know that I have ever heard of any such oath with which you could not do the same.

One other matter, still by the aid of my friend, I had better clear up here—in so far as it is capable of being cleared up at all. I have spoken already of the general looseness with which people who concern themselves about Fenianism use the word, as also the name, "Fenian Brotherhood." The phrases "Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood," "Irish Republican Brotherhood," and "Irish Republic," have been bandied

about in the papers quite as freely, nearly as loosely, and very often with the greatest confidence on the part of the people who use them as to the correctness of the particular name at a particular time. Yet this question of names, like many other questions of names and things, is by no means so clear, especially for that part of Fenianism with which I mean only to deal; but, like many other greater and lesser historical matters, rather vague, uncertain, and to some extent merely conjectural.

It seems startling to find Luby saying, at the outset, that "he does not think that in the old days, from 1858 to the time of the arrests in 1865, we were ever officially, so to speak, styled either 'Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood,' or 'Irish Republican Brotherhood.'" He goes on to tell me that his clear recollection is that the men talked most vaguely and variously of "Our Body," or "Our Movement," or "The Society," or "The Organization,"[1] or "The Brotherhood"; that he and Stephens thought and spoke of the body mostly as an army organized to gain Irish independence. He has a misty notion, too, that he may now and then have used the phrase "Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood," and that Stephens may have used the phrase "Irish Republican Brotherhood"; and that when (or if) they used either phrase, he (Luby) was likely to prefer the former, and Stephens the latter. Finally, Luby states that if either of these appellations were used by others in those early days of organization, they were invariably used loosely

[1] I scarcely remember to have ever heard any other name than The Organization."

and unofficially, and, moreover, if so used at all, neither one of them had precedency in time over the other; in fact, that, if used at all in the early years, they would be used as interchangeable variations of expression. My own impression about these names is quite as strong as Luby's; but I should have hesitated to put it forward but for his statements, based upon a much greater knowledge of the minuter matters of the organization. When I came out of prison in 1870 and began to try and find out something of what had passed during the five years I had been shut out from all, or nearly all, knowledge of external events, I found the I.R.B., in every shape and form, possible and impossible, so dinned into my ears, that I came after a time to fancy that I must have seen or heard of the magic letters in my pre-prison period. I certainly had no earthly recollection of having done so; but then I thought that this might be because I had heard the name so seldom, having had little or nothing to do with the working of the organization.

Luby goes on to tell me all he *knows* about the early use of the letters; and I have only to add that what we know of their early use in America would seem to argue that his vague recollection of their earlier existence—for at the best it can hardly be called use—must have some basis of reality. Here are Luby's *ipsissima verba*, which, if somewhat colloquial at times, must have a reality and force for intelligent readers which no mere version by me of what he said could possibly have:—"On the other hand, it *is* a fact that, some time after the arrests in 1865, the term 'Irish Republican Brotherhood' (I.R.B.)

became a historic and official reality, so to speak, in America. John O'Mahony—I learned it from others too —told me how numbers of our fugitives from Ireland on a certain occasion formed themselves into a knot, or clique, or society, and called themselves 'The Irish Republican Brotherhood, or the I.R.B.' Indeed, I think I remember his adding that the 'Clan-na-Gaidhal' ultimately arose out of this nucleus.[1] Be that as it may, from this date[2]—and I don't precisely know the date—this name I.R.B. gradually came to be fastened on our entire movement, and tacitly accepted as one of our historic names. I myself even used frequently, in my public addresses and scribblings here, to speak of our body—meaning the old body at home—as the I.R.B.; but I think I mostly interpreted these initials as 'Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood.' When Stephens was last out here (New York)[3] and was elected 'Head Centre' of the tail or remnant of the Fenian Brotherhood, he used to sign his public ukases 'James Stephens, H.C.O.I.R.' Unfortunately, I cannot say whether these cabalistical letters should be interpreted as 'Head Central Organizer of Irish Revolution,' or 'Head Central Organizer, Irish Republic.' Take your choice. I'm half inclined to suspect that the former of the two was then his interpretation."

[1] I have better reasons than Luby's bare recollection to know that he is right about the origin of "The Clan-na-Gaidhal"; but the origin of that body and its subsequent fortunes and misfortunes in no way concern me here and now.

[2] I should say that there can be little doubt but that the date was some time in 1867.

[3] During most, if not all, the year 1882.

So far Luby. But I suspect that what he calls "the cabalistical letters" rather meant "Head Centre of Irish Republic," meaning by "Irish Republic" an allusion to, or rather, perhaps, a revival of, the body which he fondly imagined was virtually established in Ireland several years before. And this leads me back to where I started in this inquiry. Luby curiously makes no mention of the letters "I. R." save as occurring in the late-in-the-day title of Stephens; but their occurrence here confirms me in a notion I had that "Irish Republic" had some existence as a name for our old body, at some time subsequent to the change in the form of the test. But it is time to have done with the cabalistical letters.

CHAPTER XVI.

LUBY, MYSELF, MANY OTHER PERSONS AND THINGS.

FROM all this sensational swearing, and the rather curious inquiry into the origin and even meaning of the more or less mysterious alphabetical arrangements, I must pass on to my own uneventful and unsensational life after leaving Paris.

I think it must have been late in the summer of 1860 [1] I set out for London, where I intended to take up my residence again, still, I fancy, with some vague notion of pursuing, or rather resuming, my medical studies. I should have said, however, that I must have paid a flying visit to Ireland very soon after my return from America, and then returned to Paris, where I stayed a considerable time—though why I now can but dimly guess—before settling down again in London.

[1] Here there is a return to vagueness as to dates, but my recollection of many things about this time is far from clear or precise. Of what occurred while I was in America and doing something, or at least fancying myself to be doing something, my recollection is clear enough, but of my thoughts or doings while I was more or less vegetating in Paris and London, I preserve but faint memory now Much, indeed, I do remember of my personal intercourse with Stephens, but I refrain from setting it down where its connection with Fenian story is not clear; much, too, of course, I remember of my life in London, which must, of course, remain untold for a similar reason.

For the next three years or so I largely lost sight and touch of Fenianism; not that it did not occupy much of my thoughts from time to time, and that I was not thrown into occasional contact with Fenian men and things, but it was far from occupying all my thoughts, and my relation to revolutionary persons or politics during this time was but spasmodic and intermittent. I shall, then, glide over this period of my life as quickly as I can, but still as I go along I must avail myself to some extent of my friend Luby's aid, to show what was occurring during all this time. This may seem a somewhat Irish way of writing recollections, but then all Irish ways are not necessarily bad, whatever contemptuous Englishmen may think.[1]

Luby left Paris in July, 1859, in the midst of the illuminations for the famous victory of Solferino. He was instructed to travel through the various Irish counties, but especially to visit the South, where the organization was strongest. When there he was to try and prevent Rossa and the other Phœnix men from pleading guilty, but from what I said before it has been seen that he did not succeed. Rossa was not then, it would seem, the terribly uncompromising person he has since become. There was, however, some excuse, though there never can be any justification, for this act of pleading guilty. Rossa and the rest may have thought that the release of O'Sullivan (of Aghrim) was dependent on

[1] It would be more correct to say in the text "have thought," for it seems the most comical of comical things that half the English now think, or at least pretend to think, all our ways good.

their plea of guilt. These arrangements, whether tacit or open with the Crown, are always liable to objection as well as misconception, even when made by fanatic Rossas or furious M'Faddens. I do not care to lay too much stress on this matter, but merely once for all to assert as strongly as possible that the thing is always wrong in principle. I have no earthly doubt but that Rossa was a man of courage, and many of our young Phœnix men,[1] notably the Downings, proved their prowess shortly after on many a stricken field.

Luby had also been instructed to denounce the action of A. M. Sullivan, and to spread through the organization Stephens' version of his negotiations with Dillon, Mitchel and the other '48 men.

In the notes supplied to me by Luby, I find him dwelling at great length and with great strength of conviction upon a mistake which he supposes Stephens to have made while in America, which began to be operative for evil about the time (some time in 1860) to which I have now come. Stephens had told Luby and myself when we met him at Boulogne, that he had arranged with O'Mahony for the sending over of certain Irish Americans, mostly to their native places, to be used as drill-masters and for organizing purposes. Luby reminds me that he expressed strong doubts at the time as to the

[1] To pass from the serious to the comic before we have done altogether with these Phœnix matters. During the course of the trials Stephens was constantly alluded to as passing under the name of Mr. Schook. This was simply a prosaic official blunder, arising out of the more or less imaginative fact that the peasantry of Cork and Kerry were in the habit of speaking of him as the "Schook," which I understand to mean "The Wandering Hawk."

advisability of this step, alleging—what, indeed, turned out to be the case—that the consequences would be disastrous if, when these men arrived, there were no funds to maintain them, and they had no way of supporting themselves. Stephens, however, maintained that you must risk much in revolutions, that you must calculate on funds which may never come in, and act generally with an audacity which would be altogether out of place in ordinary private or public affairs. I remember that I rather agreed with Stephens than with Luby at the time, and I still agree with his theory, but certainly both of us were wrong in this particular application of it. I am sorry, too, to be obliged to confess that I made some efforts while in New York to put this scheme of Stephens' into action. I think I looked upon the thing then as a kind of test as to the extent to which Stephens' whole project was practicable. But it was not a fair one, nor tried under conditions which gave a chance of success, and it must be granted after the event that, whatever may be the theory of revolution, this was certainly not a step on the road to the establishment of the Irish Republic. The upshot of the unfortunate business was that all these men, having first gone to their various places of birth, sometimes finding an organization there and sometimes not, gradually exhausting their funds, and finding mostly no means of replacing them, finally found their way back to America, bringing with them more or less discontent and doubt, and most likely spreading disbelief and discouragement within the range of their influence.

Contemporaneously with much or most of what I have been just talking about, a step was taken, almost entirely on Luby's[1] initiative, which led soon afterwards to an advance all along the line. The organization in Dublin had been very limited up to this time—late in 1860—consisting mostly of mechanics, and centring round Peter Langan and the original group of recruits. Now Luby came across quite another set of men. It was through the agency of a young Cork schoolmaster, Cornelius O'Mahony, then at the training school in Marlborough Street, that Luby became acquainted with another young Cork man, James O'Callaghan, who was then an *employé* in Cannock and White's well-known drapery establishment in Mary Street. O'Callaghan introduced several others, mostly, but of course not all, in his own line of business, and so the organization gradually spread among these drapers' assistants and similar bodies of men, till by the time I was brought into anything like direct contact with it, in 1863, we seemed to have absorbed nearly all the young shopmen, and they certainly, then and afterwards, formed the most active, if not the most numerous, section of the Dublin Fenians. Among the young men who joined the movement in or about this time, and in connection more or less with this new Dublin group, and who afterwards took a prominent part in the society, were Nick Walsh, Edward Ryan,

[1] Luby's part in Fenianism has been mostly much underrated. His *rôle* was certainly second only to that of Stephens, yet his name is scarcely, if at all, mentioned in the notorious Pigott's book, which is, on the whole, the best that has appeared on Fenianism up to this.

Andrew Nolan, Maurice O'Donoghue, and, above, all, Edward Duffy.[1] I do not give all, or nearly all, the names that deserve honourable mention; I merely pick out such few as I find under my hand in Luby's notes; the others must wait for some future recorder. Another reason for giving these names is that they all, with the possible exception of O'Callaghan and Nolan, belong to the dead, and therefore there is less invidiousness in their selection. Nearly, but not absolutely, all these young men were, I believe, in some way or other connected with the drapery business, but Ryan was a merchant tailor, which scarcely disconnects him from it, while Nick Walsh was an artist, and a typical one, I understand, in temperament, though what he was in talent I have never been able to find out. To sum up in Luby's own words of proud—but, I think, not unduly proud—estimate of his own work: "But certainly 'the new Dublin organization,' as I always called the newly enlisted section, was fruitful of very considerable results. Dublin had, up to this time, been one of our weak

[1] Edward Duffy I came to know rather well shortly before my imprisonment, and a purer or nobler type of man I have never met. He became far better known to my sister soon after my arrest, as he was staying with Stephens, whom she saw constantly, and up to the hour of her death she held Duffy in the highest esteem. He has, I understand, been called "the Fenian Emmet," but there is certainly some exaggeration here, for, however nearly he may have approached Emmet morally, he never gave any evidence of being anything like on the same intellectual level. He was a Mayo man, coming from the same part of the county as the Dillons, of whom he was, I believe, some sort of relative or connection. He was the first who made much impression on those intractable and ignorant Ribbonmen, who have, I hear, been very much more come-at-able for political purposes ever since.

places. It now grew rapidly to be one of our strongest. It might at length put in a fair claim to be called the capital of the organization as well as of the island. The new organization even reacted in a marked manner on the old. Langan's little group had hitherto been confined to not more than fifty men, including, I believe, the small knot in Kingstown.[1] But now, roused all at once to emulation of my conscripts, it quickly swelled to a noble band." To all these young men Luby gave at most the rank of B's or Captains in the organization, reserving it for Stephens when he returned to raise them, should he choose, as choose he did, to the higher positions of A's, centres, or colonels. Luby was then, as always, unwilling, very far too much so indeed, to take much responsibility on his shoulders. Stephens expressed himself entirely satisfied with all Luby had done in this matter; indeed, he rather extravagantly lauded both him and his work at the time, though he afterwards, I believe, came in a measure to pooh-pooh both, but then it was his way nearly at all times to pooh-pooh every person and everything not directly or indirectly emanating from himself.

[1] Long after copying the above passage I am sadly reminded of the lapse of time and of the vanity of human affairs by the passing away of the last (five in all, I think) of the Hickeys of Kingstown, all "good men and true," and one of them (John), at least, then an active member of the organization. Since writing the foregoing part of the note I hear that one of the Hickeys is still living, and long, I sincerely hope, may he live.

CHAPTER XVII.

DISSENSIONS BETWEEN STEPHENS AND O'MAHONY—VISIT OF THE LATTER TO IRELAND.

DURING most of the year '59 and all the year '60 Stephens remained in Paris in comparative inactivity, though during a great part of this time, and as long as his funds lasted, he was in constant communication with the chief men of the organization. But after a while the funds naturally grew low, and Stephens' indebtedness proportionately increased, and his temper naturally did not improve, and his general way of regarding men and things, which at the best was the reverse of charitable, took an extra tinge of pessimism.

I have spoken of the relations, both personal and political, of O'Mahony to Stephens. In the old Paris days, after '48, they had certainly been close and fast friends. I rather, however, gather this from what I constantly heard from Stephens, and occasionally from Leonard and others, than from anything I can remember to have heard from O'Mahony himself. Not that I have the faintest recollection of having ever heard anything at all to the contrary; but the fact is that O'Mahony was a reticent man, keeping his likings and dislikings very much

to himself, and while I have no doubt that his friendship for Stephens was sincere, still I doubt whether it was ever as warm as that fancied or felt by Stephens. Anyway, they were at least in most friendly relations up to the time of Stephens' visit to America, and for about a year or so after, but then things began to change. They both, no doubt, felt their responsibility keenly, and each thought he was not receiving that support from the other which the condition of things on their respective sides required. And possibly they were both in a measure right. Stephens was far the more active-minded and resourceful man, ever planning and pressing his plans on others, while O'Mahony was more slow, methodic and cautious. Then circumstances were possibly too strong for either of them, and neither could do quite, or indeed near, what the other wanted, though it was what they did rather than what they did not do which mostly embittered their feelings henceforth. Stephens, of course, always felt sorely when the remittances from the other side were slack, as they mostly were,[1] and he now and thenceforth let his

[1] This is probably as good a place as another to say a few words on the financial side of Fenianism. Numberless penny-a-liners in books, pamphlets, and papers have been inventing fabulous sums for the Fenian exchequer, to match in with all the other marvels they have laid to the credit (or discredit) of Fenianism and Fenians. Here is a very short and simple statement, as it was supplied to me, several years ago, by James Stephens:—Money received during the first six years (from 1858 to 1864), a little less than £1500; from 1864 to my third visit to New York (1866), about £28,500; during my stay in the States in 1866, about £2500; total, £32,500. Of which nearly £7000 was seized by the Government. The whole amount collected by the Fenian Brotherhood in America, Canada—including the above

tongue wag far too freely on the shortcomings, real or imaginary, of O'Mahony in this and various other directions. He also objected to what he took to be a certain inquisitorial tendency on the part of O'Mahony, who kept for ever sending men over to Ireland, or at least giving missions to men who came over, often on their own business. I have mentioned before the case of Cantwell, who stayed on in Ireland, and there was afterwards, all in the year '60, I think, an old man of the name of Boylan from St. Louis, who went about much in Ireland, and afterwards a man of the name of Keenan. Luby tells me most of the doings of these worthies, harmless enough, as far as I can make out, and of the discontent of Stephens at their presence in Ireland, but as I saw or knew nothing of the men, and think the question of their presence or absence matters little, I pass the matter by with this bare mention.

But now O'Mahony himself was to appear on the scene, with very doubtful advantage to himself or to any interest he cared to serve, save that he had the sad pleasure of seeing the land that bore him for the last time, and of spending some time, with what satisfaction or the reverse I know not, with his sister and her family. I met him at the time at his own lodgings somewhere in Dublin, but my memory preserves no record of what passed during my visit, which, I think, was a short one. I was merely passing through Dublin, in what Luby calls one of my

sums—was a little under 500,000 dollars. Were the dollars at par this would be about £100,000, but at the depreciated currency was much less.

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"flying" visits, whether returning to or from London is more than I can exactly say, for on or about the time of O'Mahony's arrival, a few days after the Christmas of 1860, I brought my brother home to die. I did not then know that he was dying, but of him, in so far as he is connected with the story I have to tell, I had better reserve what I have to say.

Of Luby, of course, O'Mahony saw much, and though the former furnishes me with very ample details of what occurred during the visit, I find it somewhat hard to make the reader realize the situation without such frequent and long quotations from Luby as it is, for many reasons, impossible to give. I must simply give the dry bones of Luby's narrative. Just before O'Mahony's arrival, Father Kenyon had returned from a visit to Mitchel at Paris, full of wrath against Stephens, whom he had seen and quarrelled with, and strong in the desire to detach Luby from him. Luby of course introduced Kenyon to O'Mahony, and they met twice, John Martin being present the second time. Both these gentlemen liked O'Mahony much, as few indeed could fail to do, and asked him to visit them at their respective homes in Tipperary and Down, but he was either unable or unwilling to do so, and never saw either of them again. Kenyon on this occasion told Luby he would have no objection to see him following O'Mahony, if O'Mahony had been the leader, but how much the expression of this opinion was due to admiration of O'Mahony and how much to dislike of Stephens is not easy to guess. O'Mahony, naturally, was soon after

his arrival in Dublin brought into contact with Luby's recent recruits, and apparently was much pleased with what he saw of them, and at the general prospects of the Dublin organization. He soon after left for his sister's place.[1]

While there, he must have seen many of the more prominent men of the organization in and about Clonmel, Carrick-on-Suir, and the adjacent regions, and I should have before said that he was accompanied on his journey, at his own request, by Luby, as far as Kilkenny, where he saw all that could be shown him, and Kilkenny was all along one of the most flourishing centres of Fenianism. Kickham, who was a relative of his, he of course saw, and Mulcahy [2] too, and both of these ever after retained the strongest affection for him. Indeed both, and no doubt a good many others from the same part of the country, henceforward felt rather more *solidaire* with O'Mahony than with Stephens, and hence certain troubles and complications with which I shall have to deal hereafter. Many other men from parts of the country unvisited he must have seen too, and notably certain "conceited leading spirits of the Skibbereen School," as Luby calls them. From them and

[1] This sister was the mother of the well-known John Mandeville, whom I understand to have been of the same way of thinking all his life as his uncle, and to have only joined the Agrarian Movement some few months before his imprisonment, and it is my own suspicion—unsupported, however, by any positive evidence—that his adhesion to that movement was due very much more to the hereditary feud of the O'Mahony family with the Earls of Kingston than to any peculiar admiration for its policy or practices.

[2] Mulcahy attended him medically through his last illness.

other sources, aided, no doubt, by his own feelings and thoughts, he drew fresh draughts of discontent with Stephens and his general management of affairs, and returned to Dublin, after a much longer stay in the country than had been at all anticipated, full of more or less crude notions of reform.

He immediately, of course, made Luby acquainted with his plans, the chief of which seems to have been the formation of a certain council, which was to have charge of the organization during Stephens' absence, and to serve him as a sort of cabinet, I suppose, when he was in the country. Anyway, this scheme, properly enough, I think, at the time and under the circumstances, received no countenance from Luby, who said that, without entering into the merits or demerits of the question, it could not in the least be entertained in the absence of Stephens, seeing the duties and obligations by which they were bound. He went on to say that the first need of the situation was that Stephens should be brought back, as it was, I think, in now looking back upon the men and the time, the first and the last need. Immediately on his return there was a stormy interview with O'Mahony. "The captain" said that it was no wonder that things fell into disorder when O'Mahony, as his subordinate, failed to obey orders and send over money. O'Mahony retorted that he did not intend to remain subordinate, and so the storm went on, but, like all storms, came to an end at last. Then Stephens proposed to form some sort of County Councils [1] (being a sort of

[1] The minds of Fenians have been much exercised in after times

Liberal Unionist before his day), to look after purely local affairs. With this concession, which, however, never was, and (Luby thinks) never was meant to be carried into effect, O'Mahony was satisfied, for the time being, at least. Soon after this interview, some time, I should say, about March, 1861, O'Mahony sailed for America, taking back with him O'Sullivan (of Aghrim, or Bonane, for even in this small matter of *habitat* there are varying versions), the one "Phœnix martyr," as Luby calls him, and one, I suppose the last remaining, of those unfortunate drill-masters of whom mention has been made before. To sum up, I may as well quote the closing words of Luby's note, from which I have nearly altogether drawn such details as I have here given. "I fancy the Head Centre landed on Manhattan Island a sadder man than when he left it. I greatly doubt if he reached it a much wiser one. From this date onwards, feelings of jealousy between him and Stephens grew daily more intense and bitter."

About the time of O'Mahony's departure we lost two of the earliest and most devoted adherents of Fenianism —a Militia Staff Sergeant, named Jeffry O'Brien, and Beggs [1]—whom I have mentioned before as one of the original small band which may be said to have centred round Langan. About the same time, by way of com-

on this question of councils, as opposed to what was called the one-man power, and the reorganized (some time about 1868) Fenian body had a council.

[1] O'Brien I never met, but Beggs I knew well. He, too, had been for some time a soldier, and was a very simple, ardent, and unselfish character. Nor, though sadly lacking in judgment, was he at all without a certain sort of ability.

pensation, I suppose, Stephens was made acquainted with a new follower, John Devoy, then unknown, but afterwards very well known, indeed, in Fenian story. Vainly Stephens tried to dissuade this "obstinate young man," as he called him, from entering the French Foreign Legion, and so disappearing from the scene for a while. I have brought in Devoy's name, almost *apropos* of nothing here, chiefly because it can scarcely crop up in my narrative again, as it forms no part of my recollections of Fenianism proper, though the man himself played a prominent enough part in my life (as in that of Ireland later on) in what I may call its prison, Parisian, and intermittently American stages. There is the less need of my saying much about Devoy in that he has had a great deal to say about himself and things in general since he left prison, and what he has to say he mostly says very well, only I could wish but too often that what he had to say was different from what it is. But however all this may be, and notwithstanding the fact that Devoy took an active part in the Old Fenianism, and has played a most important *rôle* in its newer developments, still I think he will live in history (that is in so far as history is likely to take note of any of us, save Stephens) rather as the author of the "New Departure" and the founder (in quite as good a sense as any one can claim to be) of the Land League, rather than as any sort of a Fenian at all.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MOSTLY MY OWN MOVEMENTS.

STEPHENS and Luby set out soon after O'Mahony's departure on a long and very fruitful trip to the South.

The conspirators spent several weeks travelling, sometimes by car, but mostly on foot, through the greater part of Cork, Kerry, and Clare, meeting with good success everywhere, and scarcely at all hampered in their operations, save by the invariable, if not inevitable, obstacle of shortness of funds. They were accompanied during a great part of their journeyings by a new adherent named Pat O'Keeffe, "a smart, active young fellow," as Luby calls him (the son of a farmer in the neighbourhood of Kanturk), thenceforward destined to take a very active part in Fenian affairs.

I have spoken of the success of the expedition as being good everywhere, but it was not altogether unbroken, for there was some hitch in the proceedings at the beginning and towards the close of the journey.[1]

[1] I am not sure that this second hitch was not towards the close of a second journey, undertaken shortly after the one of which I have been talking above.

The first was at the historic town of Bandon, where the centre, a respectable shopkeeper of the name of O'Mahony,[1] but probably timid, as are most of his class, seems to have become disheartened by certain extravagant financial statements of Stephens, the exact nature of which Luby fails to recall. Anyway, from that time O'Mahony cooled down, and though I do not know that he actually ever left the organization, he did little in it thenceforward, and, I think, went to America some years before the critical period of 1865. The second incident, which could scarcely even be called a hitch, occurred in the almost equally historic town of Ennis. Here there flourished about that time, and indeed for many years after, an orating shoemaker of the name of Considine, whose main mission in life, which, by the way, he accomplished, was to get up a statue to O'Connell in Ennis. This Considine fastened himself on the two travellers, once holding forth, as Luby asserts, for five mortal hours in a very broken sort of English, but failing in the end to come up to the scratch. Not that there was any particular loss in all this save the loss of time, for Considine could be no gain to a body in which acting and not talking was wanted.

In fact, after this date and this journey, it might be fairly considered that there was nothing to prevent the spread of Fenianism, in the South at least, save that lack of funds of which I shall have to speak over and over again.

[1] A brother of the then Professor of Irish in Trinity College, and, I believe, a good Irish scholar himself.

But I must leave Luby and his wanderings with Stephens and come to my own more monotonous movements about this time; movements, however, which, though of little moment to the public, were painfully eventful to myself, and in a measure complicated and mixed up with Fenianism too. I have told how my young brother, Arthur, was in Paris when I got there early in 1859. I had made it a condition with Stephens before setting out on my journey westward, that he would not enlist Arthur before my return. But I found that Stephens had not kept to this condition. He alleged, in excuse or explanation, that Arthur had himself insisted on becoming a Fenian. Anyway, he was made one, and despatched by Stephens on some mission to his native county of Tipperary, chiefly having to do, I should think, with Mulcahy and the men in and about Clonmel; for in the town of Tipperary or its neighbourhood Stephens had not then, nor for a considerable time afterwards, any organization at all. Arthur, after a short stay at home, returned to Paris, remaining there, part of the time teaching English in a school and part of it living with Stephens, till the close of 1860, when he rejoined me in London. I had heard little of or from him, I think, during the months which must have intervened between my leaving Paris and his coming to London, but I have heard since that both Stephens and he were put to great straits for money during great part of the time, and must as a consequence have suffered certain privations. Anyway, my brother was clearly in bad health, and I determined to bring him

back to Tipperary, little dreaming then that I was only taking him home to die.

But that was not to be just yet. This visit of mine to Ireland, in company with my brother, must have occurred in or about the time of O'Mahony's arrival in Dublin, but whether a little before or a little after I know not, though I incline to think the former. Luby has a vivid recollection of having spent the greater part of a day and a night with us on our passage through Dublin, but he does not connect our visit chronologically or otherwise with O'Mahony's.

Some time I stayed on in Tipperary with my brother, and probably it was on my way back to London I saw O'Mahony. How long again, whether weeks or months (but if the latter they must have been few), I remained in London before I was abruptly recalled to Ireland by telegram, I am still unable with any precision to say. I came back only to find my brother in a more or less hopeless condition, and he died on the 6th of June, 1861, a day to me, save one other, the most sorrowful of all the days of my life. But I do not mean to dwell upon this or any other sorrow or any other event of my life, except in its connection, direct or indirect, with my Fenian story, and here, the chronology being otherwise hazy, that one definite and disastrous date certainly helps the story.

I think it must have been while I was staying in Tipperary, after I had brought back my brother, though it may have been at an earlier visit, that certain young men of the town, mindful no doubt of my Young

Ireland record, waited on me with the request that I should accept the presidency of a branch of the St. Patrick's Brotherhood which they wished to establish. I accepted the offer of the young men, but with a very decided *arrière pensée*. I had not, and did not pretend to have, any peculiar fancy for that or any previous agitating society, nor have I had much for any that have followed it. I held then, and I hold still, even after all the experience of the last ten years, that all agitating movements, however inevitable and necessary they may be, are at best but a necessary evil, involving all forms of self-seeking and insincerity, accompanied with outrage and violence, and opening up the widest field for the exercise of that treachery and cruelty which lies latent in human nature. Something of all this I must have said to my young Tipperary friends at the time, though I was more likely to have dwelt upon the self-seeking and the treachery than upon the rest, as at that time and in that locality there must have been a very clear picture before our minds of the scoundrelly Sadliers and Keoghs and their so-called "Brass Band." I then went on to tell the young men that there were other ways of winning freedom than by petitioning for Acts of Parliament which were never passed, or talking folly about green flags which the talkers never mean to unfurl. Some little I must have said about the older methods, that of Hugh O'Neill and Owen Roe, of Sarsfied and of Tone, which might not indeed then and there be practicable, but which could never be other than honourable. I soon found, however, that I had

little need for many words, to point any moral, for that I was, as the French say, preaching to the converted. These young men were all rebels to the heart's core.

To cut this little episode in my life short, I took the chair at some small meeting of the St. Patrick's Brotherhood a few nights after my talk with the young men, and then never heard any more of that particular local body over which I was supposed to preside. Several months after this night and my interview with the young men, but very soon after my brother's death, Stephens turned up in Tipperary, when I brought several of these young men to him and let him do unto them as he and they wished, having no doubt previously told him that I had little doubt of their perfect readiness and willingness. None of these young men, save one, do I ever remember to have seen since, nor do I even remember the names of any but a few,[1] but, as far as I know, they all bore themselves as men in the trying times that were to follow.

From the time I went to meet Stephens and Luby at Boulogne, early in 1859, down to the time at which I have now come in my narrative, about the middle of 1861, I was in more or less continuous if not constant intercourse with both of these gentlemen, by my residence

[1] The man whom I saw afterwards, and probably more than once, was a young National teacher of the name of Brohan, soon after very well known to the readers of the *Irish People* under the pseudonym of Harvey Birch. Another of the young men was a son of a respectable tailor of the name of Ryan, and the Walshes, the sons of a coachbuilder, if not enlisted then, must have been soon after, and were certainly active Fenians thenceforward both in Ireland and America.

in Paris and my frequent flying trips to Tipperary. During much of that period, I might be said, roughly speaking, to be cognizant of all that was going on. Neither then, nor indeed at any time, was I formally a Fenian, but I might be said to be a sort of sleeping partner in the concern, and indeed, in looking back upon the thing now, it would seem as if Stephens himself were in a semi-slumberous condition for large portions of the period. The heat and burden of the fray was borne by Luby, who then, as indeed through the whole of the Fenian movement, played a far bigger part than he has generally got credit for. Luby is loquacious enough in all conscience, and sufficiently voluminous, but he never had the art, so well understood in the Ireland of to-day, of blowing his own trumpet.

Some very short time after my brother's death I returned to London, and there I remained for the next two years, knowing little of what was going on in Ireland save what could be gathered from the papers, which were then, as indeed at all times known to me, with few exceptions, very unreliable sources of information.

Of course during all that period I thought and felt pretty much as I have felt from my boyhood down to the present day about the relations between England and Ireland. I believed then, as I believe still, that the feeling of Irish nationality is ineradicable, but neither then nor at any time, save perhaps for the few flaming months of 1848, have I been a sanguine man. We had been fighting the English, continuously or intermittently, for seven hundred years, and it was not hard to imagine

that we might have to go on fighting her for a still indefinite term. I had not in the least come to believe in the farce of Parliamentary representation,[1] but while my belief in the method of Stephens, as opposed to that of Maguire and the others, was as strong as ever, I think, or possibly only imagine, that my faith in Stephens himself had somewhat diminished. Then, during all this time, as, indeed, for long after, I was under the shadow of the first great sorrow of my life. For the time, then, I watched and waited, if somewhat despondently, certainly never despairingly, abating not one jot of my hatred of England, or perhaps rather, English rule in Ireland, or of my contempt for West Britonism in all its varied shapes and forms. Much, of course, I saw of Englishmen and their ways at this time, though much less than I might easily have done if I had been more pushingly inclined. In looking back upon that distant time, I feel or fancy that there was one thing which made my intercourse with Englishmen, and even with Irishmen of the so-called better classes, very much more disagreeable than it would be now. I felt my own impotence. I had tried and struggled and failed, and though, as I hope I have since shown, I was willing to strive and struggle and fail again, still I did not see my way to the renewal of the

[1] It was pure farce then, when our protagonist was Mr. J. F. Maguire, Sir John Gray, or another, and the other actors were what they were, and I for one have not ceased to see much that is farcical in it still, even now that our forty or the like have increased to eighty-six, and that in place of milk-and-water Maguires we have obstreperous O'Briens. Is it talking and walking that have altogether converted Mr. Gladstone, or rather something that he feels or fancies to be behind the talkers and walkers?

struggle just then, so I felt in a measure sunk in my own esteem. I do not know whether it was at this time or another that an Englishman, a strong personal friend, in reply to some more or less protracted argument of mine in favour of our right to shake off the yoke of England, said, "You have the right, but you have not the might; go do it, and don't be talking about it." I told my friend that his line of argument, if a trifle brutal, was entirely unanswerable; that personally I meant to try and do it, but that, *en attendant*, I felt that silence on that subject was, if not the most advisable, certainly the most dignified course.

One thing I believed myself to have observed in my early visits to England, and subsequent experience has only confirmed me in the impression I formed then, that no Irishman of any spirit loses his sense of belonging to a separate nationality by residence in England, or by intercourse with Englishmen anywhere. On the contrary, many Irishmen, from family surroundings, starting from the vicious West British point of view, are not long in England before they are driven to look upon things with quite other eyes. They find that to the ordinary Englishman[1] they are no sort of Britons at all, but simply amusing, likeable sort of fellows, with next to

[1] Of course in this year, 1890, as I write, things seem to have altogether changed with a large section of Englishmen. To certain Englishmen, and still more to certain Englishwomen, mostly, however, of the meaner order of capacity, Irishmen have come to wear quite an angelic appearance. How much of this new mood is felt, or how much feigned, I know not, but I assure our admirers that our way of regarding them, no matter what some of us may say, has not materially altered.

no sense or judgment, and, of course, with a large measure of un-English unveracity in their composition. Naturally no self-respecting Irishman likes the half-pitying, contemptuous feeling with which he is regarded, and this quite irrespective of his class or his creed. The West Britisher fondly and foolishly imagines that as a Protestant, or a gentleman, or a man of English race, the English would differentiate him from the ruck of his countrymen. But they don't. An Irish duke is quite the same to your average Englishman as an Irish coal-heaver, and it is quite natural that he should be so. To be sure, if the Englishman be, as he is but too likely to be, somewhat of a snob, he bows down before the duke, but still guards in his inmost core a fine flavour of his superiority to the Irishman. A Southern planter would not respect a negro[1] any the more because he were the King of Congo, and the feeling of the ordinary Britisher comes out well in that far from ordinary Britisher, Thackeray, when he talks with alliterative contempt of the native princes of Connaught and Caffraria.

[1] People may tell me that the English do not regard the Irish as negroes, which is true, but they speak of, and in a measure regard, the Hindus, who are racially as high as themselves or ourselves, as "niggers." There is no question of logic or reason in the matter, but only of feeling or ill-feeling.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE M'MANUS FUNERAL.

THE great national event of the period at which I have now arrived, all-important indeed to Fenianism, but having also a very serious effect upon the fortunes of the country at the time and since, was the M'Manus funeral.[1] The reader will, perhaps, remember that, in speaking of the trials for high treason in Clonmel in 1848, I dwelt somewhat upon the simple and manly bearing of M'Manus, who was little, if at all, known to fame at the time of his trial and conviction, and who, indeed, had done nothing in the intervening years to increase his reputation. He had, however, the one all-redeeming merit in the eyes of his countrymen—he had risked his life and lost his liberty for Ireland. He had been sent to Australia with O'Brien, O'Donoghue, and

[1] Inaugurating several similar demonstrations since, the most notable of which was the O'Mahony one, some sixteen years after, all showing clear as the sun at noonday that the heart of the country always goes out to the man who lives and dies an unrepentant rebel. The rebel can reckon upon nothing in life; he is sure to be calumniated, he is likely to be robbed, and may even be murdered, but let him once go out of life, and he is sure of a fine funeral.

Meagher, but had soon escaped from the colony, taking up his residence, on reaching America, in San Francisco, where he had spent the time up to his death in business, not over successfully, and I believe not always over steadily. Unlike, however, many more successful and better known '48 men, he had never shown in any way that he had become other than what he was in the dock in Clonmel, and now he was dead in a distant land, and his countrymen, in the land of his death and birth, felt that he had deserved well of them, and paid his remains these honours that will make his name and fame—good and true, if not great—well known to many generations of his countrymen.

So much for the outward and public aspect of the thing at the time, and in a sense its meaning for all time; but the movement had an inner significance too, bearing directly on my story, though coming but imperfectly and indirectly within the scope of my recollections. It may be said to have been a great Fenian demonstration from first to last. It was suspected all along, that is, from the arrival of the remains in this country, that it was meant to be so, and hence great exertions were made by several of the Young Irelanders, and others among the more moderate, as they are called, but anyway milder kind of Nationalists, to take control of the funeral arrangements out of the hands of those who were managing them, *sub rosa*. Of all these negotiations, machinations, and contentions I have received the fullest and most ample accounts from my friend Luby, who, by the way, throughout played the

most prominent part on the Fenian side. I regret that I can only glean a fact or fancy here and there out of this mass of material, which, however, will, I hope, see the light of day some time or other, substantially, if not bodily.

As far as one could at all gather at the time, or so far as anything is known about the matter since, the idea of bringing back the body to Ireland originated with a small group of Irish Nationalists at San Francisco. Immediately, or soon after these had set to work, a committee was formed in New York, and there and in some other places Irishmen were soon found in co-operation with their brethren in California. Naturally like-minded people in Ireland were not slow to follow the American lead, and so, as Luby tells me, "Pretty early after the design was first formed, a committee of young men in Dublin took up the work of making preparations to receive the '48 patriot's remains. These young men belonged mainly to the new Dublin organization, but some outsiders not very prominent were also admitted to membership of the committee."

Stephens at first seemed to look coldly on the prospect, or at least felt but imperfectly sympathetic, but as the young men persisted, he simply warned them to keep the control of the business in their own hands. "But," as Luby says, "as we saw the time rapidly approaching, when M'Manus's remains must actually arrive, both he and I gradually grew interested and anxious about making a success of the intended procession and ceremony, and finally he assumed a sort

of secret or outside[1] direction of the whole business."

On the 21st of August, 1861, the body left San Francisco, and arrived at New York on the 15th of September. The remains were laid in state in the Catholic Cathedral, where a solemn High Mass and Requiem were celebrated, the Archbishop of New York preaching a sermon on the occasion, from which I may quote at least one sentence, as showing the very different way in which rebels were regarded, at that time at least, in New York and in Dublin:—"The young man whose brief and chequered career has come to an end in a distant land, to whose memory and remains you pay your respects, was one who was willing to sacrifice—and, I may say, did sacrifice—his prospects in life, and even his life itself, for the freedom of the country which he loved so well, and which he knew had been oppressed for centuries." For that he was honoured, and in a sense blessed, by the highest ecclesiastical authority in New York, while for that he was banned, and in a sense cursed, by an equally high ecclesiastical authority in Dublin.

So far all had gone well and comparatively smoothly, but now certain difficulties were to be thrown in the way of the people who had so far carried out the project successfully, and an attempt made to snatch the control of it out of their hands. I fear it must be allowed that this obstruction policy was mainly, if not entirely, due to

[1] Apparently meaning outside of the committee, whose action was, of course, made public.

the action of certain of the Young Ireland leaders, and such followers of theirs as The O'Donoghue and Mr. A. M. Sullivan, who, to put the mildest construction on their actions or motives, seemed to have wished to make the funeral a mere commemoration of the past, having no significance in the present, and affording no lesson for the future. M'Manus had lived and died a rebel. With them all that was a thing of the past. 1848 was dead and gone, a mere thing of memory, and to many of them scarcely among the pleasures of memory. To Stephens, Luby, and their friends and followers, things, however, wore quite another aspect. They felt that they were carrying out the principles of '48 to their legitimate consequences by reverting to that solider and sterner policy of '98, from which the '48 men had themselves so largely drawn their inspiration.

Luby has entered upon all this largely with me, fighting his old battles over again, *con amore;* but it is impossible for me to follow him into details. Suffice it to say that the most mischievous part in all these obstructive proceedings was played by Luby's and my old friend, Father Kenyon, the combative P.P. of Templederry, who had, on first coming to town, met Stephens at Luby's house, and appeared to be quite in harmony with them and their views. He had even been asked and consented to deliver the funeral oration. But here was the first hitch. When Kenyon went on to tell what he meant to say it was soon found that the thing would never do, being what Luby calls a mere aspirationist oration, lauding Nationality as an ideal to be for ever kept

carefully before the imagination, and making patriotism to consist largely, if not entirely, in keeping up this ideal, without any, or almost any effort to carry it into practice. Naturally, that was not the lesson we meant the M'Manus funeral to teach, and so another oration, if not another orator, must be sought for, and Stephens, in addition to his other secret labours, took upon himself this task also. How he fulfilled it will be seen further on. Luby gives full and funny details of the genesis of this production, and reminds me, no doubt accurately, that I did not think too highly of it at the time. I cannot exactly say what I should think of it now, not having it by me as I write, but I was then, and probably am still, a trifle hypercritical, and I never then or since admired what bordered on the high-faluting, and I think this crossed the border sometimes. But I shall give the reader an opportunity of deciding this matter for himself before I close this chapter.[1]

[1] We have taken very much of late to imitating our French cousins in this matter of funeral orations, and it would certainly be well we took to studying them too, as the great models in that *genre*. We cannot, of course, hope to produce Massillons or Bourdaloues in a hurry, but we should either try to do the thing well or cease to do it at all. Of course, in giving the two names above, I am not confusing sermons in churches with funeral addresses in graveyards or elsewhere, though the difference in the place or person does not, after all, make so much in the nature of the work itself. One gentleman—no longer, I am sorry to say, among us—was very admirable in this line—I mean, of course, Mr. Denny Lane, of Cork, whose address some years ago, on the late Joe Ronayne, was quite up to the level of the French standard; and the *eloge*, written but not delivered by the late Matt Harris, on John O'Mahony, and which was so highly lauded by Sir Henry James, was certainly a very brilliant and effective performance in its way. When I add to these names those of Kickham and

During the week that preceded the funeral all sorts of intrigues were carried on at the Shelbourne Hotel, where Miss M'Manus and most of the American delegates were staying. Every effort was made to take the management of the business out of the hands of the Fenians, by playing upon the religious fears of Miss M'Manus, and by various other devices, but as all finally failed, and the enterprise was brought to a triumphant conclusion, I do not think it necessary to go into them. On the night before the funeral there was a very stormy meeting of the committee at the Mechanics' Institute, when Luby made, I believe, his first, and certainly one of his very few appearances on a public platform.[1] He and Stephens had remained quite behind the scenes during the previous week, but something told Luby that the intriguers would be at work to the last, so he rushed off to the meeting, where he was at once elected a member of the committee, and found himself immediately in direct and violent contest with his old friend, Father Kenyon, who through the night as through the week was the chief of the obstructors and intriguers. The first fight was over the chairmanship of the meeting, and the first victory scored in the election

Mulcahy, who did what they had to do in this way effectively, I have exhausted the list of those whom I at all know to have in any way distinguished themselves in this somewhat difficult art.

[1] I, of course, mean in Ireland and before he went to America. There he has figured on many, as there was no reason why he should not. I have always thought it was a great pity he could not cultivate his oratorical gifts, which I think were very great, earlier in his life, for he must have been about fifty years of age when, after coming out of prison, he got to America.

of Maurice O'Donoghue, a then utterly unknown Fenian, in opposition to the then very well known, and then (by foolish persons) much admired Daniel O'Donoghue, better known as The O'Donoghue, "The Chieftain of the Glens," and the like.[1] Attempts were afterwards made to alter the arrangement about the funeral oration; either to get it dispensed with altogether or to get Kenyon substituted for Captain Smith as the speaker. But these moves and motions and many others (among them one made, Luby believes, by Gray, of the *Freeman*, that the committee should make another appeal to Archbishop Cullen) utterly failed, Luby carrying the whole meeting with him, owing, no doubt, to the concerted action of the Fenian part of the audience, which if numerically probably not the largest part of it, was

[1] The fate of these two O'Donoghues was as strangely different as were their intrinsic merits. Maurice died at or on account of the Tallaght affair in 1857, and his name will find a nook in the memory of many of his countrymen for generations to come, whereas Daniel, The O'Donoghue, after various twists and turns, became a somewhat Whiggish M.P., and died, some years ago, nearly utterly forgotten, and certainly entirely ignored by the great body of his countrymen. Yet these two men at that time seemed moving in the same direction. But I shall have to speak again of The O'Donoghue. I brought him in here merely to contrast him with his namesake.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman (or Celtic) blood."

I have been told, long after writing the foregoing part of this note, that it was a Stephen O'Donoghue (whom I take, erroneously perhaps, to be a brother of Maurice) who died at Tallaght. However, this note may stand, for The O'Donoghue enters largely, though anything but pleasantly, into my "recollections of the time," and I have no doubt that Maurice O'Donoghue, as well as Stephen, was "a good man and true."

strong in its organization and the clear knowledge of what it wanted.

And so the programme, as planned by Stephens and Luby, was, greatly owing to the exertions of the latter, to be carried out in its entirety. The morning of the 10th of November dawned threateningly over the silent and slushy streets of Dublin, and Luby tells me graphically, but too lengthily for extract, how anxious and apprehensive he grew as the morning went on and he wended his way to the Mechanics' Institute, where the body lay. He goes on to say that, though the time for starting was drawing near, there were apparently very few people about the building, but after waiting anxiously for some time "he was surprised to see, on awakening from a short but painful reverie, a goodly number of people gathered, and felt puzzled to know how, or where, they had sprung up so suddenly." Still he says he was not quite reassured. "But when the moment for the procession to start had all but come, I was astonished to find the numerous groups all round thronging into line. This really produced on my mind an effect almost such as would a display of magical phantasmagoria called up by the wand of some Prospero." Here happily, and farther on, I can avail myself textually of Luby's aid. "But the moment had come. The coffin was borne out and placed in the hearse. The word was given. The leading bands struck up a funeral march, gradually taken up by bands at intervals all along the line, and the vast procession moved slowly in the direction of the Custom House, every man wear-

ing a crape badge of mourning. Of course the several trades and societies (I think the Foresters, for example) bore aloft their various banners. Horsemen, selected from our own Brotherhood, in semi-military costume, some of them ex-soldiers of the company, some, too, who had served in the regular British army, ex-cavalry and artillery men, and one, Jack Healey, an ex-sapper and miner—all these, with marshals on foot, bearing white wands, preserved order all along the whole line of march. In fact the Metropolitan Police that day abdicated their functions and left the preservation of order completely to ourselves, and never was order better maintained in Dublin streets than on that proud day.

"The procession now turned down Gardiner Street. The broad human column almost filled the entire centre of that long street. The side walks were crammed with spectators. In every house all the windows from top to bottom were thronged. Nothing could be more solemn and grave than the aspect of the marching men, nothing more decorous than that of the lookers on, moving along the side walks, or of those looking down wonder-stricken from the windows. No doubt many gazed on that day who had no sympathy with our principles or aims. But, all the same, there was no attempt to insult or scoff. All looked serious and interested, seeming at heart to feel that the countless men passing before their eyes were in earnest and full of some great idea. But I had myself as yet no adequate notion of the magnitude of this unparalleled demonstration. It was only when about to turn into Britain Street that I first ven-

tured to look back. Then, indeed, I was over-awed. I saw the whole length of Gardiner Street filled with dense masses of men, and fresh masses, endlessly, as it seemed, still defiling into it from the direction of Abbey Street. I speak the truth when I tell you that I gasped for breath and felt my chest heave; I could have sobbed and cried. I felt, as I never felt before or since, the grandeur, the magnetism of an immense crowd of human beings, when all are, for the time being, gloriously animated with one and the same noble aspiration and conviction. The procession now moved along Britain Street. But I shall not attempt to follow all its windings, which, if my memory do not fail me, made up a march of seven miles through slushy ways and dreary weather. Even some of the hostile papers (the *Evening Mail*, I think, for one) were impressed by this evidence of persistent earnestness. When the funeral reached the quays—especially when we were crossing the old bridge (then still in existence) known as 'Bloody Bridge'—I well remember the sight of the long line moving up the quay, and yet still being reinforced by fresh files of men, seemingly interminable, issuing from one of the side streets, was far more than merely imposing. It was absolutely marvellous. At length the head of the procession reached Thomas Street; and now something truly impressive took place. Spontaneously, as the foremost files passed by Catherine's Church, (where Robert Emmet died on the scaffold) every man uncovered his head. As slowly the dense black columns moved along in funeral pomp the generous impulse runs down the entire line.

Not a man but passes the sacred spot bare-headed. In Thomas Street, as elsewhere, the side walks and the windows of every house are crowded with spectators, and, in this part of the city, all are more or less sympathizers.

"It was, I believe, pretty generally estimated, in the Dublin journals of the time, that 200,000 people were that day in the streets, either marching in the procession or standing or moving on the side walks. To set down those who marched in procession at 50,000 is (I am confident) short of the true number. Nor do I think it an exaggeration to say that the funeral movement—in the course of which the '48 patriot's remains were borne over two continents and carried across the New World on their way to the Old—seems to me something in its kind unparalleled, or, at least, only to be compared with the second burial of the great Napoleon. But, in the last-named pageant, the power and resources of a great nation were called into action, while the M'Manus funeral was the unaided effort of a populace trampled on or expatriated.

"I hardly deem it necessary to call your attention to those fools, who—combining the silliest extremes of credulity and scepticism—denied that the remains of M'Manus were brought over at all, as if it were not far easier to bring over a coffin filled with his bones than one filled with stones. What made the success of our funeral movement even more striking was the admirable behaviour of the people on that day—both those taking an active part and those merely looking on. Vast as the

crowd was, no accident occurred; neither man, nor woman, nor child was hurt.

"After getting past Catherine's Church we moved faster, on to Dame Street and College Green; then by Westmoreland Street, over Carlisle Bridge, and down the whole length of spacious Sackville Street, all the way attracting crowds of spectators of all classes, and finally on and on, till we arrived at the gate of Glasnevin Cemetery. During much of the latter part of our march I had begun to be tortured by a certain anxiety; I feared the approach of darkness, lest we should be unable to have the speech read over the grave. You can easily understand how its delivery had become more than ever an essential point with us, after the turbulent wranglings of the preceding night.

"But at last the grave is reached, all the principal men standing round it, others, too, pressing near to see what was going on. Father Lavelle repeats some prayers over the grave. I need not tell you that the regular chaplain of the cemetery, pursuant to archiepiscopal orders, I suppose, is conspicuous by his absence. Next Lavelle takes it on him to deliver what he deems a patriotic harangue, which perhaps it may have been, more or less. I catch none of the words." Here Luby goes into some details of his troubles and anxieties, proposals made that, in consequence of the darkness, the speech should be read elsewhere, or there the next day, which were all properly rejected by him, on the ground that any such concession would look like a certain amount of defeat. At last certain torches which Luby

had sent for are brought up, and he goes on to tell us how "Captain Smith set to work like a Trojan. 'In order to arrange my ideas the better,' quoth he, by way of preface, 'I have reduced my thoughts to writing.' He stumbled only once over a word. The effect of the torchlight gleaming on the dark excited faces around the grave was superb." Here I give the speech, of which I have spoken somewhat before, and of which I need say little here. It served its purpose fairly well at the time, and that is sufficient to be able to say of most speeches as indeed of most things :—

"Fellow-countrymen,—A few months ago the sacred treasure we have just committed to the hallowed soil of Ireland lay in a grave thousands of miles away by the waters of the vast Pacific. We have raised him from the grave, and with feelings that no king has ever won —could ever command—have borne him over a continent and two seas—the greatest space over which the dust of man has ever been carried by the faith, love, and power of his kind. Oh! that some voice could have whispered in the dying ear of M'Manus the prophecy of this unparalleled honour to his ashes! For even you, who, in the teeth of oppression, have with a sublime tenacity clung to the home where first you felt a mother's love, cannot realize the anguish of the exile doomed to die and leave his bones for ever in a foreign land. On his soul, if not the basest of his race, the shadows of death close in, trailing unutterable agonies. Oh, God! that this should be the fate of any Irishman! much more of one who lived and died for Ireland! Yet

this was the doom of many a noble patriot of our land. Alas! they fell in evil days. But now, with almost half her sons in arms, and all the others chafing in the chains, the stricken mother takes her latest martyr to her breast. Who can challenge his right to rest there, honoured and revered? It has not been left for me to tell —it has been often and eloquently told, and it is known to all—how for Ireland M'Manus felt and strove, suffered and died. Who can forget how—a type of devotion, valour and constancy—he, at the call of duty, spurned beckoning fortune, and hurried where his spirit saw fame and victory weaving their crowns of glory on our hills. And when the vision mocked his eager faith, and hard reality stood there to try his soul, he never blanched or wavered. Unawed by danger—unmoved by argument or entreaty—to the last he remained faithful to his country and his chief! Who can forget his manly bearing in the dock, the convict ship, and the penal settlement? And when, by a bold and honourable effort, once more a freeman among the free, he shows himself still the same—faithful to the people, believing in them, loving them, devoted to them. He would rather take blame to himself than let fall a word that might slime the manhood of our sacred isle. I feel bound to signalize another proof of this man's truth to Ireland and to himself, as well as of scorn and defiance of the enemy of his race. Far from seeking, or allowing others to seek, pardon for what he believed the glory of his life, every attempt to intercede for him he repudiated with strong disdain. A freeman, or a soldier bringing

freedom, he would return to the land that bore him, else would he never see her shores again. He never saw them more! but even when disease was fast breaking down the stalwart frame, he spoke of Ireland, constantly asking, "Is there any hope?" That coffin speaks of more than hope to-day, for it gives us faith and stern resolve to do the work for which M'Manus died. What honours could over-guerdon the worth of such a man? Great, however, as we know that worth to be, and deeply as we love and revere his memory, it is not to the individual patriot that this national funeral, with all its grandeur and solemnity, has been accorded. In our minds out there the spirit of Irish liberty went hand in hand with the spirit of the dead. We would honour the patriot, but at the same time we would know if the assertion—loudly reiterated by some, however stoutly and repeatedly denied by others—were true that the Irish people have proved false to their history, their destiny, not only to aspire after freedom, but to toil for it, battle for it, suffer for it, till they clasp it to their hearts for ever. We believed that the funeral of M'Manus would test the truth. If the Irish people—we reasoned—fail to honour this man, we shall look on them as a doomed race. If, on the other hand, they show the feeling and power we would fain believe vital among them, then shall we return to our brothers rejoicing, confident in our country's future, and for ever and in all ways bound to the cause for which M'Manus died. Well, having seen with our own eyes, we are convinced that the Irishmen of to-day are true as any of their predecessors. We have always been so

sure of our brothers in America that what we saw in New York gave us no surprise. It is only about the men at home that we could have had a doubt at all; and sometimes on the broad Atlantic, recollecting our assembled might in the Empire City, the question would recur—Has our faith been built on shifting sands? On Sunday last this question was settled for life in the city of Cork, for in presence of the feeling, power, and order witnessed on that day, the sceptical would be also base. Here I beg to allude to an incident of such touching beauty that I shall never think of it without a fresh delight. At midnight a large body of men met at the Tipperary Junction the train that was bearing the hallowed dust. No voice or stir of any kind was heard, but all, uncovering their heads, knelt and prayed awhile. Then they rose, and, with heads uncovered and the silence of the dead, they remained in their places till the train drove away, when they knelt again, and so we saw them praying with earnest reverence till we were borne out of sight. A great and solemn greeting awaited the martyr's ashes at the Dublin station, where three to four hundred men, with uncovered heads and in reverential silence, stood ready to convey the funeral car to the hall in which the sacred treasure has since lain in state. The thousands that day and night, during the whole week, flocked to this sacred shrine, gave promise of the multitude—in numbers, still more in feeling and order, never equalled in the capital of Ireland—that to-day has followed M'Manus to the grave. Fellow countrymen, you have accomplished a great as well as a holy

work this day, and I congratulate you with all my heart and soul, leaving to the future the unveilment of its full significance. I shall now but call attention to the fact, perhaps the greatest in our history, that from beginning to end it has been the work of the people alone. With the knowledge of your power this grand result should teach you the great, the essential virtue of self-reliance. You have hitherto proved yourselves fully equal to the conduct of your own affairs. Why did you ever doubt your capabilities? You, the strong of heart and arm, are also strong in intellect—in the practical faculties needed to complete your task. Employ these faculties wisely—without noise or bustle—and with untiring persistence in the interests of your country, and the day for which our fathers yearned, struggled, fought and suffered cannot now be very far off."

I have thought it better to take Luby's plain, unvarnished story of the closing scenes in the demonstration rather than to hunt up some contemporary penny-a-lining description. His memory can be safely relied on, and he, of course, saw and felt the whole thing, of which indeed he was a great part, with far other than the common eye or heart. I need add but little to what he has said. The M'Manus funeral was certainly a great event in the annals of Fenianism, and no small one, I think, in the annals of Ireland. It proved, with a picturesque force unequalled before or since, how the great heart of the country goes out to the rebel, whether he be dead a century or only a year. Two funerals have I seen, and no others have I either seen or

heard of, at least in these later days, which might be compared with that of M'Manus—these were the funerals of Gambetta and Parnell. The first was a bigger and more imposing demonstration in every way, and the second was possibly as great in numbers and nearly as earnest in spirit. But how different the circumstances! In the two latter cases you had the two foremost statesmen of France and Ireland dying in the flower of their age and under more or less tragic conditions; in the former there was little present to the imagination but the unrepentant rebel. In the one case, the men were much (if not everything); in the other, the cause was all in all.

CHAPTER XX.

THE "TRENT" AFFAIR.

THE next event in the annals of Fenianism, arising out of the once well-known *Trent* affair, followed rather close upon the M'Manus funeral, and, as Luby says, emphasized our power for good or ill perhaps as remarkably as the funeral itself had done.

It is only necessary, by way of preface, to recall to the reader's mind the fact that, on the 9th of November, 1861, Captain Wilkes, commanding the Federal war steamer, *San Jacinto*, ordered Lieutenant Fairfax to board the English mail packet *Trent*, and take from it the two Confederate envoys, Slidell and Mason, and their secretaries. They were brought into Boston on the 19th of the same month. It will be within the memory of all men of a certain age, and in the knowledge of all who have read of the American War, how great was the commotion raised in England at this outrage to the "Flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," and what a horrible war of words was waged for several weeks in the papers of Great Britain and the States, with the result of producing a feeling, almost universal in the ordinary or average mind, that another war than that of

words was becoming fast inevitable. And here was a grand opportunity for our agitators and popularity hunters, upon whom had not at all dawned at that time any vision of the universal brotherhood of man, including, of course, the union of hearts between the two neighbouring countries of England and Ireland. Far other were the dreams of these gentlemen. "A meeting," I quote from Luby, "was forthwith announced for the 5th of December. Placards filled the walls all over Dublin: "War between America and England—Sympathy with America—Ireland's Opportunity," and so forth. This substantially. The intriguers craftily added that the time at length had come for the formation of a new patriotic organization—to be not a villainous secret one, as ours was said to be, but honest, open, above board; in short, blatant, of the old stereotyped canting, humbugging stamp. Resolutions sympathetic with Federal America were to form the first acts of the drama. But then was to come the cream or true significance of the business. A resolution calling for the establishment of the brand new organization was to be proposed and seconded."

Stephens at once resolved to oppose this new scheme, and Luby goes on to tell how the opposition was successfully carried out. "When the appointed night arrived, our men were in good force in the Round Room of the Rotunda, the theatre of the play. I was sent down to see that things went right. My instructions were these: the earlier resolutions—those of sympathy with Federal America—were to be let pass unopposed: to be sustained

in fact. But, as soon as the new organization business was put forward, Jeremiah Kavanagh,[1] now conspicuous and popular in Dublin, was to propose an amendment to the effect, that a committee should be then named and appointed, to deliberate and report on the business question, whether or not the actual crisis demanded a new organization. If Kavanagh, through any unforeseen accident, were to fail to put in an appearance, I was to move the amendment: and supposing that the enemy should withdraw the resolution (of which, as will be seen, there was more than a chance, for our counter machinations had leaked out more or less) then our amendment should be moved as a substantive resolution.

"And now imagine us in the thronged Round Room of the Rotunda. To say that we had seven hundred of our men in that large crowd would, I think, be an exaggeration. But we knew the game and what we were about; and the others—especially the masses—didn't. Therein lay the secret of our self-confidence. The regular business of the meeting begins. The O'Donoghue took the chair; this time by the grace of God and all sections, and amid loud cheering. I forget the exact words of his speech. I don't think that his matter amounted to much, but I must confess that the tone and manner of his delivery were decidedly pleasing and effective. He was handsome, too, with a tall, well-proportioned figure. A closer glance, however, showed that his mouth was too small, his nose too long, and his eyes too deficient in boldness for perfect manly beauty. When he resumed

[1] One of the Californian delegates to the M'Manus funeral.

his seat, he at once entered in lively fashion into conversation with me, beginning by remarking "what a nice speaker P. J. Smyth was, and how he had never heard him speak before." But as soon as possible I turned the talk to business. I said I was very glad to have the opportunity of speaking to him. I knew a gentleman very desirous to have an interview with him about national affairs. In short, I induced him to name an hour next day, when he would call on Stephens.

"I made no mystery as to the course to be taken by my friends at the present meeting; told him we had put his name on the committee, which we meant to propose. He seemed for a moment hesitating about this; seemed to fear that he would have no real influence on our committee. But the late Andrew Nolan soothed his pride by saying how he felt convinced that 'every one would listen with the greatest deference to The O'Donoghue's advice.' After wavering and changing his mind, he agreed that his name should go on our committee. I may say here that a list of the men to be proposed was on Stephen's paper of instructions, my name after those of most or all of the outsiders whom he had put on. Indeed, several of our own men's names were placed above mine, for sake of mystification.

"The speakers to the two American resolutions were, as far as I can remember, P. J. Smyth, Thos. Neilson Underwood, Timothy Daniel Sullivan, and Martin Andrew O'Brennan. Smyth spoke nicely. Both his manner and matter were agreeable. O'Brennan rolled forth no end of *rhaumaish*; Underwood volumes of shimble-

shamble stuff. As for T. D. Sullivan, he spoke like a man in terror-struck expectation of some impending horror. He implored the audience, by the memory of the pale bleeding head once held forth on the scaffold in Thomas Street—at the spot which they had recently marched past with uncovered heads—to listen to the blessed counsels of peace and harmony. All the time he spoke, his head, arms, legs, and whole body worked convulsively. Indeed, to realize in your mind his extravagant gestures, you must picture to yourself all the sails of a windmill in full motion."

Mr. Sullivan has, I understand, since gained some reputation as a speaker in England, in the Union of Hearts interest, though, as the reader sees, he was all in the Robert Emmet line of business at the time of which I am now speaking. But I must return to Luby's narrative.

"All the time these three were canting and blathering I was busy explaining things to P. J. Smyth and A. M. Sullivan—this was the only time in my life I ever spoke to the latter—and still addressing an occasional word to The O'Donoghue. With the most amiable frankness, I spoke of our instructions. 'What do you propose to do?' asked P. J. Smyth. With all the urbanity in life I answered, 'When you bring forward your resolution about the formation of a new organization, we shall at once move an amendment.' I explained what our amendment would be. 'But,' resumed Smyth, 'if we withdraw our resolution, for harmony's sake, what then?' 'Why then,' said I, 'we'll still move our amendment as a substantantive resolution.' 'But, good God,' exclaimed A.

M. Sullivan despairingly, 'what good would that do you? If we withdrew our resolution, have you not gained all you seek for?'" To which Luby replied that that was not all he wanted, that he had no guarantee that they would not come there, a week or a month after, and put him and his friends to the same trouble and bother again. So they, in so far as in them lay, meant to make an end of the matter there and then.

But the time arrives for the special resolutions. They put in no appearance. Whereupon, up rose Jeremiah Kavanagh to propose our amendment as a resolution. He is greeted with a tempest of cheers. He spoke in his usual rough-and-ready style. I forget everything he said. The resolution is seconded, by whom I also forget. It is put from the chair and carried amid a whirlwind of acclamations. The names of the Commitee appointed by us—both the fogies well known in Dublin, and myself, and the long roll of our boys, all but utterly unknown quantities to the public, were received with echoing plaudits. This was the excruciatingly funny part of the performance. The majority present, led by the nose, actually believed the meeting to be a most harmonious proceeding; a very model of united action. So probably next day did the good general public.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE O'DONOGHUE, THE SULLIVANS, THE YOUNG IRELANDERS.

SOME few days after the meeting,[1] The O'Donoghue called upon Stephens, and, according to the latter, who described him as a "queer sort of fellow," he promised a kind of general outside co-operation, consenting at the same time to act on the committee that had been appointed at the meeting. A short time later, The O'Donoghue called on Stephens again, and withdrew his consent to serve on the Committee, and indeed his promises of general co-operation. This was owing to some not overwise letters, addressed to The O'Donoghue at the time, by Smith O'Brien. But, as Luby says simply, "he was no great loss." Here I must draw upon Luby again for a general view of the situation.

"The M'Manus funeral and the *Trent* meeting had beyond doubt vigorously fanned the growing popular belief in our power and audacity. Especially

[1] Much more attention than he deserves is here given to this gentleman, who, save that he had a fair presence and a fluent tongue, had little good in him, or indeed, little anything. He looked big, however, at the time, and certainly had a big position, if only he knew how to keep it, and so seemed a person to be reckoned with, if not to be reckoned upon.

had they impressed and, to a certain degree, intimidated those Irishmen who disliked both ourselves and our methods, and if, so far, those incidents had done us considerable service, they had on the other hand roused into fierce life against us rancorous and unscrupulous hostility. After all, our enemies were not going to allow us full swing, without first having another trial of strength between themselves and us. Generally speaking, the priestly folk now became our most aggressive and inveterate enemies. As far as they had known anything about us previously, they had indeed never been our friends. But up to the date of the recent demonstrations, they had known comparatively little about us. Hence their opposition—being for a long time merely local and intermittent—had given us no very serious trouble, or, at least, none that we could not easily thrust aside or get the better of. Soon after our triumphs, however, we began to experience a state of things very different and infinitely more formidable. The Alexander Sullivanite faction co-operated viciously and actively with the priests and *voteens* in their malignant and ceaseless efforts to bring our movement into disrepute with our countrymen. That clique—composed of the remnants of the Young Irelanders and all those who still looked up to them as their prophets and their guides in national affairs—while not very active or energetic against us, or, indeed, as a rule, ostentatiously visible in the ranks of our opponents—nevertheless bore us no good will; and it is even, I think, fairly certain that they would have exulted to

see our enemies prove too strong for us. Probably they sometimes privately encouraged the latter in their war against us, and, possibly, even now and then, actually co-operated with them in some underhand or shamefaced fashion, just as they had done during the events which formed the subject-matter of my last letter to you."[1] But to pass from these more or less public proceedings, and Luby's comments on them, to what he goes on to tell me of the private working of the machine at this very time, the many shifts the "Captain" and himself were put to to make the two ends meet, and the consequent hindering and hampering of the work. "It may appear strange to you," he says, "that immediately after his most cheering hours of triumph, Stephens should find himself more impecunious than ever. But such was the fact. Though the Yankee-Irish delegates were now back in America, and had had plenty of time to tell their exciting story; we at home were, notwith-

[1] I have thought it right to allow my friend to give his impressions about the conduct of the remnant of the Young Irelanders, but they are only given as views or beliefs not proven facts, based upon circumstances and surmises not given. I do not care to go into the matter myself any more than I can help, but, that a sort of mingled feeling of jealousy and contempt towards the Fenians has ever existed in the Young Ireland mind, I know but too well. My old friend Leonard had this feeling to perfection, and my friend Sir C. G. Duffy largely shares in this or some similar feeling. In his many late utterances on Irish affairs he seems scarcely to be aware that there was any important movement in Ireland between that Tenant Right one, of which he was a great part, and the Land League one, in which he took no part, and yet, *pace* Sir Charles, the Fenian movement was of vastly more importance than the Tenant Right one, and even, save in the matter of literature, more important than the Young Ireland movement, and (here I must shock my friend still more) not so very inferior even in this matter of literature.

standing, as yet unrewarded by any pecuniary fruits of our toils. In plain English, money from America was slower than ever in flowing into our treasury. In short the 'Captain' was now for the moment *absolutely penniless.*"

After some months, however, of enforced inactivity, Stephens and Luby were enabled to set forth on their travels again, visiting this time[2] Athy, Kildare, Carlow, Kilkenny, Clonmel, and many other places. On the whole, the results of this trip were generally encouraging, especially as regards Clonmel and its immediate neighbourhood, where Mulcahy had now been long actively and earnestly at work, and where, owing mainly I should say to his exertions, a certain portion of that strong farmer class (which I have noticed elsewhere as

[2] Luby, in talking of Athy, makes mention of a since very well known Fenian. "I believe John Devoy returned to Ireland—from the French foreign legion in Algeria—sometime in the year 1862. Not long after his return, he got some berth in Athy and did us good service there. Also, I believe, he wrote letters to the *Irish People*. His real importance in the organization, however, began after the arrests in 1865, when he succeeded Roantree (who had succeeded the Pagan, in the work of organizing the British Soldiery." To which I may add that "his real importance" *me judice*, dates from long after—from his letters to the *Irishman* in 1876, his "New Departure" in 1878, and its naturally resulting Land League, National League, and the rest. In all this his share, in idea at least, was greater than that of any other man, not excluding even Mr. Parnell, or Mr. Davitt. But all this, at least so far as Devoy is concerned, is Land Leagueism, and no proper concern of men here or now. I merely wish that he should get such full credit (or discredit) as he deserves for the new system of mixing up constitutionalism and unconstitutionalism, or at least backing up the first by the last. In so far as it was merely this last I should not have myself objected to it, but the question here is not what I did or do object to, but the personality of John Devoy, which in my opinion is a very marked one indeed.

being mostly conspicuous by its absence), to which his own father belonged, was brought into the movement.

At Clonmel Stephens and Luby, like the latter and myself formerly at Boulogne, were for a while in pawn, but were relieved by a remittance from Dublin, to which place they returned at once, and where they found things anything but pleasant at that time, or for a good while after. I quote from Luby again : "After our return to Dublin, we had to pass through a long and dreary period of severe trials and partial inaction. This ordeal had commenced before our last trip to the country. But the storm of calumnies and denunciations now showered down on our heads as thick and fast as hailstones, big and hard as bullets. All the so-called *patriotic* papers (perhaps I should in some degree except the *Irishman*, then edited and nominally owned by the late Denis Holland) were doing their best, or worst, against us The *Freeman* and *Nation* were conspicuous in the fight, especially the last named degenerate organ of the Sullivans. In short, we had not a single friend on the press. All this went on for weeks without intermission, I might even say, for months. But somehow I soon found that this grim ordeal was an admirable sort of mental tonic or indurating discipline ; it quickly made a fellow as 'tough,' as 'rough and tough,' as old Joe Bagstock.

"Simultaneously with these journalistic attacks, all the confessional boxes in Dublin—I suppose, more or less those over all Ireland—were shut in the faces of all Fenians. Some of our men, not believing their oath a

sin, would say nothing about their Fenianism to the priests. But these would officiously ask them were they members of our body, and, finding they were, would refuse to give them absolution. In short, that commodity could hardly be procured by a Fenian, for love or money, save (it is only just that I should mention it) from the Jesuits; at least so I have been informed. Of course, in this paragraph I speak mostly from hearsay. Stephens once told me of some man or other who went direct to Cullen himself. When he had stated that he was a Fenian, the Archbishop at once exclaimed: 'You are excommunicated.' But the man, being resolute and showing determination to argue the point, Cullen speedily toned down and asked: 'Don't you think it a sin?' 'No, certainly not,' replied the man. 'Then go to Father so-and-so, and say I sent you,' replied the old Kalmuck fox.[1] I give you this anecdote for as much as it may be worth. But speaking generally I think that the stand made by our men at the time—closing up their hardly ever broken ranks, in defiance of hot ecclesiastical censures, had in it some slight element of the moral heroic. Surely it required some real patriotism and high principle to nerve religious or,

[1] All this is, as Luby says, hearsay, and what I may have to say further on upon the same subject will, of course, be hearsay too, but hearsay of the most trustworthy kind. Kickham, Mulcahy, Edward Duffy, and others, from whom we got our information, were—orthodox Catholics as they certainly were—men whose word can be relied on. The allusion to the Kalmuck fox, who, to my mind had more of the bull-dog than the fox in his nature, has reference to the strongly marked Mongolian type of Dr. Cullen's face, which was quite that of a Chinaman, save for the absence of obliquity in the eyes.

at least, orthodox Catholics—such as Hugh Brophy and countless others—to stand erect and firm before the menaces of holy mother church, and this our men, for the most part, did, in those formidable and depressing days of trial.

"Amongst our other denouncers, that wretched Gray came out long-windedly in the *Freeman* (I think it was) with an impudent and fantastic minatory epistle.[1] A new patriotic association was to be established. Those not too deeply saturated with the abominations of Fenianism, if they showed speedy, heartfelt, and humble repentance for their wicked past, might be allowed to enter the ranks of the new body. But, as for the arch-criminals (such as Stephens and myself, I presume), they were excommunicated with bell, book, and candle, ostracized, cut off, in short, from all hope of being ever again permitted to serve in the ranks of Irish patriots. These raving threats might have provoked one, were they not altogether too ridiculous."

Luby here interjects a short paragraph to tell me how he drew up, at this time and at Stephens' request, an account of the M'Manus funeral; how Stephens said he only wanted it as material for something he meant to (but did not) write; how the copy Luby kept for himself was seized at the time of his arrest, and the one

[1] I give Luby's account of the substance of this minatory epistle, without taking the trouble to look up the old files of the *Freeman*, not only in thorough reliance on Luby's truthfulness and accuracy, but also from a life-long knowledge of what the *Freeman's* attitude has ever been (I might perhaps except the time at which I am writing these lines) towards true nationality.

given to the "Captain" either lost or destroyed. I don't think, however, that much has been lost by this, save the time which my friend has so kindly given to re-writing the story, in his maturer days and with no doubt a ripened and mellowed judgment.

CHAPTER XXII.

MEETING AT PHILADELPHIA—FELON-SETTING—DEATH OF DOHENY.

I RESUME my quotations. "I now come to something which you will justly deem more noteworthy. A Fenian meeting was about this time held in the city of Philadelphia. There were several speakers. Amongst these, Doheny—to use the current phrase—was the orator of the occasion. Fenianism, and above all, the M'Manus funeral and the *Trent* Rotunda meeting were glorified. Those who had thrown obstacles in our way, during the funeral movement and since, were hit hard. The report of the meeting was sent across to us, I believe in pamphlet form. I think it appeared in the Dublin papers too, but of this my memory does not assure me.

"But if the report of this Philadelphia meeting gratified us somewhat in our troubles, it proved far from satisfactory to A. M. Sullivan and his crew. That sensational personage replied by an extraordinarily long-winded pamphlet of, I think, forty close pages, or thereabouts, of rather rambling, wretchedly reasoned, incoherent stuff. It struck me, at the time, as both a

very unskilfully arranged and exceedingly ill-written performance. Of course he pitched into us with might and main. He reprinted the list of the committee appointed at the *Trent* meeting. For policy's sake, my name had been originally put, not merely after the outsiders named, but even after the names of several less prominent men of our own. But now Sullivan put me, if I remember rightly, at the top of the list; if not so, he put me above all the rebels. Stephens had desired not to draw particular attention to me. But Sullivan was resolved to have it otherwise. In the true spirit of a "Felon-setter" (I think it was about this time that Stephens brought this new term of his into vogue) Sullivan now plainly indicated that I was the leading rebel on the list.[1] At the same time that he thus played the Felon-setter, he strangely made the admission that he had been mistaken in '58 and '59 in accusing Stephens of wrongly diverting the "Fair Trial Fund" from the defence of the Phœnix prisoners to purposes of conspiracy. He oddly admitted that the foolish name of "Fair Trial Fund," adopted by Stephens, was only a blind; and that the money had been collected for conspiracy, and for nothing else." [2]

[1] The worst form this Felon-setting took strangely seems to have escaped Luby's memory, or perhaps he thinks he has sufficiently suggested it in what he has said. His name and the names of the other (truly) supposed Fenians were italicized.

[2] It was honest, or at least reasonable, to admit this, but an odd way of remedying the original felon-setting wrong. The word "informer," as used rhetorically by many, is, as I have said elsewhere, inapplicable to anything ever done by Mr. Sullivan,

Luby goes on to tell me how he, by Stephens' orders, had several thousand (he thinks over ten) copies of the Philadelphia pamphlet struck off for gratuitous distribution about this time. He also thinks, I have no doubt correctly, that this was a great waste of money in the then condition of the Fenian Exchequer. The next thing he mentions, as a matter of some importance to us, seeing the almost universal hostility of all the scribbling people of the period, is the appearance in Holland's *Irishman* of three letters in our defence. The first, addressed to William Smith O'Brien, was written and signed by Dan Macartie,[1] and, though not stupid, was pertly and flippantly written, considering the man to whom it was addressed. Even some who approved of its intention, found fault with its taste. The second, by Rossa, was, as far as I remember, not without merit, and certainly not disfigured by the flippancy of Macartie. But the third, and far the best, was by C. J. Kickham. The writers had all affixed their signatures to their letters. I have a vague rembrance that A. M. Sullivan

but the term "felon-setting" seems to me to describe fairly well much of the action of that gentleman from '58 to '65. He did not ever, so far as I can remember, say, much less swear, that so-and-so was a Fenian, but he very often and very clearly pointed out that certain people were. This, if not technically informing, was certainly giving information that he ought to have kept to himself, "setting" for the law officers of the crown, and probably laying the seed for a future crop of informers.

[1] The reader may remember that Macartie is mentioned before as one of the Phœnix prisoners, and as one of Stephen's agents to America. Rossa's name, unhappily, needs no explanation; neither, happily, does Kickham's. Of all three the reader will hear more hereafter, and of the last he will, of course, hear much.

threatened, if he did not commence, litigation against the *Irishman* at this time." [1]

All during this year (1862) Stephens, who was most of the time in Dublin, was in constant (almost daily) communication with his men, not only the Dublin men, but frequent visitors from the country, and this communication, contrary to the theory of the organization, was not confined to the A's., but often extended to B's., and even now and again to C's. This departure from a "strict adherence to programme and discipline" Luby considers—and he is in a better position to form a judgment on the matter than I can possibly be—to have been unavoidable, especially considering the circumstances of 1862, not to speak of other difficulties. The intercourse was always more or less convivial, and often more or less familiar, but familiarity in this case seldom, if ever, led to contempt. Stephens' personality was too great to allow the approach of that feeling; dislike or even distrust him you might, but despise him you could not. Many smaller men have since persuaded themselves that they not only do, but did, despise him; but they are making the bad but common mistake of carrying their present in imagination into their past.

But, anyway, there was not (and is not) any such

[1] Luby says, "I can easily settle this point if it be worth settling," but it is not, for any present purpose of mine, at all worth settling. Mr. A. M. Sullivan had constantly to be defending his character by legal and other methods. Like an equally sensational character of the present day, he was always blackening something or somebody, and, unlike his happier successor, he was for ever getting blackened himself. But this is *par parenthese.*

feeling in Luby, though, as the reader may occasionally perceive, he is not without a humorous sense of the pretentious and theatrical side of Stephens' character. In connection with this matter of the management of the men, he says, "I must on the whole applaud the Captain's skilful method of holding his men together unshaken, during the threats and temptations of this most dreary year. It is probable that we lost a few men. But I say, decidedly, once for all, that our losses, if any, were inconsiderable, while our gains far exceeded any such losses as we may really have had."

Luby, however, while lauding "the Captain" for his general management of his men, takes exception to his conduct in one respect. He thinks he sometimes paid too little attention to what they said. He acknowledges that what the men said might often be (as, indeed, men being what they are, it must necessarily have often been) foolish, but still he thinks that "a leader should not risk letting his followers see that he set small price on what they said." No doubt this fault of manner was a real one, but then it is one very hard for the strong and the able to avoid falling into with the weak and unable; anyway it is a fault that has been found with leaders, Irish and other, before and after Stephens, and I fear will have to be found with many of them to the end.

About this time (sometime in '62) the American organization suffered a considerable loss by the death of Colonel Doheny. I have said what I had to say about Doheny in an earlier part of this narrative, and may content myself here with quoting a few words from

Luby with which I entirely agree. "Whatever his faults may have been, Doheny was a sincere and consistent patriot; ever a staunch and consistent upholder of the flag of independent Ireland. 'The Captain,' I think, was really grieved at this fresh blow. He took every occasion to speak of his '48 comrade, the old Colonel-counsellor, in the very highest terms."

CHAPTER XXIII.

SPREAD OF THE ORGANIZATION IN THE NORTH AND WEST—THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

SOMETIME in this year Stephens shifted his quarters to some place in Sandymount, where he took to cultivating flowers on a rather extensive scale; that is extensive, taking into account the place he was in, and expensive, at least to a degree that was distasteful to his followers, as they knew that the work of organization was more or less at a standstill for want of money. This has, in my opinion, been made a great deal too much of by Mr. James O'Connor and others, in certain writings of theirs. I pass it by with this bare mention, and should not have mentioned the matter at all but that in the materials for my narrative furnished by my friend it is admitted that "The Captain's" conduct in this flower cultivation business was seemingly unwise, and certainly distasteful to my friend himself, and, as far as he could see, to all others who knew of it.

It is more to my purpose to follow Luby in what he tells about the progress of the organization, for progressing it ever was, though much more slowly at one time than another. It was in this year (1862), he says,

he first visited Drogheda, for purposes of propagandism, and that place he considers the scene of one of his greatest successes. He was generally accompanied in his visits by O'Clohessy, whom I infer to have had some connection with the locality. He mentions, as his earliest adherent in this place, a "horsey" but hearty person, with the queer name of Pogue, and the next recruit he mentions is a veterinary surgeon of the name of O'Neil; not that apparently any connection is suggested between the tastes of the one adherent and the profession of the other, or that the sequence of names is other than accidental. The third name mentioned is that of a sea-faring man of the name of Penthony. Of any of these men I do not remember to have ever heard, though Luby tells me he kept up his visits to Drogheda during the whole period of the *Irish People;* I give the names, however, as having no doubt an interest for Drogheda men, and, as the names of good men and true, in a measure interesting to all good Irishmen.

I find, from Luby's notes, that it was in this year (1862) the good work commenced in Belfast, and before the close of the year we had a strong and flourishing body of adherents in that city and other parts of the "Black North." I shall also have to speak of the man to whose exertions "the spread of light" in these regions was mainly due. This was John Nolan, a brother of Andrew, who had been employed in the drapery line of business in some of the big houses in Dublin, but had lately shifted his quarters to the northern capital,

and in so doing had somewhat improved his business status.

I find, from the same authority, that it was in this year, too, that Edward Duffy began his labours in Connaught, but they seem to have been somewhat later in bearing fruit than Nolan's. This year, 1862, which Luby thinks on the whole the most remarkable in the history of the organization, though I should be inclined to claim that distinction rather for the years '64 or '65, was certainly one of great interest, excitement, and anxiety for Stephens, Luby, and the other chief actors in the drama. Where the best work was done, in the North, and such work as was done in the West, was, no doubt, largely at the expense of Nolan and Duffy themselves, probably aided by some local contributions; anyway, there could not be anything drawn from the central exchequer, for there was seldom or ever anything in it. Sometime, however, in the autumn, a considerable remittance arrived from New York, and Stephens prepared to set out on his propagandist expeditions again. Somehow, however, he delayed, much to the discontent of many of his men, and, in Luby's opinion, the dissatisfaction of the followers with their leader was not altogether groundless.

But while Stephens was hesitating, or lazy, or at any rate inactive, an event occurred which made havoc with the American remittance. Delany—one of the two Kilkenny centres, John Haltigan, afterwards chief printer of the *Irish People*, being the other—was arrested, through some imprudence on his part. There

is an informer in the case, but he is a wavering one, and so money had to be employed in trying to get him out of the country. John Hayes, of Kilmallock, is entrusted with the duty of spiriting away the rascally informer, whose name Luby (on whose authority I give all this) tells me he has forgotten, and I do not care, at this distance of time, to fish it up out of the records of infamy. It is enough to say that Hayes got the fellow over to Liverpool, but was followed by detectives who took re-possession of their precious prey, leaving, however, Hayes, who returned in the same boat, civilly and serenely alone. The trial of Delany soon followed, and *mirabile dictu*, as Luby says, the prisoner is acquitted. He does not, however, seem to have escaped scot free, for he appears to have lost his head, metaphorically if not actually. Soon after he is sent to America, where he entirely disappears from public view, leaving nothing behind him save some vague rumour of having got himself killed in the American war. All this is perhaps scarcely worth recording, but that it shows how that remittance from America went, with little satisfaction to anybody and certainly with no service to the organization.

But, as Luby says, "the money is almost all spent." The Captain's long inaction must be longer, discontent must still chafe more or less, money from New York is still slow in its transit to us in Dublin. "Some may argue," he says, "that there was some connection between all this remissness (in forwarding money) of O'Mahony and the fact that General Corcoran's legion

was raised in this year, 1862. Many of our men at home thought that O'Mahony was wrong in encouraging Corcoran's enlistments, holding that, by his doing so, he diverted himself and his New York Fenians from their proper work. I am not sure but that a similar thought passed at times through the minds of Stephens and myself. But it was hard to decide as to the right or the wrong of the recruiting business. The men who enlisted—being no longer, as hitherto, mere unpaid, independent players at soldiering—assuredly became better and more genuine military men by so doing. Many of them, you will bear in mind, had already been members of a volunteer corps of their own, called the Phœnix Zouaves, of which John O'Mahony himself was now colonel. The pay, of those who joined Corcoran's legion, being now very high, gave them more money to devote to Fenianism; and they actually did subscribe with a fair amount of liberality. The following year, when over in America, I had ocular demonstration of this; the same remark will apply to the regiment of New York Volunteers, raised considerably later on by O'Mahony himself, which corps, under his command—the late Pat Downey was his Lieutenant-Colonel—served three months in 1864, I think, in a camp at Elmira, New York, guarding prisoners. The American Fenians also counted many men in other regiments, but particularly in General Meagher's Brigade, who fought and fell fearlessly, or, if they luckily survived the slaughter, still thought hopefully of their old native land, and still made offerings to her cause. It is very hard to say whether

the great civil war increased or diminished John O'Mahony's power to send us good sums regularly, I incline to think that, on the whole, it did increase it. The majority of our men in America had, in those days, greater command of cash than they ever had before, or have had since. If I be right in my conclusion, O'Mahony's irregularity and slackness in sending remittances to Ireland, in 1862 and the opening months of 1863, deserve the greater censure."

I give my friend's statements and speculations for what they are worth, but I do not agree with him that John O'Mahony's conduct in the matter of remittances was deserving of censure. So far as we at all know, he sent what money he could. Possibly too much money was spent in America, in this volunteering and the like, and, if so, O'Mahony is censurable for not being as wise as he might have been, but that is quite another matter. There is one side of this question of Federal enlistment, upon which Luby says nothing, but upon which, I think, a few words need to be said. Men, by going into the American army, may have got more money to devote to the Irish cause, but at what a horrible cost! Irish blood was shed like water in a cause which was not Ireland's. But this is ever the way with our combative countrymen. Wherever fighting is going on they must be in it, whether the cause be a good, bad, or indifferent one. Happily, however, in this particular case, they were at least not fighting the battles of their enemy, and many of those men meant, if they survived, to use what skill they had acquired on American battle-fields against the

old Saxon foe. They were, after all, but a new breed of "wild geese"; but like the old ones, they never found their native nests again, "for in far foreign fields lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade."

CHAPTER XXIV.

SOME ADVENTURES OF STEPHENS AND LUBY.

BUT to come back, from this short incursion into Yankee-land, to Ireland and my story. I need scarcely say that I am again quoting Luby in what follows. "But 'at long last,' to borrow Kickham's favourite expression, a fresh money order arrived from New York. 'The Captain's' long inaction is, for a time, at an end. He determines to go through a number of his circles distributing copies of the Philadelphia pamphlet. Encumbering himself, then, with a good-sized trunk, filled with the Philadelphian oratory, he started on his travels, this time alone, in order the better to husband the money which had been so slow in coming." Luby supposes Stephens to have visited Kilkenny, Clonmel, and other places on his way to Cork, where it had been arranged that, after a certain interval, Luby was to rejoin him. At length they leave Cork, taking with them as far as Bandon,[1] Charley O'Connell, and leaving behind them

[1] Charles Underwood O'Connell, one of the three Cork centres; the two others being James O'Connor and Bryan Dillon, all three of whom subsequently found their way, with Luby and myself, to Pentonville and Portland. The two first are still living and in a sense thriving, the one in New York and the other in Dublin, but the last, and, I hope the others, will excuse me for thinking, the

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a good many copies of the pamphlet of which we have been hearing so much. From Bandon the travellers found their way, after a long drive, to Skibbereen, where they, of course, encounter the inevitable Rossa, Dan McCartie, and Morty Moynahan, and here I am again reminded by Luby that, of these three, Moynahan was then and always, while the least noisy, much the most active. At Skibbereen there was, of course, another deposit of the pamphlets, and from thence they set out, after a short stay, for Bantry, and from that, *viâ* Glengariff, for Kenmare, where certain troubles, originating with a too inquisitive waiter, commenced, which afterwards culminated in Tralee.

I pass on then, *viâ* Killarney, to the latter place, merely mentioning that Luby felt that he was "shadowed" at Killarney, and "shadowing" in those days, if possibly less disagreeable, was infinitely more dangerous than in these. The travellers had arranged that they should start the next morning for Limerick, after seeing the Tralee centre overnight, but here came in a hitch in the proceedings. Luby set out to see the centre (Foley), and to bring him, or make some appointment with him, to see Stephens. But Foley said he could not, in consequence of a too vigilant wife, see Stephens that night, but would arrange for some place and an early hour the

best, poor Bryan Dillon, has long since gone to his fathers, having survived but a short time his release from prison in 1870. He was one of the last (though not the last) victims of that peculiar treatment of political prisoners which Mr. Gladstone fondly (if somewhat queerly) fancies to have been so utterly un-Bombast and un-Balfourian.

next day. This, however, Luby said, could not be, as "The Captain" was to set out early for Limerick, and it was finally arranged that Luby should himself stay over the next day, going then back directly to Dublin. The square of the town was to be the trysting place, but centre or square, Luby says, he never saw more, and thereby hangs a tale.

In the morning Luby was aroused from his slumbers by "The Captain," who was just setting out for Limerick. But he had only left a few minutes, when Luby, seeking to go to sleep again, was again aroused by a knock at his door, and the immediately following unwelcome appearance of a sergeant and sub-constable of Police. Hereupon ensued much questioning on the part of the policemen as to Luby's name, occupation, where he had come from, the name of his companion who had just left, and the like—to which the suspected one gave more or less reasonable, though not, perhaps, quite satisfactory replies. The sergeant, having done his duty, in so far as he knew how, as a cross- (in every sense, apparently) examiner, left Luby and the room in charge of the sub-constable, announcing that he was going to seek "The Head," which is short and Irish for Head Constable. When he was gone, Luby, who, by the way, seems to have found the constable as affable and amiable as the sergeant seems to have been the reverse, succeeded in extracting some slightly incriminating papers[1] from a purse which lay under his

[1] Luby has the unusual and (certainly for a conspirator) unwise habit of keeping, or at least, trying to keep, not only all

pillow, and noiselessly depositing them inside the bed. He calculated, no doubt reasonably, that the bits of paper would be either swept away by the housemaid, or, if seen and examined, would be probably destroyed by her most probably friendly hand, and that in any case they might turn up too late to be clearly connected with him. Luby then announced to his sentinel that he thought he had better get up and dress himself, so as to be in a more fitting condition, or position, for such further colloquies as might ensue between himself and the sergeant, or the "Head." This he accordingly did, making a deliberate if not elaborate toilette, accompanied with many ablutions, and had not quite completed it when the sergeant and his "Head" came in. Then the questioning and cross-questioning recommenced, and in one matter less satisfactorily this time, for it would appear that Stephens, who had been subjected to some short interrogation before stepping on his car, had given a false name other than the one he generally went by.[1] Luby had of course given this name (of Power) as that of his travelling companion, and when the discrepancy between the two statements was pointed out to him, he had only to make the best of the matter, alleging that he had made the acquaintance of the gentleman known to him as Power in Cork, and that he knew nothing more of him. He was then questioned about the contents of

printed, but all manuscript matter. Hence some trouble at our trials, but not near so much as some people have since sought to make out.

[1] This was a piece of stupidity I should not have suspected Stephens to have been guilty of.

the famous box, which he alleged, truly enough, to contain books.

But, to make a long story as short as is compatible with being intelligible, after some further parleying, the "Head" left, taking with him the sergeant and the other policeman. Whereupon entered a panic-stricken waiter, who, in answer to Luby's inquiries, informed him that there was a train for Dublin in about half-an-hour, and that he could have his breakfast at once, which having hastily swallowed he set out for the station. But his troubles, or at least perturbations, were not yet quite over. Who should he see at the station but his friend the sergeant, who, perhaps, was not alarming in himself, in that he was only where it was more or less natural to see him. What was equally natural was that he was talking to other policemen, and to one man who appeared to be a policeman in plain clothes. What was equally natural, perhaps, but by no means reassuring, was that this latter gentleman took his place in the same carriage with our adventurer, who was not relieved from some natural apprehensions anent the said policeman until, when starting from the Limerick Station, he saw him take his seat in the train for Waterford, he himself being, of course, bound for Dublin, which place he reached in due time, without any further adventures. Luby, on seeing Stephens, of course remonstrated with him for having given the policeman a name other than the one he was passing under at the time, seeing that he (Luby) was necessarily led into a scrape by such a proceeding, but the great man either could not see, or

would not acknowledge, his error, apparent as it was. This was, of course, a small matter, and I give the anecdote merely as an ordinary, if somewhat absurd, specimen of "The Captain's" usual claim to a sort of infallibility. But "The Captain" was not unlike many greater and lesser men in this matter. As long as you can get a multitude to believe that a particular man never makes mistakes, you are pretty sure to find the man taking, or pretending to take, the same view of himself. The really wise (not worldly wise) man, who necessarily errs less often then others, is never pleasing to the multitude and seldom to himself.

These Cork and Kerry adventures of Stephens and Luby occurred far on in the Autumn of '62, and, in the words of the latter, "the remnant of the year passed over our heads dully enough, and was little signalized, as far as I can now recall to mind, by fresh propagandism. But we had, on the whole, stood firm against all shocks. Our recent native or Irish born enemies—Sullivanites and others; perhaps even the priests themselves—by this time began to feel somewhat tired out[1] and worsted, as I have already mentioned."

[1] "Tired out" only for the time being, for in the *Irish People* time, which we are now approaching, we shall find all the forces, but especially the ecclesiastical ones, indefatigable as ever.

CHAPTER XXV.

LUBY'S MISSION TO AMERICA—EARLY DAYS IN NEW YORK.

IN continuing his narrative, Luby proceeds to say that "the year 1863 seemed, at its opening, almost as gloomy and unpromising for the Fenian movement as the previous twelve months had been. If there were not quite so much trouble with our domestic antagonists, still there was just as scant and slow a supply of money coming in from our *dependent* organization in America; and consequently a proportionate state of inaction—I might even style it deadlock—prevailed at home. Nevertheless provincial propagandism had not wholly ceased. I find by a list which I still have of my trips in 1863, that on Sunday, the 4th of January of that year, I made a trip to Drogheda; then on Saturday, the 10th of January, I went down to Cork, stopping there on Sunday, the 11th, and returning to Dublin on Monday, the 12th. This last trip was for the purpose of settling some dispute, and was chiefly notable to Luby as being his last visit to the fair City of Cork.

But now Luby was destined to take the longest and most important of his trips. And here I am happy to be able to confirm a statement made by my friend, in a com-

munication meant only for my private eye, that he never hesitated to go anywhere he was sent in the interests of the organization. He goes on to give instances, but these are in no way needed by me, and I trust will not be needed by anybody who may give anything like a careful perusal to this book. He ends by saying, rather *naively* to my mind :—

"I may have committed some or many imprudences, but if every so-called Fenian had showed as much unquestioning zeal as I did, things might have gone better with our movement." That goes without saying, as the French say. But how could the Fenians show what they had not got in them to show, for, as far as I know, few, if any Fenians, or indeed few if any men, have got either the faults or the merits that go to make up such a character as Luby's. He was not, nor did he delude himself into the notion that he was, an infallible leader, but he was one of the most active, zealous, and intelligent, though not "unquestioning" of followers, wanting, no doubt, in many of the qualities as well as the defects of a man of action, but certainly ever and always a man of thought.

I have told how I was the first of Stephens' "envoys" to America. Those who went before or after me up to the time I am talking of, were rather messengers than agents. Now another "envoy" was wanted, and there could be no hesitation in deciding upon Luby as not only the proper but the only one. The great need for the mission lay, of course, in the want of funds. The main thing was to stir up O'Mahony to renewed, or at least greater, exertion.

There were other things too which, it was thought, required to be amended in his conduct. He was supposed to look with somewhat of a cold eye, not to say give a cold shoulder, to such members of the organization as went out to America with strong recommendations, while he was supposed to show something like favour to people who went out furnished with no credentials, but who were more or less sycophantic, or at least subservient. No doubt, while there was much exaggeration in all these reports, they were not without an element of truth in them. "In short," as Luby says, "the head centre—otherwise so noble a character—was ever thus fatally open to the arts of sycophants. That was his weak point." I think, as I have said earlier, that he had quite an Irish weakness for followers, and followers in the Irish sense, are most frequently, though by no means invariably, flatterers too.

Before entering upon the account of Luby's mission to America, I may anticipate a little and finish with this matter of the malcontents, which Luby, on reaching New York, found to be very much of a tempest in a teapot, a thing of sound and fury signifying (little or) nothing.

Anyway, he had little difficulty in somewhat smoothing things down, so that O'Mahony was little the worse in the long run of much violent language, and of a spasmodic effort on the part of the old "Pagan" (O'Leary) to use personal violence. O'Mahony was physically one of the most powerful of men, and well able to hold his own against any comer.

I may finish here, too, at least provisionally,—for unfortunately the thing had no definite end until the end of Fenianism, for the time being—with this matter of the very strained relations between Stephens and O'Mahony. Amidst a long account of various items of instructions given by Stephens, which were interesting enough at the time, and may still have an interest in Luby's story, there was one which certainly concerns my story too, or any story of Fenianism, and which was, indeed, as Luby says, of "a very delicate nature." I give his own words. "In short, Stephens gave me a power (to be used only in the extremest case) to suspend, or supersede, or even depose O'Mahony. I need hardly add, I never attempted to use this power, such as it was. My whole conduct towards O'Mahony was then—as at a much later period, during his final years—loyal." [1]

Luby set sail from Queenstown, for New York, on the 12th of February, 1863, and arrived in the latter city on the 25th, after a somewhat rough and disagreeable passage, enlivened, however, by the presence of some agreeable and several eccentric fellow passengers, among the former of whom he especially mentions a very amiable

[1] This is no doubt strictly true. Luby could not be other than loyal to anybody (save Her Britannic Majesty). Still he scarcely seems to be fully conscious now of what his feelings were then, or at least soon after, for, during the time I was in constant communciation with him, from 1863 to 1865, he seemed to me always to lean to Stephens' side in this quarrel, while Kickham and I always leant distinctly the other way. But this in no way militates against the truth of what is said above, and is but a mere matter of appreciation, and having no very vital interest for any of us, whether living or dead (if I can at all interest the feelings of those last), at this distance of time.

and estimable old gentleman, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New Orleans, with whom Luby seems to have formed very friendly relations, notwithstanding his unconcealed heterodoxy.

But, just after landing, he had to meet his first disappointment, for, on calling at John O'Mahony's office, 6, Centre Street, he learned from Michael Kavanagh, O'Mahony's secretary, that the "big man" was out West on a propagandist mission. Kavanagh, who had received Luby civilly, if not cordially, informed him that O'Mahony had made many speeches, and was satisfied with the result, which was good news in its way, and with which Luby at least was obliged to content himself for the time being, possessing his soul in peace, and availing himself of such chance distractions as were thrown in his way by the secretary or others.

Luby, however, had not long to wait, for he had not been many days in New York when O'Mahony entered his office in Centre Street, where Luby happened then to be, and, as the latter says, received him with Celtic warmth and effusion.[1] It was immediately arranged that Luby was to address a meeting of the Manhattan Circle on the Sunday following, and he was at the same time informed that he would be immediately supplied with a liberal sum of money for remittance to Stephens. The meeting duly came off, was fairly well attended, and everything went off apparently to the satisfaction of

[1] He adds, with a slight lingering of that suspicion which must have been in his mind at the time, "real or simulated, on the whole I think the former."

audience and orator, the latter holding forth (or out) for about three quarters of an hour.[1]

Immediately after this meeting, as well as I can gather, Luby sent off the money, which was somewhat over £70, to Stephens, and accompanied it with a lengthy letter, which, he tells me, he insisted on showing to O'Mahony, as indeed he did all subsequent letters to the same person.

Luby goes on to say that, "in the various journeys which I made while in America, in 1863, I must have gone over at least 6000 miles of space (in nine States and Washington D.C.). But if all my spare time had been given to travelling, I might easily have traversed more than twice that extent of the country. A large portion of my time, however, was wasted in running about New York. I suppose O'Mahony had sound reasons for this arrangement. There were, no doubt, many unvisited places to which he could have sent me. But, while the immediate expense of reaching these would be a certain pecuniary loss to us, the compensating after-gain was uncertain, or, even, probably in many cases, quite visionary. Fenianism had, in most places in America, been long losing ground, from the constant efforts of misrepresentation

[1] Luby adds, parenthetically and queerly, "shorter than usual." Yet surely long enough in all conscience. Here, at once as throughout, comes out the great difference between Luby's management of his mission and my management of mine. He could talk three quarters of an hour without difficulty, while I could not speak for three minutes with any ease. He was certainly in most essential things the better man for this sort of business. Talking, to be sure, is not everything, but still it goes a far greater way in America than elsewhere, at least in political, and probably in other public, matters.

and calumny, in various shapes. This I think I have indicated, more or less, in former letters. The tide had hardly as yet begun to turn in our favour. I doubt then if, while I was there, we could have done much more. Possibly, or rather probably, I succeeded in scattering some wholesome seed, which fructified at a later date. At all events, a tremendous Fenian 'boom' (as they call it over here) did arise later on, i.e. during the days of the *Irish People;* and went on for some considerable time after the arrests in 1865."[1]

Here I may tell, in Luby's own words, of the fate of one of the faithful few whom I have mentioned as gathered about Stephens in the early days of Fenianism. "It was probably about this time that the sad tidings reached us of the death of the faithful and patriotic Peter Langan. Both O'Mahony and I were grieved; I naturally most. I had spoken to him of a certain menace to his health and life on the occasion of my visit to him to bid him 'good-bye.' I remarked how his eyes filled up as we parted. I don't think I ever met anyone of the sincerity of whose affections I felt more certain than of Peter Langan's." Of course, to me any more than O'Mahony the death of Langan could not be what it was to Luby, but still I

[1] When I came across this passage in Luby's letter, I confess I was somewhat surprised. I did not know that Fenianism had been ever "losing ground," and I still think that "standing still," or "moving slowly," or some similar phrase would be more applicable to the situation. Luby, however, was in a better position to judge, and may be substantially correct. I was only an onlooker at the time, and when, shortly after, on the starting of the *Irish People*, I began to take an active part, the "boom" had either begun or was about to begin.

remember to have felt the strongest liking for the man, and then and ever I thought him one of the most genie and good-hearted of men, and one of the most devoted of Irishmen.

CHAPTER XXVI.

VISIT OF O'MAHONY AND LUBY TO GENERAL CORCORAN'S CAMP.

LUBY next goes on to give a very long and detailed account of a visit paid by him and O'Mahony to the camp of General Corcoran. This was certainly the most interesting incident of the visit to America, and no doubt very instructive too to Luby himself, as giving him some insight into the actualities of war, and a considerable acquaintance with the extent and intensity of Fenian feeling in the Irish portion of the American army. I strive to give only such portions of his "recollections"[1] as have some bearing on my own, or else a very important bearing on the subject-matter common to both of us.

Anyway, I may safely set down the two excursionists in Corcoran's Camp, at Suffolk in Virginia, where they arrived after some trouble and worry, involving much passport-seeking and the like, and the passage of that

[1] All of them, as I have said before, will, I hope, some day see the light, and when they do, they will, I think, have a very great autobiographic as well as historical interest. My friend is of course more interesting to me than he can be to a public and a generation which may be said to know him not, but I fancy that my readers will grant that such glimpses of his personality as they have got in these pages reveal at least a very genial nature.

"dismal swamp" well known to people much interested in Mrs. Stowe. Here they were most cordially welcomed by Corcoran, and introduced to three of his Colonels, Matt Murphy, McIvor, and McEvilly, the two first of whom were Fenians, owing much, according to O'Mahony, to their Fenianism, having both passed from some volunteer Fenian body into the regular service. They were both Acting-Brigadiers before the end of the war, Murphy dying in hospital towards its close, but McIvor, so far as Luby knows, still surviving. Many others, then or afterwards officers, Luby speaks of as having met soon after his arrival in the camp, notably Tom Costello, later on well known in New York to many of us, and not long ago gone from amongst us. A Lieutenant Egan he also mentions as having lately come out from Dublin, contrary to the advice of Stephens, and a Captain Welply, who had been one of the M'Manus delegates from New York. Both of these officers were afterwards killed in battle, and here, as all throughout Luby's narrative, I notice with pain the number of Fenians who fell in this war. To be sure, there are few wars going on anywhere in which Irishmen do not fall in greater or lesser numbers. But, oh! the pity of it, that they will not, or perhaps cannot, die fighting for their own land, but generally, by some strange irony of fate, fall in defence of their hereditary enemy. Egan, Welply, and the others were at least spared this last indignity, and for that let them and us be thankful.

During the stay of O'Mahony and Luby at the camp

in Suffolk, which was for about eight days, occurred the unfortunate incident of the killing of a Colonel of his own army by Corcoran. There has been much misrepresentation about this matter, both at the time and since, especially by British and pro-British people, and notably by a scribbling fellow in "Blackwood" for May, 1867. In justice to the memory of a good Irishman, I must give some account here, from Luby, of how the sad event occurred. "On the[1] night in question," says Luby, "as well as I remember, at about half-past two a.m., General Corcoran, who was then Acting Major-General, received an order to proceed from the town of Suffolk, in which his quarters were, to the part of the lines where the four regiments of the 'Corcoran Legion' were encamped, and cause those and other battalions under his command to get under arms and man the lines by three o'clock. The distance he had to go was from a mile and a half to two miles. He had just half an hour to carry out his orders. Nothing unusual occurred till the General and his companions (among whom, by the way, was John O'Mahony) reached the military hospital. Here a man, armed with a sword and showing signs of intoxication, rushed into the middle of the road, barring Corcoran's path, and crying out excitedly, 'Who are you? Where are you going?' Corcoran, who had reined in his horse, replied, 'I am General Corcoran.' 'How,' exclaimed the

[1] He has not given the precise date, but he mentions elsewhere that it was but a few days before the battle of Chancellorsville, so that the curious in such matters can easily fix the date for themselves—at least, approximately.

other, brandishing his naked weapon, 'how do I know you are General Corcoran?' There was no demand for the countersign. 'I tell you to get out of my way,' returned Corcoran. 'Don't delay me; I'm going to get the troops under arms by order of General Peck, the Commanding General. If you stop me, I'll have to fire.' Corcoran, seeing the other flourishing a sword, had drawn a revolver. The strange soldier (up to this time his rank had not been recognized) now advanced, apparently with mischievous intent. Corcoran at once fired, and, unfortunately, severed with his ball the jugular vein."

Such are the main points of the story. The rest must be even more shortly told. The man, who turned out to be one Edgar Kimball, the Lieutenant-Colonel of Hawkin's Zouaves, died nearly immediately after being taken back to the hospital, Corcoran in the meantime hastening on to carry out his orders.

"What," continues Luby, "could Corcoran have done on this occasion other than what he did? He had still half his journey to perform before he could execute General Peck's orders, and not fifteen minutes to spare. Was he to delay and risk his life and the lives of his Aides-de-Camp, and that of John O'Mahony, who was unarmed, in endeavouring to arrest Kimball? Or was he to turn back in search of soldiers to make the arrest? I think not." It is scarcely necessary to say that Corcoran did not mean to kill the man, but only to disable him; in any case, no fault was found with Corcoran by the military authorities at the time or after.

The scribe in "Blackwood" states, among his many falsehoods, that Corcoran was drunk on this occasion. There is happily ample evidence from John O'Mahony and others that he was perfectly sober, and perfectly temperate he was always found to be by his friends, myself included. But this was unhappily not the case with the unfortunate Colonel Kimball, who, it was proved, at an investigation held by Corcoran's request at the time, was more or less under the influence of drink the evening before, and presumably at the time of the unhappy event. As to his general habits, his Colonel gave the very damaging evidence, on this occasion, that he could never leave the regiment in Lieutenant-Colonel Kimball's charge "without feeling anxiety on account of his unduly convivial habits." I do not mention this at all in disparagement of Kimball, who appears to have been a distinguished officer, but merely in the way of explanation. As my friend Luby says, with my entire concurrence, "many an admirable fellow is, unhappily, too convivial."

Of course this shooting of the Colonel was a considerable scandal at the time, and necessarily, though I think improperly, cast a certain amount of discredit upon Corcoran, and so rendered him less effective in his Fenian as in other capacities. Still, an effective Fenian he was while free to act, and, as I have said earlier, a patriotic Irishman he proved himself throughout. Indeed, he might be said to be the most prominent figure in American Fenianism next to O'Mahony, but next *longo intervallo*. He had not indeed the talents,

oratorical or other, of Doheny, but then he was far more energetic, and free from the failing which obstructed the usefulness of the old agitator.

But O'Mahony and Luby, while mixed up in all this turmoil of war, did not of course neglect the main business of their expedition. With the aid of Corcoran, they held, a few evenings after their arrival,[1] a meeting; not indeed a general meeting of Fenians, which was out of the question, in view of the possibility of an attack upon the lines at any moment, but of as many of the officers of the four battalions of the Legion who were Fenians as could be spared from the immediate calls of duty.

But I must pass over the rest of this visit. O'Mahony returned to New York, dropping Luby in Philadelphia on the way, where he had an engagement, with old Gibbons of that city, to make a trip to visit the Fenian circle at Pittsburgh, Pa.

[1] This meeting, by the way, was held in the quarters of a Colonel Reid, an Ulsterman and Protestant, not an actual Fenian, but, as well as Luby remembers, and as the fact would seem to argue, at least a sympathizer with Fenian objects.

CHAPTER XXVII.

VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA, CRAWFORDSVILLE, CHICAGO, AND ELSEWHERE.

SOON after his return from this trip Luby set out upon another, of which he writes at length, and of which I must say something. This visit was to Crawfordsville, Indiana, to a certain Father O'Flaherty, who was the most influential Fenian in his State, and an interesting figure in Fenianism, from his ecclesiastical position.

Luby tells much of this trip, which was mostly a very pleasant one, and certainly with the most agreeable companionship. He visited Indianapolis and several other places, he and Father O'Flaherty holding the usual meetings and making the usual speeches. Of Father O'Flaherty, who died shortly after, while Luby was on his way back to Europe, the latter has much to say, of a highly eulogistic nature, of which, however, it may be sufficient for me to repeat that he considered him as possibly the most amiable man he ever met. Probably, however, he died at a good time for himself and for Fenianism. He might have been put to the usual test which renders clerical aid to revolutionary movements of such doubtful advantage. He might have had to choose

between abandonment of his political principles and disobedience to his ecclesiastical superiors, with the result which in either case, as I have pointed out before, must be more or less calamitous to the priest and more or less adverse to his utility. However, all this does not touch Father O'Flaherty as he was, and we may be very well content to take him as he was, wishing that there were many more of his cloth, or, indeed, of any cloth, like him.

After leaving Father O'Flaherty, Luby, at the request of the priest, set out for Chicago, a city then beginning to take a prominent position in Fenian politics—a place which it has kept—whether for good or ill, and I fear that, owing to the malign influence of one man, it has mostly been for the latter—down to the present day. Here Luby first saw Michael Scanlan, the centre, since rather well known to patriotic people as the author of some spirited poems, and not so favourably as one of the most prominent members of the Roberts or Secessionist Party. Here also, at the house of Scanlan, Luby met Henry Clarence McCarthy, a man soon after well known to all of us in Ireland. McCarthy was only the grandson of an Irish-born man, and, while everything that was most American in appearance and manner, and apparently in temperament, was everything that was most Irish in opinion. While in Ireland, McCarthy, as well as I remember, gave general satisfaction. He was certainly not brilliant, much less well-informed on Irish or any other subjects, but he seemed sensible and patriotic. Soon after his return (in 1864, I think) from

Ireland to America, he became a sort of deputy to O'Mahony, and in this position he is thought to have sown the seeds of that Secessionist movement which soon after broke out in the Fenian ranks, much, as I think, to the detriment of Fenianism. But whether this be true or not, or to what extent true, is more than I have any certain way of knowing. McCarthy died soon after his return from Ireland, some time towards the end of 1864 or the beginning of 1865, and, on the whole and up to the end, his Fenian record, so far as it is at all open to the general eye, seems highly to his credit.

From Chicago Luby returned to Philadelphia to fulfil his engagement with old Gibbons, of that city, to attend a meeting at Pittsburg. The meeting went off satisfactorily enough, notwithstanding the grotesque and somewhat alarming incident of some Fenian orator giving as his own a well-known passage from Meagher's speeches. But this fellow was only doing the same sort of thing as has been done before and since by your Beaconsfields and other audacious and unscrupulous persons, and the Irish-American, unlike Beaconsfield, was not found out.

I must glide swiftly over the rest of Luby's journeyings to and fro in the States. He travelled in all some 9000 miles, visiting, besides the places already named, Boston, Philadelphia (more than once again), Cleveland, Washington, and many other places I do not care to mention.

Of the men he saw and their varying characters I can give but slight notion without entering into details impossible in this book. The clear impression, how-

ever, left on my mind is that the great bulk of the men he saw were very earnest, active, brave fellows, not generally endowed with any special mental gifts.[1] And this description is naturally especially true of the soldiers, whom he encountered in great numbers; our countrymen, as we all know, having taken to the trade of fighting, as they always do, with but too great readiness. It is sad to come across name after name of many a good and gallant fellow, the account of whom winds up with "died in battle, at such a place, shortly after." Alas! that they died in a foreign country, for a cause which concerned them slightly, and for which they cared but little. Many of the more prominent of the survivors found their way over here, at some time or other, ready and anxious to take their part in the fight that never came off, but destined in many cases, like the rest of us, simply to find their way into English prisons.

I give a short notice of one of these officers; no doubt a too favourable specimen of the very large and various body loosely called officers, but this best case will serve to show that at our best we were good, which is what your slanderous and ignorant Rutherfords and others denied, and that there might easily be many more who, if not coming up to such a high standard, reached a sufficiently elevated one. But to quote from Luby: "The cleverest and most promising young Irish soldier

[1] Of course he met many loose and shifty people, to whom Fenianism, like all other politics, was but a trade, but still they were only the exceptions—however numerous—who proved the rule which I have given above.

whom I met was Captain McRorty (McRorties, a Donegal tribe). He was really something very considerable, one who would have been of priceless value to us at home. A nice-looking young man, well mannered, well spoken, highly intelligent, seemingly educated, certainly well informed on military subjects." After telling how O'Mahony introduced him to McRorty, Luby goes on to say, "McRorty I found most unaffected and agreeable. 'Twas indeed a pleasure to converse with him. He had no great grief on account of General Meagher's recent resignation, not deeming the General's presence in the service an advantage to military subordination or discipline. McRorty was our centre of the Circle of the Army of the Potomac. He was a gallant young soldier, a good artillerist; but, shortly after my pleasant conversation with him, he fell bravely at the head of his battery, at one of the hottest and most critical moments of the struggle, on the battlefield of Gettysburgh. He was probably a more serious loss to our cause than even Corcoran."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LUBY AND O'MAHONY—RETURN OF LUBY—DUBLIN DISCONTENTS AND OTHER THINGS.

WHILE back in New York, during the intervals between his various trips, Luby of course saw much of O'Mahony, and like myself and Kickham, and indeed nearly all people who were brought into anything like personal contact with him, he felt strongly impressed with the noble Irish nature of the man. There was, however, a difference. I doubt whether the relations of Luby and O'Mahony were quite what mine and Kickham's had been. Luby felt the glamour of Stephens at this time, and indeed at all times previous to our imprisonment, in a way far other than it was ever felt by either Kickham or myself, and as Stephens and O'Mahony were on anything but the best of terms then or for long after, there would necessarily be some difference of opinion and much of appreciation between the latter and Luby.

Luby tells me a funny anecdote which shows this in a rather vivid way; but the story is too long and perhaps a trifle too familiar for these pages. The gist of the matter is, however, this: Luby was "booming" Stephens, dilating upon his heroic exertions for the

cause, notwithstanding many bodily derangements, all, however, easily reducible to some form of dyspepsia. To all which O'Mahony at last replied, "Well, Luby, you can never make anybody believe that there is anything heroic in a belly-ache." Here certainly, as Luby would be the first to see, the point was altogether against himself. But though there was some difference of opinion and feeling, there was not, as far as I know, any clashing in action. Luby felt that O'Mahony should be unhampered and uncontrolled within his own region, and was careful, wherever he went—and he went wherever he was asked to go by O'Mahony—to refrain from anything which could in the least interfere with his authority.[1]

Anyway, they parted the best of friends, Luby going on board a steamer at New York on July the 6th, 1863, but not reaching Liverpool till the 25th of the same month. He has much to say of his voyage, which, though very amusing, I must omit. None of it has any bearing on my subject, save what he tells of much foregathering with a Welsh journalist, who, as he showed then and afterwards, had strong sympathy with his brother (or cousin) Celts of Ireland. The sense of racial solidarity was, I think, always considerable between

[1] Of course, during Luby's long residence in New York, since his release from prison, he and O'Mahony saw much of each other, and were good friends up to the death of the last, and their intercourse could not then be interfered with by any conflict of feeling about Stephens. Whether there was still any difference of opinion anent him, I scarcely know. That was a more complicated matter; but then it was really very much a question of history at that time.

Highlanders and Irishmen, but not between the Welsh and us. I understand, however, that the feeling is growing, and I am very strongly of opinion that we should do all that lies in our power to bring ourselves into touch with our Celtic brethren all the world over. Blood is thicker than water, and race, though it is far from counting for everything either in the formation or friendship of nations, is still a very potent factor in the first, and should, *me judice*, have a guiding, or at least inspiring, effect on the last.

Luby got to Dublin the day after his arrival in Liverpool. He found the state of things there anything but pleasant or promising, and personally the situation was made the more painful from the fact that he had got an attack of bronchitis, contracted in a steerage passage from Liverpool, which was forced upon him through lack of funds. This is a slight matter for history, but I give it merely to show that the Fenian exchequer was not then in a very flourishing condition.

The return of Luby to Dublin nearly synchronizes with my appearance, or rather reappearance, on the scene, so that when I get rid of these Dublin disarrangements, I can fall back upon my recollections proper, leaving Luby, as myself, to speak mainly through the paper.

Luby reached his home early in the morning, and, after a few hours' sadly-needed rest, sallied forth to see and report to Stephens. After a short account of his doings in America, Luby presented his chief with the two cheques

which had been entrusted to him; one from some friends and admirers in New York for Stephens' private use, the other from John O'Mahony for the public service, the sum of both falling short of £100. Stephens was, not unnaturally, as Luby allows, greatly disappointed and dissatisfied with the smallness of the amount in both cases; at the same time, he had no fault to find with his emissary, but, on the contrary, expressed the strongest confidence that all had been done that lay in his power. So far there was nothing to surprise or pain Luby, but there was much in Stephens' subsequent talk to give him much of both feelings, and one thing which gave him both in an intense degree. Stephens said that things were in a most unsatisfactory condition, and Luby gathered what was soon vividly impressed upon him from many sides—that Stephens himself had been rather inactive. All this, however disagreeable, was as nothing to what was to come, and here I think I had better give Luby's *ipsissima verba*: "To tell you the truth," said he, in a confidential tone, "I would not care much if I were out of the business altogether. For several moments I was 'slopdoligerised.' I remonstrated, said that I hoped things were not so bad as to have reached that point. He did not add anything in the same lugubrious vein, and probably his desponding words were only a passing expression of discouragement, though at the time they sickened me." No wonder this "sickened" Luby to hear, as it has surprised me to read; still I am convinced that it was merely the outcome of a passing mood, superinduced by disappoint-

ments and dyspepsia, or more probably due to the last alone. I had long and intimate intercourse with Stephens when his fortunes were at a far lower ebb, and never had I heard from him one syllable which would give the shadow of an impression that he could ever give up the cause. However, the mood was there once at least, however fleeting it may have been. Just before writing these last few pages, I had been reading Tone's diary of his early days in France, when his disappointments were many and his despondency great, and at times it seemed forced upon him that he too should not care if he were out of the business. But in his case, the horrible nature of the situation was that he was not in the business sufficiently, that from day to day he was in the agony of uncertainty. But Tone is not my theme, though he is a great one, and perhaps some day may be. I come back to Stephens and Luby.

Another matter Stephens announced to Luby at this first interview, which, as the latter says, surprised him as much as what had been already said, but, of course, produced no depressing effect: Stephens told him he was about to form a joint stock company for the publication of a newspaper. Luby's surprise came from the fact that Stephens had always hitherto held that newspapers were an abomination, and that, for good or ill, he needed them not, asserting, and no doubt believing, that he could mould public opinion in Ireland far better by his secret propagandism than by any paper.

The next day Luby called upon Stephens again, who in the meantime had cashed the cheques, and was pre-

paring to leave Dublin, which he did on that or the following day. On this occasion he was all-effusive to Luby and all-hopeful in himself. But with Luby himself things were far different. He was immediately laid up with what he calls a rattling attack of bronchitis, and while in this condition the chief Fenian centres of Dublin began to troop in on him, mostly, as I gather, in single file, but still in the aggregate too numerous and important not to be taken very seriously into account, especially as this was the first time that he had been at all largely tried by such visits. The desire to see him was of course partly due to curiosity and anxiety as to what he could tell them about the state of things across the water. But, as he very soon found out, the visits were *motived* far more by a desire to unburthen their own minds than to gather anything of what was in his. They were all profoundly dissatisfied with the state of things, and especially with what was, or seemed to them, Stephens' prolonged inactivity. To quote Luby's own words: "In short, the pleasant conclusion was being gradually forced upon my mind that things were going to the devil, and, unless some remedial measures were at once taken, would rapidly reach that undesirable terminus." Luby, after much consideration as to what he should do, wrote a full and plain account of the state of things to "The Captain," saying with what pain he did it, and how the whole situation was telling upon his health. "The Captain" wrote back, thanking his lieutenant (in fact, if not in name) warmly for letting him know how affairs stood in Dublin, giving him at the same time glowing accounts

of his progress in the south, especially in pushing the newspaper project. He at the same time instructed him to call a [1] meeting of the most prominent Dublin Fenians, which he was to address, and then request the men "to explain their grievances and state explicitly what they wanted."

Luby did as he was bid, and told the men he had gathered together roughly what "The Captain" had said, adding that "he was ready at any moment to come back to Dublin to rectify anything that might be amiss, and satisfy them as far as possible, although to do so would somewhat interrupt his endeavours to further the paper project, in which he was meeting success beyond his hopes." Luby then went at some length into "The Captain's" feelings, or what he took to be his feelings, towards Dublin, which he was supposed to underrate, or at least to hold somewhat cheap as compared to the provinces. This, the speaker said, was an entire misconception. "The Captain" felt the full importance of Dublin, but of course was obliged to take the whole country into consideration. He then spoke of his own feelings, as a Dublin-born man, saying that he would be the last man to tolerate any slight being put upon her, then dwelt upon certain military disadvantages of Dublin

[1] The word "meeting" occurs more than once in this narrative, but I must guard against the notion that meetings were other than "few and far between." Luby and Stephens often perhaps met some dozen or so of men, though the meetings were mostly much smaller. Kickham or I seldom saw the men other than individually, and the individuals whom we did see were far from numerous. This rule of course had its exceptions, which I shall come to later on.

which would make it necessary that the brunt of the battle should be first borne by the country districts, but that Dublin's time would come before the end.[1]

Another matter upon which there had been much complaint Luby also dealt with. This was that "The Captain" had made no provisions for the direction of the organization in case of any accident to himself. Luby held that the men had no right to assume that, though, as far as I know, they were right in assuming it. Some short time after, however, as the reader will see, Stephens did make such provision. He wound up by saying that, however it might be as to proper provisions being made for guidance in certain contingencies, there was no danger of the collapse of the movement from any such cause. "It must, however," Luby went on to say, "inevitably collapse if 'The Captain's' authority be not now

[1] All this about Dublin I give briefly. Luby thinks the thing was of importance, and, though I have not quite the same feeling in the matter, I acknowledge that Luby was in a far better position to form a judgment upon it. I do not know whether Stephens underrated Dublin, but I incline to think that Luby somewhat overrated it. I know that I myself thought far better of other places, notably of Cork. I myself have been supposed, probably not altogether incorrectly, to have thought too well of Tipperary, where I was born, and of Cork, from which my immediate forbears came. Since the escapade of mad Tipperary I have, however, been quite cured of one of the weaknesses. The other weakness, if such it be, probably still remains.

I give Luby's words wherever I at all conveniently can, and I occasionally dovetail phrases of his into my own sentences without the acknowledgment, which is not always easy, of quotation marks. I am sure he will pardon any shortcomings of mine in this or in other respects. There is no shortcoming in my full acknowledgment of the great aid he has given me where I needed it, and, above all, of the readiness and willingness with which he has given it.

vigorously and unanimously sustained." Such is a short summary of what Luby said. He adds that, though there were still some mutterings of discontent, "the trouble seemed to calm down suddenly. To all *appearance*, my speech produced a somewhat better feeling. The men even went so far as to say that I should do better not to bring 'The Captain' up to town at once; in other words, that I ought not to disturb his present good work in the south." Luby immediately communicated with "The Captain," in a letter which is given with substantial correctness in the almost always incorrect and invariably misleading book of the man calling himself Rutherford. This letter is dated the 3rd of September, and Stephens seems to have returned to Dublin not very long after its receipt. Of course he took an early opportunity of calling the leading men and supposed (and indeed real) malcontents together, and at this gathering his own skill, combined with the folly of some of the said malcontents, gave him an easy victory.

Luby gives me a vivid picture of this meeting. I can only give the facts here plainly and unpicturesquely. Stephens began by expressing regret that any dissatisfaction should exist, and then requested to be informed on what it was based. Brophy then, in a few manly and firm words, spoke of "the latter day lack of propagandist activity and the utter cessation of all progress in the movement," of "waste of time and remittances," and of other things which Luby's memory fails to recall. He does, however, well remember that Brophy's statement was producing some effect on the meeting, and might,

as he phrases it, have given "some backbone to the malcontents" if "The Captain" had not promptly and somewhat melodramatically intervened. He said that was all very well, but that they must proceed to business regularly, "take pen and paper, and set down the different points one by one, and talk them over." And here the melodrama comes in, according to Luby, by "The Captain" seizing several sheets of paper, waving a pen gracefully in air, and going through other pantomimic processes which, according to Luby, were not altogether without their effect on the meeting, but what effect one cannot tell, for here the chapter of accidents comes comically into play in the person of one Bernard O'Connor. This *Deus ex machinâ*, as Luby calls him, was a townsman and old friend of "The Captain," an artist by profession, and a brave and good Irishman. He, according to Luby, was "ordinarily a well-mannered, courteous, kindly-natured man, but, like a good many Irishmen, liable to be carried away by his temper."

On this occasion he was carried off bodily. It struck him at this period that "The Captain" was trying on a little game with the meeting, and he said so plainly, adding that he ("The Captain") "always thought too much of himself and was infernally arrogant." This insolence immediately set the meeting, including apparently the hitherto most recalcitrant, on the side of Stephens, who improved the occasion by the patient dignity with which he bore the insolence of his discontented follower.

Then came the ridiculous part of the thing. O'Connor,

vaguely conscious that he was making more or less of a fool of himself, seized his hat and rushed for the door, then darted back again to fire another shot at Stephens, and this he kept doing for several minutes, till in the end the indignation of the meeting changed to uproarious laughter, in which "The Captain" of course heartily joined. And so *solvuntur risu tabulæ*.

Then, harmony and good-feeling being restored, "The Captain" sought to cast a sop to Cerberus by announcing that it was his intention to invest Luby with the name and authority of Lieutenant of Dublin. This "showy but somewhat shadowy title," Luby says, "he bore for one night without rejoicing in it." Luby, returning from the meeting with one of our most influential men—Denis Cromeen—was at once enabled to measure what was likely to be the general feeling about his new position. Personally Cromeen had no objection to authority being conferred upon Luby, and would have willingly seen him made a chief of staff, adjutant-general, or what you will, for all Ireland, but he did not see why Dublin should be singled out from the rest of Ireland for this peculiar arrangement, which seemed to be making an invidious distinction between the Dublin centres and those of other cities and localities.

To Luby himself Cromeen's remarks seemed reasonable and even forcible, and he then and there resolved to have nothing to do with what he calls the melodramatic, empty dignity offered to him. The next day he went to see "The Captain," and here a certain element of the comic comes in again. He found him with some of

his men, who were "sitting, mute and obedient," metaphorically if not literally, at the feet of their leader, who was quite exultant and triumphant over the proceedings of the previous evening, and, as usual, more than well satisfied with the general situation.

Something of what he said, as reported by Luby, I may give here. "My dear fellow," he began, "you made altogether too much of these men and their idle talk. In reality the men all love me. They were only a little vexed at not seeing me oftener of late. There was no real disaffection. Why, Haltigan, when I lately saw him in Kilkenny, told me that there was no discontent save at not seeing me oftener; that they'd want, if 'twere possible, to be seeing me always. In short, absolutely nothing was really amiss." Luby, who knew that this very Haltigan was one of the chief malcontents, said that men spoke one way behind the chief's back and another way to his face, but the said chief was in no mood then to lend any credence to such an explanation of the facts.

Then "The Captain" came briskly to his arrangement of the previous evening in reference to Luby, and was rather taken aback by the point-blank refusal of the latter to accept the dignified position sought to be conferred upon him. He must, too, have been somewhat surprised to hear, after saying that the men seemed to like it, a positive statement from Luby that the men did not like it. Anyway, Luby would have none of the thing, and it was let drop, and neither then nor after was there any talk (save long years afterwards in the

newspapers, where mythological dignitaries called head centres were for ever cropping up) of Lieutenants of Dublin or elsewhere.

Luby goes on to relate that at this time Stephens showed great energy in pushing the newspaper project, and in the general dispatch of all business. "One day," he says, "I saw him dash off and send to post over a dozen letters in an hour or so. I was astonished, for now he had ceased to rant about not being in the vein to write. He no longer vented balderdash about the invariable necessity of his nature to write artistically or not at all. He now proved that he could, on a pinch, rattle off a sheaf of business letters—impromptu, so to speak."

After having done with this matter of Dublin discontent, Luby gives me some account of his various journeyings to and fro in England and Ireland. I speak of these matters here in order to quote one remark Luby makes, which I think I have in some shape or other made myself more than once in this book, but which needs to be made many times by many people. Luby says he must have spoken—on these trips and in a visit to England and Scotland shortly before our arrests—to at least fifteen hundred people, and goes on to ask, "Is it not extraordinary that not one man from England or Scotland appeared against me at my trial? And yet our enemies, and even weak, unthinking friends, will prate of the proneness [1] of Irishmen to turn informers."

[1] The reader will not forget what I've said about the action of nineteen out of the twenty-six English *gentlemen* implicated in Sir John Fenwick's plot to assassinate William the Third.

There are something like periodical panics in Ireland on this subject of informers, but happily the panic is mostly confined to people little likely to risk life or liberty in her cause; neither pressmen nor priests,[1] as far as I could ever make out, have succeeded in striking terror into the popular heart. We shall go on struggling, openly or secretly, against England as long as England keeps her grip upon us, undeterred by the dread of informers or by any other dread.

But to come from grave to gay, to have done with Luby, for the present at least, and indeed with this first stage of my journey altogether. Luby warns me needlessly not to take all he says about either O'Mahony or Stephens quite *au pied de lettre*. I know both them and Luby far too well to think of falling into any such error, but for the benefit of the reader, who necessarily knows little or nothing of any of the three, there may be no harm in giving textually what Luby says on this head. "You must not, however, fancy that, because I now and then laugh at the strange aberrations and perversities of both 'Big John' and his darling 'Jim,' I am without a thorough appreciation of their many high and excellent gifts and qualities. By the high gods, this is not so.

[1] The priests steadily ignore the fact that their friends, the Ribbonmen—to whom, by the way, they seldom draw the public attention at all—rarely betray each other, and if these men, acting from comparatively low motives, are comparatively safe, why should those who act from the highest run greater risks? I grant they may incur greater danger, for obvious reasons, from the intrusion of the spy, but that is all I can grant; and danger, be it lesser or greater, Irishmen of any kind are seldom slow to face, and Irishmen of the higher sort, as the higher sort of men everywhere, will ever set duty above danger in any shape.

As for laughing at them occasionally, don't I laugh at my own ridiculosities whenever I get the chance? I do, in faith, and I heartily thank the kind gods for it. If I am good for little else, I am good for provoking many a hearty laugh of my own, and, I should hope, of others." Here Luby gives us an insight into himself as well as his two friends, and, as he is as much a part of my story as they are, I willingly let him speak for himself, not fearing that what little I give of him here will at all lessen the interest of that larger utterance which we all expect from him at no distant date. Few (if any) out of his family can know for how much he was always "good," and most certainly he was not good for the less but for the more in that he ever dearly loved a laugh.

I may perhaps say here that something of the warning Luby gives me about himself, I need to give the reader about myself, but scarcely in reference to O'Mahony, in whom the tragic side was always far more visible to me than any comic one. With Stephens, however, it was different; certain comic sides of him I felt as keenly as Luby, but my sense of his great qualities, especially his strength of will, was, I think, even keener.

CHAPTER XXIX.

VISIT TO CORK.

I COME now to what I consider the most fruitful part of my career, if anything in that career deserves to be dignified with such an epithet; but anyway to the most active, important, and, in a sense, eventful period, which began with the starting of the *Irish People* newspaper on the 28th of November, 1863, and ended with its seizure and suppression on the 15th of September, 1865.

But I must go back a little way in my story before I can come properly to what may be called the *Irish People* period.

I was leading my more or less monotonous London life, mostly occupied with the reading of many books, and the constant hunting after [1] and buying of as many as my finances would admit of, or, indeed, occasionally of

[1] The matter of book-hunting, or my share in it, is very much beside any question of Fenianism; but bibliography, bibliomania, catalogues, book-shops, book-stands, and the like have occupied so large a share of my time and thoughts during nearly all my life, that it seemed to me that there would be some lack of verisimilitude in these Recollections—mainly, if not entirely, devoted to Fenianism as they are—if books and book-hunting did not find some small niche in my story.

a few more than a prudent man should. Anyway my thoughts ran little on wars and rumours of wars (my interest in the great American one then going on being but moderate), revolutions, or other convulsions, when I was suddenly awakened to a more vivid sense of the world around me by the receipt of a short, not over-explicit letter from Stephens. This note told me first, I think, that he was about to be married, and that he wished me to be his best man on the occasion. He then went on to say that he intended establishing a newspaper,[1] and flatteringly expressed the conviction that I could be of great aid to him in carrying it on. My own notion at the time was that it was but little assistance I could give him; for, though a much-reading, I had been up to this time a little writing man; nor indeed can I even since ever be said to be a much-writing one. What I could do, however, in the literary way I felt bound to do, and so my main *rôle* in Fenianism was found for me, and, in a measure, forced upon me, by the all-compelling strength of circumstances. Such work as Stephens and Luby had been doing was little to my taste, and probably but ill-suited to my capacity, if my conscience would even then have allowed me to attempt it. Upon this new field of labour I could have no unwillingness to enter, though what sort of work I was

[1] I don't know whether he mentioned in the letter, or whether I learned some time after, that it was Stephens' intention that Luby, Kickham, and myself should be joint editors, with, no doubt, co-ordinate authority—a plan arguing considerable ignorance of the practical working of a newspaper office. But I had better reserve what I have to say about the editorship till a little farther on.

to do in it, or what was to be the outcome of that work, was to me as yet entirely problematic.

I left London, then, sometime in July or August, 1863, with the intention of joining Stephens in Cork, which I reached, *viâ* Bristol, in due course. Now for the first time may I be said to have become in any proper sense acquainted with the men and, in a measure, the means of the organization. Hitherto I had known scarcely anybody outside the little group in Dublin gathered about Langan. Now I saw another, a different, and, on the whole, a better set of men; not morally better, for it would not be easy to be that; but somewhat superior socially and, on the whole, on a higher level of intelligence. Cork has been called "the Athens of Ireland," and, I think, not without some reason. She has also been christened "Rebel Cork," and, however it may have been with her before or since, at the time of my visit she certainly deserved the name. One day of this visit is still fresh in my memory, when I drove out to Blackrock, Monkstown, or some other place on the route to Queenstown. We dined on the way, or rather, I suppose, on the way back, and, after dinner, mirth and song and wine (or possibly, more literally, whiskey) flowed fast and free, poor Brian Dillon being the most mirthful and tuneful of the throng.[1] The names of most of the other young men have long since escaped my

[1] Sentenced to ten years' penal servitude about the same time as myself, passing nearly all the period of his imprisonment in the invalid prison of Woking, released about the same time as myself and most of the Fenians. He came out, however, in a sense, only to die.

memory, but the name of one was, I am pretty sure, Cronin, and certainly among them was John Kenealy, to be well known to me afterwards in Portland, and, still later on, in America, where he lives a prosperous and highly respected man down to the time at which I write. I speak of my experience this day with these young men, partly because it was the earliest in its kind and afforded me a fair example of the manner of young men I was to meet afterwards—not that I mean to say the standard of the young men in Cork was quite reached in Dublin, which was the only place where I could be said to have had much experience of the young men afterwards. However, much the same were the young men in both places—truthful, earnest, honourable, and everywhere reaching a moral standard which I have not found reached by any class of men with whom I have been brought into contact since. Partly I dwell upon that day in Cork, too, because it gave me some new insight into the manner of Stephens with his men. Formerly, in the early Dublin days of the organization, the relation of the few men whom I used to see to their chief was almost as much that of friends as of followers; besides the common bond of the "*Idem velle atque idem nolle de Republicâ*," there was a sort of sympathetic solidarity in the daily affairs of life. They joyed and sorrowed, in a sense feasted or fasted, together. Later on in Paris the intercourse between Stephens and the young men was closer still, but under such less favourable circumstances, and with such comparatively unpleasant consequences as I have described. Here at Cork things

were altogether different. There was nothing common between Stephens and the young men save common hopes in the success of the cause. But that was a sufficient bond to enable him to effect great things indeed. He believed implicitly in himself, and had certainly, on ordinary occasions and with ordinary men—and it must be remembered that most occasions are ordinary and most men the same—an almost mesmeric power of infusing his own feelings and ideas into the breasts of others. It was asserted, and probably with some degree of truth, that Stephens did not exercise the same influence on educated, as on half-educated, or wholly uneducated, people. In so far as this was the case, might not the fault lie as much with the educated people as with Stephens? Most of them were, or had been, Young Irelanders, and Stephens and his movement seemed a tacit condemnation and reproach to them, and one which he did little or nothing to lessen or soften down. These Young Irelanders failed to join Stephens for, no doubt, many and mixed motives. They were probably not approached in a proper spirit; possibly most of them had had enough of the fighting policy for the time being, and some for their natural lives. But most likely the main cause of the ill-success of Stephens with the mass of the '48 men was that they were '48 men, and not men of '65 or of another time. In other words, that the men of one time find it hard to adopt the opinions of another time, and, perhaps still more, its methods of action. But Stephens was far from being altogether unsuccessful with the educated, or even with the Young Irelanders.

O'Mahoney, Luby, myself, and others were surely educated, according to the usual standard, and two of us were '48 men, and I was at least a '48 boy. Then there were many others, such as Doheny and Kickham, '48 men and men of brains. Then with young men, this matter of education did not seem to militate against his influence; certainly not in the case of my own brothers, of John, or Edmund, O'Donovan, or of some other young people I have known or heard of. Anyway, and however it might be with the so-called educated, Stephens' success with the many, who unhappily were uneducated or half-educated, was marvellous, and apparently ever-growing down to the time to which I have brought my narrative, and destined to grow down to the time at which I shall have to drop both him and it.

CHAPTER XXX.

STEPHENS' MARRIAGE AND THE STARTING OF THE PAPER.

AFTER remaining some days in Cork, of which I remember little or nothing—save that day with the young men—I passed on, no doubt, to Tipperary, and, after a short and altogether uneventful stay there, to Dublin.

Of the few weeks which elapsed between my return to Dublin and the appearance of the *Irish People* I have little to say. Some portion of the time I spent in the same house as Stephens, whether staying with him or not I know not, but, of course, seeing much of him, feeling, I think, very much towards him as I had for some years past, never certainly returning to that state of confidence and sympathy which existed before the Paris period. I soon, of course, saw the future Mrs. Stephens—*née* Hopper, as the newspapers say—but of this lady I do not know that I am called upon to say much either here or elsewhere, for she played no direct part in Fenianism whatever, and such small indirect part as she may have played, through such natural influence [1] as she may have had with her husband, rather belongs to his story than to

[1] I could never make out that she had much influence with Stephens, though Luby and others, I think, thought differently.

mine. I may, however, say that this marriage—both the fact that he was marrying at all and the kind of marriage he was making—was anything but popular with the mass of "The Captain's" followers. They, of course, all knew the tendency of the married condition to make men subordinate public to private interests. But, queerly enough, it was not so much the fact that he was marrying that annoyed them as the fact that he was marrying, as they chose to consider, beneath him—Miss Hopper being the daughter of a tailor in a small way of business. Most of the men were furious democrats in theory, but not without a certain leaven of that aristocratic feeling which, I think, lies deep in the breasts of most Irishmen. But to get over this small matter of the marriage, which would scarcely have required notice at all at my hands save for the official part I was called upon to play in it. Once I went with the brother of the future Mrs. Stephens to the rooms of Father O'Hanlon at the St. Michael and John Presbytery, to sign some document, or do some other formal act. Then, on the Sunday following, or at least on some Sunday close following, I turned up in the church of the parish some time, I think, about six or seven in the evening. There was nobody in the church but the officiating priest—the Rev. John O'Hanlon—the bride and bridegroom, the bridesmaid—a young sister of the bride—myself, and, I think, the father and mother and two brothers of the bride—but certainly the father and one brother. After the marriage ceremony we adjourned to Stephens' lodgings, which appeared to me a strange sort of proceeding, and there I spent

a few more or less dreary hours in not over-congenial company.

But I may as well have done with this wedding business. I should scarcely have mentioned it at all but for the fact of its having cropped up at my trial. I suppose I felt Stephens' selection of me for his best man as a sort of compliment at the time, and the thing had something of a mild air of mystery about it, somewhat marred, however, by a certain grotesqueness in the whole surroundings. Anyway the event, though having a considerable and perhaps not altogether fortunate bearing on the life of Stephens, and so, no doubt, having some bearing on Fenianism too, and possibly, even at this distance of time, some slight interest for some stray Fenians or Fenian sympathizers, still was then but a small matter to me, and is now but a small matter to anybody, and so, perhaps, why I scarcely know, has been allowed to intrude on my narrative to a somewhat greater extent than was quite necessary.

I am not quite sure whether it was immediately before or immediately after these matrimonial operations that the *Irish People* came into being. I do not know the exact date of the marriage, and do not now care to find it out. It will be enough for the reader to be told that the first number of the paper appeared on the 28th of November, 1863, a date by no means so well known in song or story, nor probably so well deserving to be known, as that "October fifteenth eighteen-forty-and-two" of Mangan's doggrel verses,[1] but still one not without

[1] A friend has, somewhat to my surprise, told me that I might

some significance in recent Irish history, and all momentous to the fortunes of the present writer, and to such fame as he ever had or is ever likely to have. I have mentioned before that Stephens' original notion was that Luby, Kickham, and myself should be joint editors of the paper, no doubt reserving for himself, mentally at least, supreme controlling power. He had the most magnificent literary projects, which were mostly intended to be carried out by himself, a history of political institutions, if I remember aright, certainly a history of socialistic theories, and many other vast schemes, ranging over whole realms of criticism, poetry, and the like, which have now clean gone out of my head, in which they never probably made any very serious lodgment. The net result, however, of his literary activity was the production of three leading articles, to which the most prominent place was assigned in the three first numbers of the paper. He then relapsed into a silence which I never after urged him to break, for by the time that Stephens ceased to write I may be said to have definitely assumed the editorship, being clearly, if not the fittest person for the post, certainly the least unfit. We found out, of course, at once that a system of joint control and joint responsibility would not work. You may govern a nation, and possibly a party, by a committee, but most certainly not a newspaper, and, even in the case of country or party, there will be little but

lead people astray here as to what I think about Mangan, whom I hold to be *on the whole* the best poet Ireland (at least English-speaking Ireland) has yet produced. But *quandoque dormitat Homerus*.

mismanagement if some one will be not predominant. I naturally thought at first that Luby would be the real editor. He had that experience of papers which I lacked, having some years before sub-edited the *Tribune*,[1] a paper of considerable ability which had been started by Father Kenyon, John Edward Pigot, and some others among the more advanced, or at least the more discontented, spirits of the Young Ireland Party, in more or less evident, though not avowed, opposition to the revived *Nation*. Luby, however, at once showed that he needed one quality necessary, if not agreeable, in a newspaper editor—he did not know how to refuse, or at least enough and at all times, and with regard to anything but the present and permanent interest of the paper itself. I was not amiable, like my friend, or at least after his fashion. If a thing demanded to be done, I could make up my mind about it at once, and then act upon my decision, caring little, or, perhaps I should rather say, regarding little, whose susceptibilities I might hurt in the process. Happily, too, Luby and I, at that

[1] This paper lasted, I think, somewhat less than a year, having come to grief through the financial difficulties of a somewhat charlatanic person of the name of Mason Jones, who had unwisely been made proprietor and editor. The place of the *Tribune* was to a great extent taken a few years after (in 1859, I think) by a paper called the *Irishman*, owned and edited by Denis Holland, first started in Belfast, but soon transferred to Dublin. The chief contributors to this paper were Holland himself, J. E. Pigot, and Dr. Sigerson. A certain evil odour hangs round this paper from its connection in an after period with that other and far different Pigott—a connection, however, which was mostly one of mere ownership, and which hardly hampered the good services rendered to Irish literature and the Irish cause even up to the time that Pigott sold the paper.

time, and, indeed, at most times before and since, were in as substantial accord on nearly all Irish political matters as two men of independence of thought can well be. He, then, was but too willing to shift the responsibility from his own shoulders to mine, which we both found after a time were broad enough to bear it. So, after a very few weeks, I became definitely the editor of the new paper, Luby acting as sub-editor *pro tem.*, giving me and the paper the benefit of his technical knowledge. After still other weeks—few indeed, but it is not easy to be precise about minute dates at this distance of time, without running the risk of being inaccurate—Mulcahy took up the sub-editorship and discharged his duties with entire satisfaction to me.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE STAFF AND OF THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE "IRISH PEOPLE."

THE reader may remember Mulcahy as one of the young men who had been brought over to France by Stephens, and I have already told how I saw Mulcahy there and liked him much. Now, when brought almost daily into constant business and social intercourse with him, our acquaintance soon grew into friendship, and friends, I may safely say, we have remained ever since, though the course of our friendship, like that of the well-known warmer feeling, has by no means run always quite smooth. Mulcahy, besides his strong personal regard for me at this time, had also a very high opinion of my intellect and attainments, an opinion which, I fear, he has found some reason to modify during later years. He was never, indeed, very much of a hero-worshipper, and I can easily conceive that I was never a hero, and, as many of us in growing old do not grow more reverend, nearly all of us grow less reverential. I am forced into a sort of egotism here, as I fear I shall be forced into it again and again from the nature of my task. Perhaps I need have said nothing of the disenchantment of

Mulcahy in later days,[1] but there is no particular harm in his changing or in my changing in particular ways. I mainly wanted to show that the kind of glamour under which he was in the *Irish People* days made our common task much easier and pleasanter to both of us.

I now come to that one among my co-labourers whose name has been most mixed up with mine during all later years, both before and since his death, whose fame is probably more widely spread in Ireland than that of any of us, and who of all of us has, I think, far the best chance of being remembered in these after times about which we are all so naturally (if perhaps not over-reasonably) solicitous. I need scarcely tell my Irish readers that I am speaking of Charles Joseph Kickham, who, alone among us,[2] had, I think, any claim to that rare quality called genius. Luby has certainly the most genial of natures, and very great talent and acquirements, but neither to him nor to any of us, save Kickham, would men then or since have felt inclined to grant the higher gift.

In speaking of Smith O'Brien and the Killenaule affair with the soldiers, I have told how I then, or

[1] It is not that he is more *disillusioned* with me than with another, rather the reverse; but he is naturally enough, like myself, but to a far higher degree, discontented and displeased at the whole course of men and things of recent years in Ireland.

[2] By the "us" I mean of course the editorial staff, and mainly Kickham, Luby, and myself, and do not, of course, include contributors, or pretend to decide how many of them could lay claim to the gift with which I have endowed Kickham. I think, however, that few competent critics would think of denying genius to two at least among them—Thomas Irwin and Robert Dwyer Joyce.

soon after, heard of Kickham from a common friend ; but that I knew little about him, and had little faith in him, supposing, naturally, however mistakenly, that, though big in Mullinahone, he might be small in Dublin. I very soon came to see, and that before I saw himself, that he was quite big enough for Dublin or a bigger place.

In the third number of the paper we printed the first instalment of "Leaves from a Journal" kept by Kickham on his way to America, where he then was, which left no doubt in my mind of his literary capacity ; and he must have followed pretty closely this first part of his Journal, for I find an article by him, headed "Two Sets of Principles," in our fourth number. But I am anticipating slightly and must get back to the first numbers of the paper. The matter is not one of great moment to the world at large, but it was of vital interest to me personally, and the reader must never allow himself to forget that I am not concerning myself with the affairs of the world at large, or even with the general affairs of this small island to which I belong, but only to that small section of time in its history when Fenianism came into being and culminated, and even to that only in so far as I was a part of it. And certainly, however little the starting of the *Irish People* may stand for in the annals of humanity, or possibly even of Ireland, it counted for much in the annals of Fenianism, and was far and away the most all-embracing event in the life of the present writer—summing up, in a sense, all that had gone before and directly leading to nearly every-

thing that has come after. Big for me, therefore, the matter must ever of necessity be, and still big, though not so big, for that large section of our small community which is either Fenian in principle or Fenian in feeling, and not altogether small even to such other members of this or another community as may feel some interest in the present writer, or even only in mere gossip, anecdote, and the like. We should all like to know much now of the old *Nation*, for instance, which we can never know—its proprietor and editor telling us somewhere, or possibly only telling me sometime, that he marked a copy of his for a year or so with the names or initials of the writers, then ceased to do so, with the result that he could not now with certainty say who wrote certain things. Mitchell, he said, did the same for some time after he took up Davis' position on the *Nation;* but how long he kept up the practice, or what has become of his[1] copy, is of course not known to Sir Gavan Duffy.

I am still only on the threshold of the *Irish People*, having approached from various directions and occasionally wandered off into by-paths, but now I hope to move on more quickly, and certainly more directly; though, from the nature of my task, as I have explained before, I must diverge more or less now and then.

[1] Here is another small matter, which, put where it is, may be deemed worthy of its place. I am almost certain that I once heard from my old friend, J. P. Leonard, that Mitchel's copy of the *Nation* and several other things belonging to him were lost in some mishap of a ship which brought safely to port such very much more valuable possessions as his wife and children.

I have told before how the first article of the first number was written by Stephens, and the second by myself, and the sort of semi-comic relation they bore to each other. The third article of the same number, called "82 and 29," was written by Luby, and was the most serious (in the French sense) and probably the most important article of the paper, involving as it did a defence of our uncompromising and highly unparliamentary programme. I do not think that I quite agreed with all that Luby said at the time, or that he would still hold to it himself in its entirety; but still, in the twenty-seven years that have passed over our heads since the article was written, little has occurred to prove that he was wrong in his main contentions. He held that we could never gain freedom without fighting for it, and that all we got short of freedom was mostly only gain in appearance, and much of it more of a loss than a gain. This may be excessive, but there is a very large element of truth in it. If you were to substitute the word "force," taken in a wider sense, for the word "fighting," the contention would be substantially true still. Ballot-boxes, with their outcome in the shape of members, speeches, and votes, are surely of small avail save for the forces, physical and moral, that lie behind them. There is much loose talk going on around me as I write these words (January, 1891), bringing me back in memory to the old O'Connellite days of my youth, about "hill-side men," to use the cant of the day. The creatures who sneer at hill-side men know well that no men are thinking of taking to the hills at present; but what they do not

know, and are incapable of knowing, is that without that spirit which would lead men to the hill-side, either in hope or in desperation, little, if any, good can come to this or to any country. I hear, too, much if possible still looser talk about the measure of freedom we are to get, or *not* to get; and a high-placed public man informs me in my morning paper that English liberal principles involve the granting of freedom to Ireland, even such a large measure of it as would give us the control of our "Civil Police."[1]

This is contemporary history, and I mean to write of the past, but I cannot help sometimes slightly squinting at the present, and even occasionally darting an eye into the dim and distant future. The last article in this first number of our paper was written by me, and was called "England on Ireland." This was a fair specimen of a sort of thing I made it my special business to supply the paper with. I believed then, and I believe still, that one of the best ways of inflaming the Irish mind against England is to let it know what England, at the bottom of her heart and soul, ever thinks and feels about Ireland. Instead, then, of raging against the Saxon, I let the Saxon rage against us. We were far off in those days from any thought of "the union of hearts." The literary page of this number was taken up by two long

[1] I am alluding to a speech of Mr. Bryce, reported in the *Freeman's Journal*, of 23rd January, 1891. Mr. Bryce, who is a careful student of Irish politics, still seems not to know that the whole question is not about "armed police"; or perhaps that is only his polite way of informing us that the English Liberal opinion is not liberal enough to let us have anything to do with our own "armed police."

poems—the first signed "Merulan," a *nom de plume* of R. D. Joyce; and the second was signed with the initials of Thomas Irwin. There was also a third and shorter poem, signed simply "M," which I take, though somewhat doubtfully, so treacherous a thing is memory, to have been written by Joyce too. So much in plain prose about our first number. I have tried to show, unsuccessfully perhaps, why I have dwelt so long upon it. I hope I am at least clearing the ground so that I can move more rapidly over it hereafter. Besides, it is the peculiarity of recollections, memoirs, and autobiographies in any shape, that one must too often write, not what one wishes or wants, but what one can hardly help. The thing is spontaneous and, in a sense, out of the region of the will.

I may be briefer on our second number, though something I must say of it and other numbers before I speak of the general policy of the paper, and the general condition of men and parties in the country.

The second of Stephens' highflying, if not high falutin', articles "Bane and Antidote"—leads off, and was followed by an article of mine, entitled "West-Britain on Ireland," which was driving mainly at some (then) recent utterances of the author of "Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight," who, by the way, if I can gather anything very clear from a matter still shrouded in some mystery, seems to have grown, in the intervening years, if not absolutely more Irish, at least somewhat less British. The last article ("The National Cause six years ago and to-day") was by Luby, and was of

phenomenal length, even for him, reaching the extent of nearly three columns.[1]

The literary page was taken up with a communication in the shape of a letter (by Moynihan of Skibbereen), on the events of "'98," a poem by Merulan, and another signed "Eily," the sight of which but too fearfully recalls to my mind the memory which will be with me for ever.

And here I may as well say that this literary page was a difficulty during the whole existence of the paper. We had comparatively little assistance from outsiders at the beginning, and not very much at any time, and the most of such external aid as we got came in the shape of poetry, which, though nearly always good of its kind, was very often not quite of the kind we wanted. Historical songs and ballads, like those of the old *Nation*, were the sort of thing we chiefly sought, but did not always succeed in finding. I do not even now know why this was so. Possibly men's minds were too much bent upon immediate

[1] A young brother of mine said at the time that there was an easy process of distinguishing Luby's articles from mine, by setting down any one studded with "certainlys," "undubitablys," and the like as his, while crediting me with anything in which there were many "perhaps," "possiblys," and the like. I think I can, however, furnish any future curious reader of the files of the *Irish People* with a still easier way of roughly assigning to each of the three of us his peculiar property. Whenever an article is much more than a column it may be set down to Luby, and when very much under a column to me, while Kickham's productions were nearly always of the orthodox length—a column. Luby had what the French call "the defect of his qualities"; he was an orator, and so tended to diffuseness, while I had a most unjournalistic incapacity for spinning out words, but Kickham had more of the journalistic as of other faculties than either of us.

and proximate action, too much occupied with the present to busy themselves with the past. Possibly it was that we had no time to form a school, to gather together such scattered elements of national culture as were to be found in the country, and in a manner concentrate them in the pages of the *Irish People*.[1] Something of this sort was what the old *Nation* did, but then it had a life of about six years, while ours was cut short before we had completed our second. The *Nation* too came into existence under much more favourable auspices, and lived all along in a far more genial and fostering *milieu*. It was the outcome, too, of a highly prosperous national organization, of which it was for a long time one of the most influential organs. With us all these conditions were more or less reversed. There was no public, at least no vocal or literary public, in the least prepared to receive us, and though we, too, were the still more direct outcome of an organization, that organization was a private one, which could not speak, and of which it was difficult and dangerous to speak, whose existence was more or less of a mystery, if not a myth, to most of the talking and writing people, who, at this time, and, indeed, with some few exceptions during our existence as a paper, were

[1] The starting of the paper at all was rather more or less a choice of evils. Stephens rightly held that a conspiracy should have no organ, but then it ought to have vast funds for organization. These we never had, and Stephens, with his usual sanguineness, thought that much money might come from the paper. It did not come, but still the paper served many of the purposes for which money was needed, not of course without some counterbalancing disadvantages, but of all this I shall have to speak further on.

altogether opposed to our mode of action, and in but imperfect sympathy with the end we desired to reach. We had then only to do the best we could with the imperfect means at our disposal, and, I think, it must be granted that we did good work which the world has not yet let die, nor is likely to let die. If in Irish history, archæology, or poetry we could not, then, compete with the old *Nation*, in the more purely prosaic, popular, but still predominating part of the paper, devoted to what are called leading (mostly on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle) articles, we did not, *me judice*, fall far, if at all, behind the standard of the old *Nation*.

Of the third number of the paper I need say but little, save that it contained the last of Stephens' articles and the first of Kickham's.[1] The article of Stephens was called "Felon-setting," and has made its fortune, as the French say, in giving a much-used, and perhaps somewhat abused, phrase to our Irish political vocabulary. There were the usual articles, as regards manner and matter, from Luby and myself; he positive, as usual, as to what we needed, and hopeful of attaining it; and I drawing attention to the supremely ignorant and sufficiently savage utterances of the English press.

In the fourth number there was little change in form or treatment, but that an article of mine took the place

[1] I believe I said before, in noticing Kickham's first instalment of his Journal, that this first article was printed in our fourth number, but I find I was mistaken. He must by this time have returned from America, and brought his Journal, for the first part of that as well as his first article both appear in this third number of the paper.

heretofore devoted to Stephens' lucubrations.[1] My article was entitled "Self-sacrifice," and was certainly somewhat high-strung in its pitch. I think I may say, at this distance of time, without laying myself open to any charge of inordinate vanity or self-laudation, that I saw clearly in my mind's eye as I wrote, the probable future that

[1] I may perhaps lay myself open to the charge I have repudiated in the text by quoting a few passages from this article, but, if I can touch a stray heart here and there, I care not. The times are changed, and the rule now is, not to sacrifice self, but to sacrifice some other person or thing, for what is queerly considered to be the commonweal. Here are the passages which I think far more needed to be taken to heart to-day than when they were written. "Not by men who love ease, money, health, or even reputation more than country can it be ever hoped that independence will be won. Pain, poverty, disease and obloquy have ever been the lot of many of the noblest and purest spirits that have appeared on this earth, and any and all of these must we face if we mean that Ireland should be free. . . . We should never forget that blame is the penalty of all public action, and that there never was (or never probably will be) any achievement, however noble or heroic, that did not find men base and brainless enough to call it mean or little. Strongly and truly was it said, by the veteran patriot, Manin, who gave in his own person one of the noblest examples of a life's devotion to a cause, that to save one's country a man must be prepared to expose himself to everything, even to the curses of his contemporaries. Few of us can serve Ireland as Manin served Venice, for, but to a small number of men in any country is given such large capacity for action and endurance. But the humblest among us can aid in the great work, if only he be willing to immolate self. Time, labour, money, in greater or lesser degree, all men can give, and this the country demands from all; for time, labour, money must be largely expended before we can ask that last great sacrifice, life. This, we know, Irishmen are ever ready to risk in any good cause at all—sometimes, alas! even in a bad one; how much more willingly then in the best and holiest of all!

"'For how can men die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of their fathers,
And the temples of their gods?'"

awaited me, that I was not unprepared to meet it, and that I did meet it without making any particular moan. Not that I was anyway peculiar, though I think the times were, for what I have said of myself I can of course say with at least equal justice of not only Luby, Kickham, Mulcahy, but of the whole rank and file of the Fenians. The name of Kickham's first article was "Two sets of Principles," and his second was but a continuation of the first, with the same name. These articles were directed against doctrines lately laid down by a Lord-Lieutenant, well known then, but pretty well and deservedly forgotten since. "There are two sets of principles," said Lord Carlisle, "striving for mastery over this island. One is represented by the Royal Agricultural Society, and the other set of principles find shrilly voices on the summit of Slievnamon." The doctrine of the Agricultural Society held up to our admiration was that Ireland was destined to be, to use the cant of the day, "the fruitful mother of flocks and herds"; and the doctrine shrieked from the summit of Slievnamon was that men had a right to live upon the land as well as sheep and cows.

Kickham had, of course, an easy victory over his lecturing lordship, in defence of his own doctrine, for Kickham himself had been the talker on the top of Slievnamon.

In the fifth issue of the paper, which was the Christmas number, there was a long Christmas story by Joyce, and much poetry (or at least verse) mostly relating to the festive occasion, and including, besides poems from Joyce,

my sister, Kickham,[1] Mulcahy and Rossa, one also signed "Kilmartin," which was the *nom de plume* of John Walsh, a county Waterford schoolmaster, who afterwards wrote often for the paper, and who appears to me to have shown much of the simplicity and a good deal of the pathos of his more celebrated and, on the whole, more distinguished namesake, Edward Walsh.

In the same paper appeared the first of a series of articles headed, "A Retrospect." These articles were meant to give a short account of what had been going on in Ireland for a dozen years or so, and, of course, to draw from that immediate past such lessons as might be useful for the present and the future. The articles, which were written by Kickham, dealt mainly with the tenant-right movement, but, of course, more or less diverged or digressed occasionally to deal with such sayings and doings of the day as seemed to bear upon that immediate past which was his proper subject. Here are the conclusions with which he brings his first article to a close:—"Firstly, that it is useless for them to waste their strength in struggling for anything but the one thing. Secondly, that, however ably and honestly conducted, parliamentary agitation is a delusion and a snare. And thirdly, that it is quite possible for a priest, and even a bishop, to be mistaken." It is no business of mine to defend these propositions of Kickham now. The question is not what I or another may think now, but how we thought and felt in that distant time with

[1] Kickham's was one of the many "Soggarth Aroons," and to my mind a very good one.

which I am now dealing, and I think that Kickham showed clearly enough that he had good historic ground for all his contentions. Of course, as I have said before, and as has been said so very long before, the times change and we change with them. For the last dozen years or so, no man who mentioned the first two propositions would be listened to; and yet I held then and hold still that, with some slight modification, the first is absolutely true. As to the second proposition, we were taught of late, or at least till lately, the very converse of that, but the whirligig of time brings its revenge soon or late, and again we are thrown into doubt, and many seem drifting back to Kickham again. But, again, the question is not what there seems good reason for holding true now, but what there seemed good reason for holding true then.

The reader will, I fear, begin to think that I am never to have done with the *Irish People*, and in a sense he will be right in his apprehensions, for much I shall have to say about it until my active career in connection with Fenianism was brought to an abrupt close by the seizure of the paper, and the consignment of the editor and, one might say, the whole staff to Richmond prison. But happily we are not there yet, and nearly all my active Fenian life is still before me; for nearly all that I may be said to have done for Fenianism before I went to prison may be directly or indirectly connected with the editing of the paper. Not, of course, absolutely all; for constantly hearing from Stephens and Luby all that was being done in the way of organizing and the general

management of the party, I had necessarily much to say, if not to do, in shaping the actions of others, and that is a sort of action in itself.

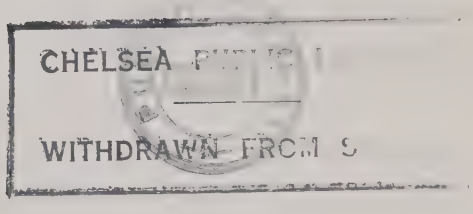
But with myself and Kickham the paper was the main thing henceforward. And here is perhaps the place to say what I have still left unsaid of Kickham as a man, as well as a writer. Now, for the first time, I came to know him, seeing him every day at the office, and meeting him very often of an evening, mostly at my own lodgings, but occasionally at Stephens' or elsewhere—and a better, and in a sense, a wiser man I have seldom, if ever, known. Martin, I have said, was the best man I ever knew; but Kickham, possibly, fell very little short of him in mere goodness, while he greatly excelled him in ability. Knowledge in the ordinary sense he had little; knowing, I think, science not at all, very little history, no ancient or modern language, save that of the Sassenagh, and little of what these languages contained. What he did know he mostly knew well, and among the authors whom I remember as familiar to him were Shakespeare, Tennyson and Dickens, and, among later writers, I know he greatly admired George Eliot. Indeed, it seems a little strange to me now that I can recall to mind so little of his literary likings or dislikings, seeing that we mostly talked, especially of later years, upon literary matters. Possibly it was that we talked much of the writings of ourselves (though scarcely, I think, of myself) and our common acquaintances; as much we certainly always did talk of Irish writers, big and little—and little unfortunately they mostly are—from the

young Ireland days down to our own, and especially much upon our ballad and song writers, as we both felt their great importance from a [1] propagandist point of view, and I felt then, and feel still, that what little Kickham did in the way of song or ballad was so good that it was a pity he did no more. Indeed, it is a pity that his poetry, which would make but a very small volume, has not yet been collected. And talking of lyrical poetry reminds me that I had strangely forgotten to say above that the author most read and probably most admired by Kickham, after Shakespeare, was Burns; so that in so far as he gave his nights and his days to the study of the greatest of all poets, and probably the greatest of all lyrical poets, he was assimilating the sort of intellectual food most suitable to his mental constitution.

But there was another kind of knowledge beside that of books possessed by Kickham, and in this I have never met with any one who excelled him. He knew the Irish people thoroughly, but especially the middle and so-called lower classes, and from thoroughness of knowledge came thoroughness of sympathy. It was not that he at all ignored the faults or shortcomings of the people, but he was convinced that these were far more than counterbalanced by their virtues, and, anyway, whatever merits or demerits they might have, they were his people, to whom he was bound to cling through life unto death, and this he did with a strength and force excelled by no man of

[1] Everybody has heard of the famous saying of Fletcher of Saltoun.

his generation, if equalled by any. But why go on? Kickham, from his books and even from such scanty notices of him as have already appeared, is probably better known than any other Fenian dead or living.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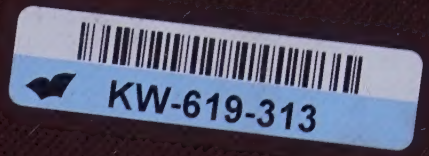
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